VOL · IX SEPTEMBER 1926 NO · 33

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER

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Traffic experts acclaim this adoption of Safety Glass

ALL traffic authorities agree that the general adoption of safety-glass all around as regular equipment in passenger automobiles, now pioneered by and exclusive to the New SAFETY STUTZ, will greatly reduce motoring injuries.

From the very beginning, every New STUTZ car has had a safety-glass windshield. Then the builders of this surpassingly safe automobile, noting the increasing frequency of newspaper report: chronicling damage from flying glass, decided that the New SAFETY STUTZ should have safety-glass *all around*.

And so, safety-glass has been put into every window, and window-ventilator every windshield, and windshield-wing of all New SAFETY STUTZ models.

This voluntary adoption of safety-glass, at no additional expense to the car-owner, means that the ultimate step has been taken by the builders of the New SAFETY STUTZ to provide the safest private passenger automobile ever built. And this safety feature is obtainable in no car other than the New SAFETY STUTZ.

The safety-glass feature is naturally pioneered by the designers who were first to radically lower the center of mass weight and so produce an automobile of incomparable stability; who were first to adopt the improved hydrostatic four-wheel brakes developed by Timken; who made their frame the strongest and most rigid built, with integral steel running-boards or "side-bumpers"; who brought steel into the construction of their bodies to give maximum strength and narrow, clear-visioned front corner-posts.

And the builders of the New SAFETY STUTZ now announce the latest development in the Fedco System of Theft Prevention and Detection. Additional protection is now given each owner, all without cost to him, by indemnity against loss of use resulting from theft, at the rate of five dollars per day, up to thirty days.

New SAFETY STUTZ models with their exclusive features are now on display everywhere. See the New SAFETY STUTZ, ride in it, drive it.

(Telegraphed from Lake City, Florida)

Just arrived after driving fifteen hundred miles in my NEW STUTZ Vertical Eight Brougham, which I took off your showroom floor in Chicago one week ago today. The performance of this car over Kentucky and Tennessee Mountains on high without shifting gears and through mud and on speedways I consider marvelous. Have had absolutely no trouble whatever and car most satisfactory in every way.

MRS. ELIZABETH FULLER
CHICAGO

Eight body styles, including 7-passenger models, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated — an exclusive feature.

STUTZ

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY *of* AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis

New SAFETY STUTZ

The first and only automobile to provide safety-glass all around without extra charge to the buyer

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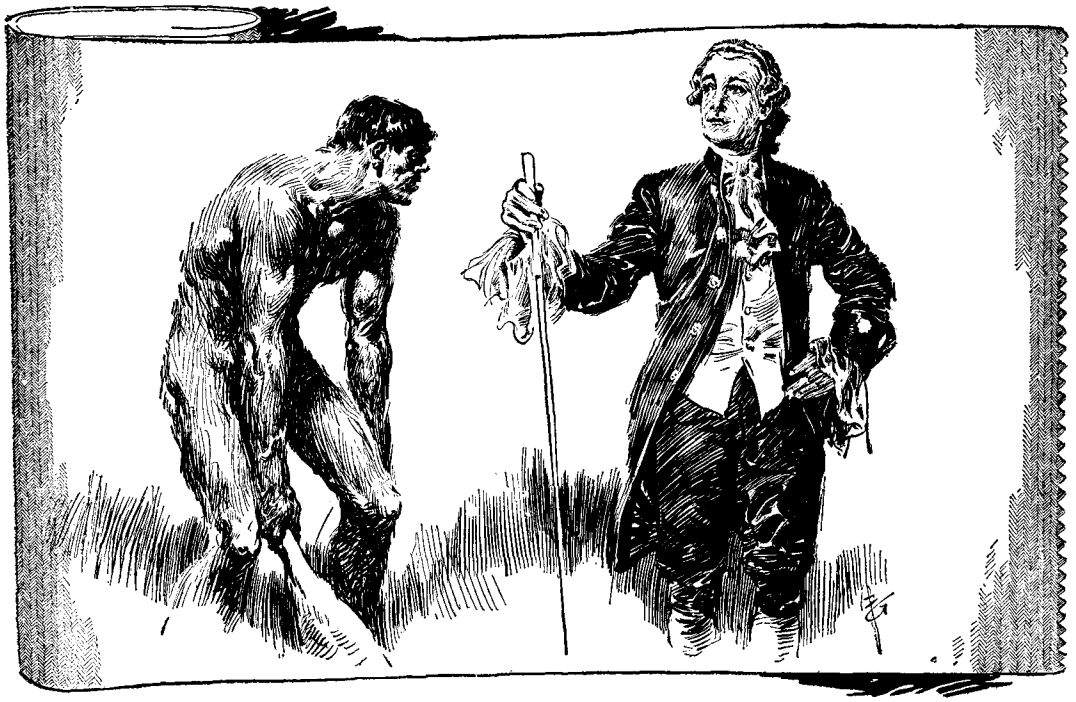

TIGERTWIST

. . . as strong as a primitive savage

. . . as handsome as a courtier

GENTLEMEN:

From the day a man puts on a new suit of clothes, Father Time sets in to wear it out.

But here's a new fabric that tames and humbles him. TIGERTWIST—a new Kuppenheimer fabric that defies the ravages of wear—a fabric that is wrinkle-proof . . . saving pressing and repair bills . . . and thereby refunding the cost of clothes in added wear.

Tigertwist fabrics are as noble in looks as in sturdy durability. They come in beautiful patterns and colorings.

So now you can double the handsome returns you've always had from *"An Investment in Good Appearance."*

For Tigertwist gives you the same inimitable style, tailoring quality and pattern richness you've always had from Kuppenheimer Good Clothes—plus unparalleled length of service. See this wonder woolen today at the store of your Kuppenheimer merchant.

KUPPENHEIMER GOOD CLOTHES

An Investment in Good Appearance

i

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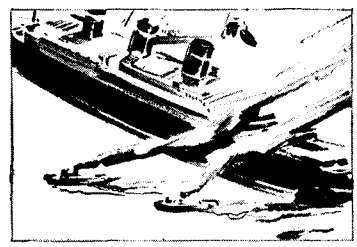
CHRYSLER "70" *Pioneer of a New Order*



POWER

Two and a half years ago Walter P. Chrysler recognized that the public demanded superior, faster and safer transportation; a car with longer life; greater comfort, easier to handle and quicker to accelerate.

Thus the Chrysler "70" became the pioneer of a new order of motoring and, today more than ever, it emphasizes the leadership it then assumed.

For Chrysler was the first stock car to give a speed of 70 miles and more per hour, an acceleration of 5 to 25 miles in 7¼ seconds and gasoline economy of 20 miles to the gallon with such performance. So great was the manifest superiority of the Chrysler "70" that it immediately exercised an influence that has grown with each passing month.

But there has not yet appeared a single car, no matter what its outward resemblance to Chrysler, or that has adopted some of the features that Chrysler introduced, which does the things that Chrysler does as Chrysler does them.

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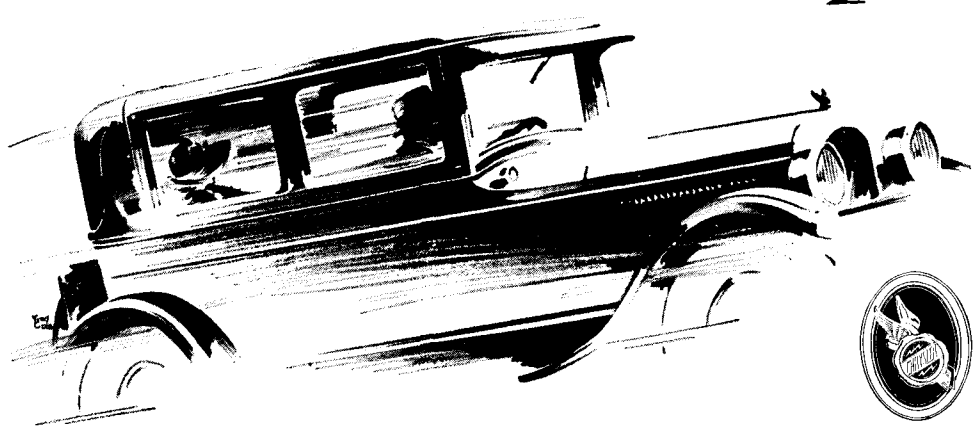
Coach, $1395; Roadster, $1525; Royal Coupe, $1695; Brougham, $1745; Sedan, $1545; Royal Sedan, $1795; Crown Sedan, $1895. *All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles Per Hour

CHRYSLER 70



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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME IX September, 1926 NUMBER 33

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Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign subscription, $6.00. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. London office, 38 Bedford Place, Bloomsbury, W. C. 1, London, England. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1926, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

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H. G. WELLS

says

The 4 Years at College Are *Wasted.*

He predicts that a
time *must come* when

Yale and Harvard will be *Empty*

and clean for the amateur of architecture
and the sight-seeing tourist.

Read Him In September

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

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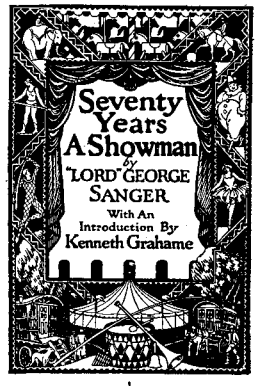

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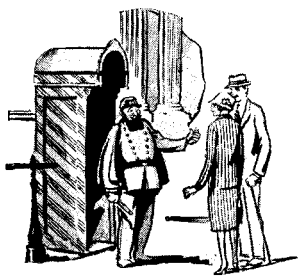
Learn at Home to Speak French as you would learn in Europe



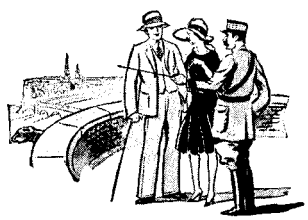
OF course you have always wanted to speak French! You have admired this gracious accomplishment in others. You know that the ability to speak French is everywhere recognized as the mark of culture.

Perhaps you studied French in school—and yet you can neither speak it nor understand what others say. That is because you studied literary and not conversational French. You simply memorized a great many uninteresting rules, vocabularies, constructions, tense forms—and that terrifying list of irregular verbs!

Now you will be glad to know that an amazingly simple method of learning to *speak* French, that has long been used with the greatest success in Europe, is being introduced for the first time in this country.

Europe's Method of Learning French Has Been Brought to America

The great publishing house of Hugo is known throughout Europe. Millions of Hugo language books have been sold. Several generations of this famous family have conducted language institutes in the great cities. From this wonderful background of linguistic experience, the Hugos have perfected a method of learning to speak foreign languages that is famous throughout Europe.



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Already Hugo's "French-At-Sight" has been received with the greatest enthusiasm in this country. Since the first announcement the response has been far beyond expectations. Applications for sets of these unique lessons have literally come in by the thousands. Here, clearly, is the easy, interesting and practical way of learning French that Americans have been awaiting.

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In order to introduce to Americans a method that has been used with such gratifying results abroad, the entire Hugo "French-At-Sight" course will be sent you on these most liberal terms on receipt of the coupon below. First, examine the course entirely free of charge. Then, if you want to keep it, you need send only $2.00 first payment and then $2.00 a month for only five months—a total of but $12.00 for this complete, authoritative course in French! To all who enroll now we will also give, *absolutely free*, a useful French Dictionary that contains 45,000 words! Don't miss this exceptional opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW.

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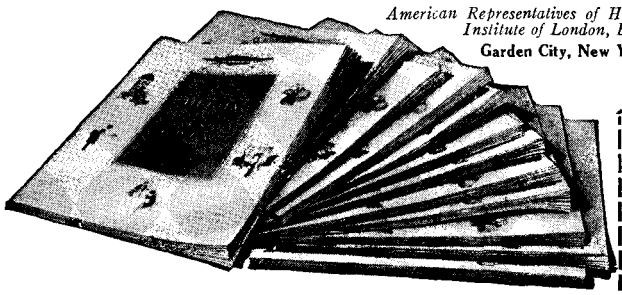

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The supreme love,

and the supreme tragedy

of Poe's life

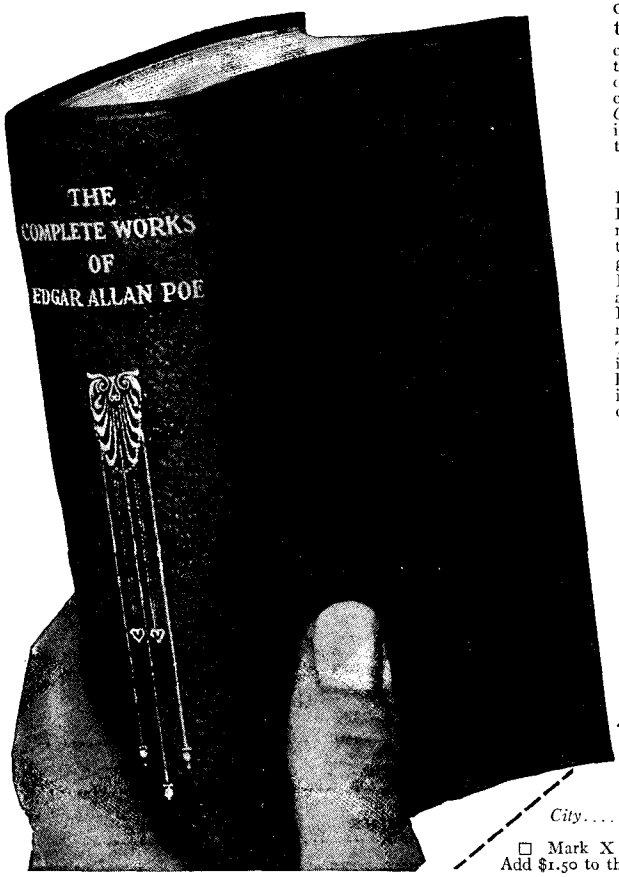
IN his hauntingly beautiful poem "Annabel Lee," Edgar Allan Poe immortalized his love for his child wife, the gentle, delicate creature whose devotion furnished the one bright chapter in his ill-starred life. And even in this, the tragedy which seemed to dog his every step came to rob him of his happiness.

. . . *"the wind came out of the cloud by night,*
chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."

Never was there a more unhappy mortal than Poe. Wretched in his death as in his life, he never dreamed that his bust would one day stand in the Hall of Fame!

Poe's Wife, Virginia, the inspiration of "Annabel Lee," from the water color sketch by A. G. Learned. She shared Poe's bitter poverty to the end, dying in the little Fordham cottage that has since become a shrine for worshippers of Poe.

All of Poe now in ONE Volume!



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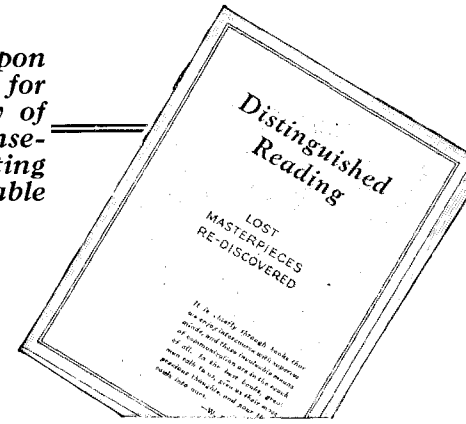

"The Bibelot"—*The World's Strangest Library*

IMAGINE how thrilling it would be to have at your fingertips the rarest treasures of literature the world has ever known! Think what a pleasure to reach up on your own book shelves and take down some inspired masterpiece that has been buried in the dust of centuries—or suppressed by prudish opinion!

What greater pride than to say to your friends: "Here is a lyric of Sappho that I dare you to find elsewhere!" Or, "behold these suppressed writings of Kipling! See this from Wilde; that from Villon"—genius that runs the entire gamut of love, romance, philosophy, art, travel, during the last 2,000 years!

Explorer of Lost Masterpieces

Yet now, thanks to Thomas Bird Mosher, discoverer of lost masterpieces, these treasures can all be yours.

At the age of 13 Mosher was sent to sea for five years in his father's clipper with only a score of books for his mind's companionship. From that experience came Mosher's love of adventure and of *rare*, fine literature.

He became an explorer of lost masterpieces. He delved into private libraries, into dank, out-of-the-way book shops—unearthing gems of forgotten literature such as our world had never seen.

Great Masters of All Ages

Before he had finished Mosher had gathered together in his library 10,000 volumes of the rarest reading the taste of genius could select. Sappho, Casanova, Balzac, Omar Khayyam, Blake, Villon, Swinburne, Dowson, Oscar Wilde, etc.—all were there in volumes privately printed, rare first editions that a fortune could not buy.

Every month for twenty years Mosher sent out to his friends a little magazine—The Bibelot—from his private library. Each issue contained, in the finest printing imaginable, a choice selection of literature, either a lost treasure he had discovered or some exquisite selection from well-known literature. The Bibelot soon became famous. The little circle of Mosher's friends gradually widened until it encompassed the globe.

Mosher died a few years ago. The Bibelot is now being republished in twenty volumes which duplicate the original issues in beauty of binding and printing.

No similar library has ever been gathered before. The reading of the Bibelot entertains and distinguishes like travel which goes into the quaint villages, the forbidden cities and colorful seaports where life is always new.

Send at Once

Do you want to read something that is so rare as to be really and captivatingly new? Then make sure of learning about Mosher's Bibelot. Send for the booklet "Distinguished Reading." It is entirely Free. The publication of the Bibelot will be limited. So also is the edition of the entertaining Free book. The coupon Today will insure your copy. **Wm. H. Wise & Co., Dept. 299, 50 West 47th St., New York City.**

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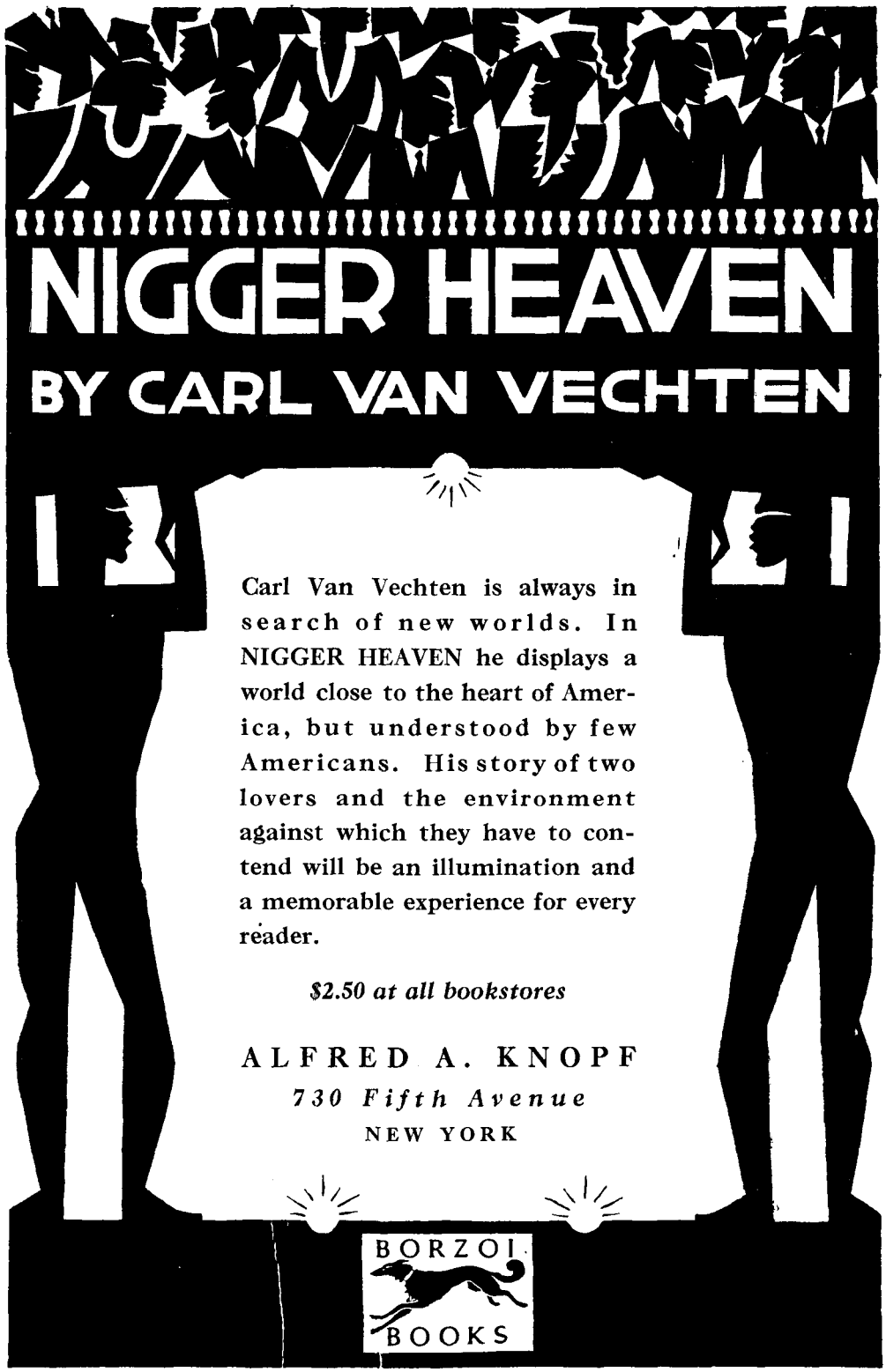

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Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; The Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows *why*. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph reproduced here was taken a month ago) is sixty-five years old!

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine a half-inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.*

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a full-length spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade—and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation," or cartilage, wears down and flattens out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that sublaxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine—"shake it out"—and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in *ten minutes*. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down a bit firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet had evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable SPINE MOTION series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

I asked about constipation. He gave me another motion —a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement—and fifteen minutes later came a complete evacuation!

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. Incidentally, the late Elbert Hubbard and he were great pals; he was often the "Fra's" guest in times past. But

HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DECLINES TO GROW OLD

Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available.

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Barnabas
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Magnesians
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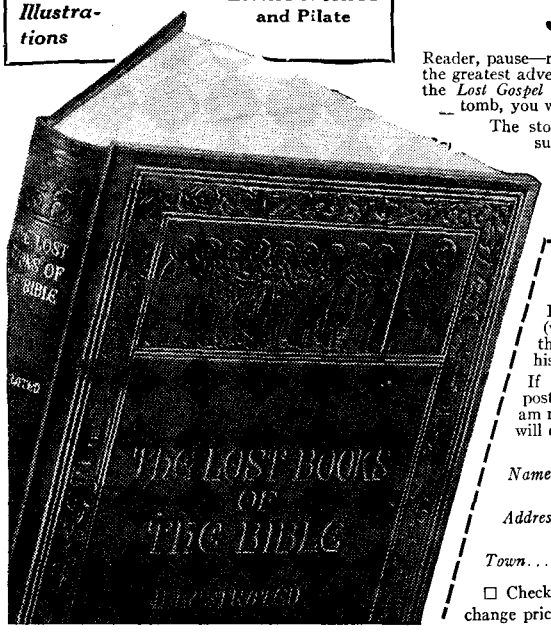

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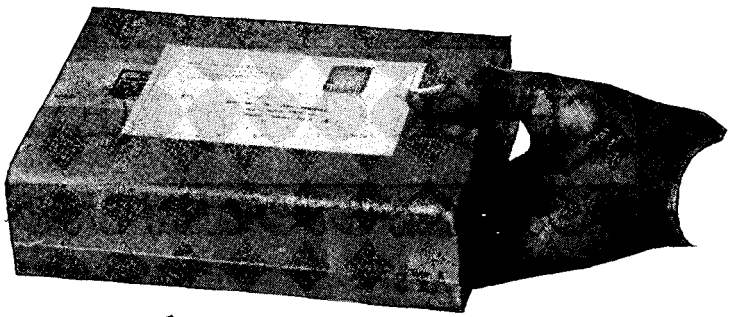

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There are hundreds of thousands of intelligent people in this country who are really anxious to keep abreast of outstanding new books, as they appear. But the average person *fails to read* most of these important books. He misses them because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized. It takes cognizance of the procrastination that forever causes you to miss the best books; *each month, without effort on your part, you will receive the outstanding new book published that month—just as you receive a magazine—by mail!*

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? How may you be sure it is a book that you would care to purchase anyway? In order to obtain a completely unbiassed selection, the Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

These individuals have no business connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a system of voting, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month, *and that book is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

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ESSAYS

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTEBOOK.
By Sherwood Anderson. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 230 pp. *New York*

This is a reprint of critical and occasional articles from various magazines, strung together on a thread of personal reminiscence and reflection. Anderson does not shine as a critic. He is against Sinclair Lewis, he offers absurd suggestions to Ring Lardner, and he believes that Gertrude Stein "represents something sweet and healthy in our American life."

A CASUAL COMMENTARY.
By Rose Macaulay. *Boni & Liveright*
$2 7¼ x 4¾; 238 pp. *New York*

These are light essays of the sort popular in England. They seldom show any profundity or originality, but they are often pleasantly amusing.

AS I LIKE IT: *Third Series.*
By William Lyon Phelps. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7½ x 5; 309 pp. *New York*

Like its predecessors, this volume is a reprint of Dr. Phelps' monthly articles in *Scribner's Magazine*. They run from September, 1924, to January, 1926, inclusive, and cover an immense variety of subjects, all discussed in the author's familiar lively manner.

NEMESIS.
By Michael Monahan. *Frank-Maurice, Inc.*
$3 7½ x 5; 278 pp. *New York*

Mr. Monahan here brings together a number of his fugitive essays on various literary topics and personalities, the latter including both Europeans and Americans. Special attention is given to Shelley, Elbert Hubbard, Walt Whitman, Byron and Browning. Toward the end of the book are twenty-six pages of epigrams. The author devotes more space to Hubbard than to any of the other men he discusses, and he treats him as if he were a combination of Aristotle, Jesus Christ and Judge Gary. In his essay on Walt Whitman he says that the Bible is the book "by which alone we can be saved."

THE GOD OF THE LUCKY *and Other Sermons.*
By Samuel W. Purvis.
The National Publishing Company
$1.25 7¾ x 5¼; 384 pp. *Philadelphia*

A collection of sermonettes originally printed in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. In his preface the author, who is pastor of the Thirteenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of that town, says that they are read in such remote parts of the world as Korea, Africa and China, and that they have been commended by Presidents of the United States. Some of the sub-titles are: "Be a Good Sport," "Be a Good Loser," "A Mother's Crown of Joy," "God's Valentine of Love," and "The Spirit of the Hive." In the last one the Rev. Dr. Purvis argues that it is by no means impossible that your pet dog will be waiting for you at the gate to Paradise.

HISTORY

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR.
By Harry Elmer Barnes. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 8 x 5¼; 750 pp. *New York*

This is a book of the highest importance. Dr. Barnes has devoted most of his time since 1918 to a study of the origins of the war, and here he sets forth the results of his laborious inquiry, and his mature conclusions. The volume will irritate persons who still suffer from the war psychosis, but those of a more rational turn of mind will find it extremely interesting and valuable. It is heavily documented, and there are useful bibliographies.

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, 1815-1830.
By Élie Halevy. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$6 8¾ x 5½; 318 pp. *New York*

The first volume of this careful and valuable work, dealing with England at the close of the Napoleonic wars, was published in 1924. It was, in human interest, superior to the present volume, which deals largely with questions of party politics and public finance. But even the present volume stands far above the common run of histories, in interest as in soundness. It is, indeed, an admirable work in every respect—impartial, immensely well-informed, and well designed. The translation is by E. I. Watkin.

THE RACIAL CONFLICT IN TRANSYLVANIA.
By John M. Cabot. *The Beacon Press, Inc.*
$2 9 x 6; 206 pp. *Boston*

A good piece of scholarship. It deals with the Hungarian-Rumanian conflict going on in that territory, which, previous to the Peace Treaty, belonged to Hungary, but is now part of Rumania. Mr. Cabot criticises sharply the oppressions practiced by

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the Rumanian government. He has no solution to offer, but he clarifies the situation considerably. A large map is appended.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR: *Volume III.*
By Ellis Paxton Oberholtzer. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8⅝ x 5¾; 529 pp. *New York*

This volume covers the period from the Greeley campaign of 1872 to the middle of the Hayes administration; some of its main incidents are the panic of 1873, the Hayes-Tilden election contest, and the colossal scandals of the second Grant administration. Like the first two volumes, this one is heavily documented and immensely accurate; also like the first two, it sometimes shows a somewhat smug spirit. But the work is valuable as history, whatever its defects in attitude and manner, and the remaining volumes will be awaited with interest.

PURSUING THE WHALE: *A Quarter-Century of Whaling in the Arctic.*
By John A. Cook. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 344 pp. *Boston*

This is the tale of an old-time whaling captain, who went to sea as a boy of eleven in 1868, and joined the whaling fleet in 1879. He is, like most of his craft, somewhat garrulous, and his narrative is full of irrelevant details about ships' positions and weather. But in the end he achieves a vivid and even brilliant picture of whaling days in the cold seas.

WARRIORS IN UNDRESS.
By F. J. Hudleston. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 220 pp. *Boston*

A series of essays upon celebrated soldiers: the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of York, Baron von Steuben, Garibaldi, and others. They are light in tone, and are without serious historical value, but they are often very amusing. The author is librarian to the British War Office.

NEW ENGLAND IN THE REPUBLIC, 1776-1850.
By James Truslow Adams. *Little, Brown & Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 438 pp. *Boston*

This is the concluding volume of Dr. Adams' admirable trilogy on the history of New England—a work that already holds a high and apparently secure position. Its merits lie in its diligent and prudent reworking of the original material, its fine orderliness, and, above all, its clear and pleasant style. The present volume is a worthy successor to the two preceding. It is, in every way, an excellent history—accurate in its facts, sound in its conclusions, and charming in its manner.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

BIRTH CONTROL AND THE STATE. *A Plea And A Forecast.*
By C. P. Blacher. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4½; 87 pp. *New York*

An intelligent plea for the general application, and legal sanctioning, of contraceptive devices. Mr. Blacker approaches his subject as a scientist and as a civilized man, and although he says nothing new, he presents the case for birth control clearly and forcefully.

HUMANISM.
By Curtis W. Reese. *The Open Court Publishing Company*
$1 7½ x 5; 85 pp. *Chicago*

Here is the gospel of the Community Church pumped up into a philosophy, the central principle of which is "human well-being." Like the rest of his tribe Mr. Reese is not wholly emancipated from the hocus-pocus of the old-time religion, as witness such nonsense as: "The world can never get along without religion"; and "Without religion and the institutions of religion the world could not have reached its present heights."

THE POLITICAL EDUCATION OF WOODROW WILSON.
By James Kerney. *The Century Company*
$4 8 x 5; 503 pp. *New York*

Mr. Kerney is editor of the Trenton *Evening Times*, and was one of Dr. Wilson's intimate associates in his early days as a politician. The book throws much light upon the history of the two Wilson administrations, and shows a care for accuracy that is not visible in such documents as the autobiography of Col. E. M. House. The attitude of the author is friendly, but intelligently critical. His record is very carefully documented.

THE NEED FOR EUGENIC REFORM.
By Leonard Darwin. *D. Appleton & Company*
$4 8½ x 5½; 529 pp. *New York*

This large volume is a sort of encyclopedia for eugenists. Major Darwin covers every phase of the problem, from the embryological to the sociological and legal. He is fertile in remedies for the prevailing

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ills of society, and some of them do much more credit to his ingenuity and enthusiasm than to his sense of humor.

RELIGION AND THE RISE OF CAPITALISM.
By R. H. Tawney. *Harcourt, Brace and Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 337 pp. *New York*

Mr. Tawney surveys rapidly the politico-economic history of Europe, primarily England, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, and comes to the conclusion that it was, in an important way, the history of the waning influence of religious morality on social thinking. He believes that a reversion is going on in the modern world, and that the "spiritual aspect of life," the spirit of Service, is affecting us sociologically more and more—and he is glad of it.

GERMAN COLONIZATION, PAST AND PRESENT.
By Heinrich Schnee. *George Allen & Unwin*
5s. 8½ x 5½; 176 pp. *London*

The author was formerly Governor of German East Africa. His book is a vigorous defense of the German colonial authorities against the charges of oppression and misgovernment that were thrown at them during the late war. There is a long introduction by William Harbutt Dawson.

THE THEATRE

PLAYS. *Sixth Series.*
By John Galsworthy. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 324 pp. *New York*

The plays reprinted here are "The Forest," "Old English," and "The Show."

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS.
By J. M. Barrie. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$1.75 7½ x 5; 439 pp. *New York*

The plays chosen as representative are "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "What Every Woman Knows," "Dear Brutus," "The Twelve-Pound Look," and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." There is an introduction by Professor William Lyon Phelps.

THE FINE ARTS

WHY WE LOOK AT PICTURES.
By Carl H. P. Thurston. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 338 pp. *New York*

This is perhaps the best book of its kind yet published. It is exactly what the intelligent layman wants who stands before a new painting and is bored at the end of one minute, and who finds only meaningless jargon in the volumes of the usual run of art critics. Mr. Thurston begins with a study of the rudiments of art appreciation and gradually carries the reader on to a comprehensive discussion of the works of the giants of the brush. And whatever he says is given point by eighty-six full-page illustrations reproducing some of the world's greatest paintings.

RED CARTOONS.
By Fred Ellis and Others.
The Daily Worker Publishing Company
$1 12 x 9; 64 pp. *Chicago*

These cartoons are reprinted from the *Workers' Monthly* and from its predecessor, the *Liberator*. They are all very radical in tone, but some of them are of devastating brilliance and effectiveness. The radicals, in fact, seem to capture all the best cartoonists. Among the men represented here are Art Young, Robert Minor, William Gropper, Hugo Gellert, Maurice Becker and Clive Weed.

ART THROUGH THE AGES: *An Introduction to Its History and Significance.*
By Helen Gardner. *Harcourt, Brace and Company*
$4 8¼ x 5½; 506 pp. *New York*

A rapid survey of the major and minor arts of all nations from the earliest times down to the beginning of the Twentieth Century. The author correlates the various art periods to the contemporary cultures, and she adds point to her observations by nearly 700 illustrations, four of them in color. Bibliographies are scattered throughout the book. The volume should prove of value to the novice.

TRAVEL

NOMAD'S LAND.
By Mary Roberts Rinehart. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2.50 8¾ x 5¾; 287 pp. *New York*

The first part of this book describes a camel journey into the Libyan desert and a trip to Bagdad. The second is devoted to sketches of life on the author's ranch in Wyoming. There are many illustrations.

THE CONQUEST OF BRAZIL.
By Roy Nash. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 438 pp. *New York*

An elaborate and very valuable survey of Brazil today, with a glance backward at its history. Mr. Nash gives special attention to the condition of the peasantry. He believes that enlightened land laws

Continued on page xxii

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New DODD, MEAD Books

TEMPER
By Lawrence H. Conrad

A novel of industrial life in the Middle West. "Stands out from the fiction which deals with present-day industrialism by reason of . . . the sincerity of its conception and achievement." — *New York Times.* $2.00

THE MARRIAGE MARKET
By Charles Kingston

The most remarkable marriages of the last half century, secret romances, alliances between peers and servants, princes and paupers, with racy comment on the foibles and fashions of each period. Illustrated, $4.00

A HISTORY OF ROUMANIA
Land, People, Civilization
By N. Iorga

An authoritative work by a distinguished Roumanian professor now teaching at the Sorbonne. With map, $4.00

CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES IN ITALY
By T. F. Bumpus

In one elaborately illustrated volume is described a large and representative group of famous Italian cathedrals and churches. 8vo. $7.50

At All Booksellers

W. J. LOCKE

PERELLA
By William J. Locke

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," etc.

The new novel by the man whom the *Atlantic Monthly* calls "the kindliest spirit in English letters since Lamb," is the romance of an English girl, studying art in Florence, and a young architect newly escaped to Italy from the drudgery of a dreary office job at home. Gay, charming, peppered with subtle wit and fancy that are distinctly Locke-ian. $2.00

THE EXQUISITE PERDITA
By E. Barrington

Author of "Glorious Apollo," etc.

Already one of the most talked-of new novels of the season—the story of the beautiful actress who captivated the Prince of Wales (George IV). With frontispiece of Gainsborough's famous portrait in colors. $2.50

E. BARRINGTON

NAPHTALI: Being Influences and Adventures While Earning a Living by Writing
By C. Lewis Hind

Reminiscences of that brilliant group of literary men of England of the "Nineties" — Henley, Beardsley, Francis Thompson and others. 8vo. $4.00

THE ENGLISH CASTLES
By Edmund B. D'Auvergne

The outstanding castles of England sympathetically and truthfully described. Pictures in color and black and white. Square 8vo. $6.00

LADIES FAIR AND FRAIL
By Horace Bleakley

An illuminating presentation of the outstanding figures in the realm of the demi-monde during the eighteenth century. With 16 illustrations, $3.50

A BOOK OF BRITISH ETCHINGS
From Barlow to Seymour Haden
By W. Shaw Sparrow

A sumptuous volume reviewing the work of British etchers from 1650 to 1925, excluding living artists. Fully illustrated. Quarto, $12.50

At All Booksellers

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449 Fourth Avenue, New York **215 Victoria Street, Toronto**

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

would attract large numbers of immigrants to the country, and greatly enhance its prosperity. His book has good maps, is well illustrated otherwise, and has a useful bibliography and an adequate index.

TEXT-BOOKS

CENTURY READINGS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.
By Fred Lewis Pattee. *The Century Company*
$3.50 9¼ x 6¼; 1081 pp. *New York*

The third edition of a text-book first published in 1919. It purports to be a comprehensive handbook of American literature from the earliest colonial times down to the present. Most of the selections are preceded by brief biographical and critical notes about the respective authors. In the present edition new matter has been added to the sections devoted to Mark Twain, George W. Cable, Henry Adams, Sidney Lanier and Frank Stockton, and some of the modern poets are given space for the first time. Among the writers represented are Thomas Morton, William Byrd, John Woolman, Royall Tyler, William Wirt, Maria Gowen Brooks, William Gilmore Sims, Rose Terry Cooke and Madison Cawein. Among those who are not mentioned at all are Ambrose Bierce, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather and Sinclair Lewis. Neither is anything said about Mark Twain's "What Is Man?"

HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL PHILOSOPHY.
By Horatio W. Dresser. *The Thomas G. Crowell Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5½; 338 pp. *New York*

This history begins with the dawn of philosophy in ancient Greece and runs to the death of Bruno in 1600. The Greek philosophers are adequately covered, but the Scholastics are treated somewhat too sketchily. The chapters on Plato and Aristotle are considerably better than similar chapters in other texts. Short but well-selected bibliographies are scattered through the book.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

FOOD, NUTRITION AND HEALTH.
By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds.
Published by the Authors
$1.50 7½ x 4¾; 143 pp. *Baltimore*

Dr. McCollum is professor of chemical hygiene in the School of Hygiene and Public Health of the Johns Hopkins, and Dr. Simmonds is one of his associates. Their book presents the demonstrated scientific facts about diet in an admirably clear and complete way, and rigorously avoids fads and theorizing.

MUSIC OF THE TULE INDIANS OF PANAMA
By Frances Densmore. *The Smithsonian Institution*
30 cents 9½ x 6¼; 39 pp. *Washington*

The Tule Indians live on islands in the Caribbean, off the Isthmus. The presence of five adults of the tribe in Washington enabled Miss Densmore to study their curious songs and instrumental music, and her observations are here set forth. She has spent many years studying the music of our own Indians, and is extraordinarily well equipped for the task.

JAZZ.
By Paul Whiteman & Mary Margaret McBride.
J. H. Sears & Company
$3 8½ x 5¾; 298 pp. *New York*

There is little here save ramblings of reminiscence in the prima donna manner. Whiteman's discussion of jazz is extremely superficial. The book has eight full-page illustrations of the Sunday rotogravure-section sort.

REPRINTS

THE PRELUDE.
By William Wordsworth, with notes by Ernest de Selincourt. *The Oxford University Press*
$8.50 8¾ x 5½; 614 pp. *New York*

This formidable reprint of one of the dullest poems ever written is intended to exhibit the differences between the early MSS., beginning with that of 1805, and the final text of 1850. The former is printed on the left-hand pages and the latter on the right-hand pages, and there are numerous variorum readings and very elaborate notes. The book is of immense value to Wordsworth specialists, but it is very likely to appall the general reader. Mr. de Selincourt had the aid of the poet's grandson, who owns the early MSS.

A STUDY OF BRITISH GENIUS.
By Havelock Ellis. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 396 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Ellis has revised the edition of 1904 and added four chapters—on the Celtic spirit in literature, the evolution of painting in England, the relation between genius and stature, and the comparative abilities of the fair and the dark—but he has not changed any of his major conclusions. The book represents a very

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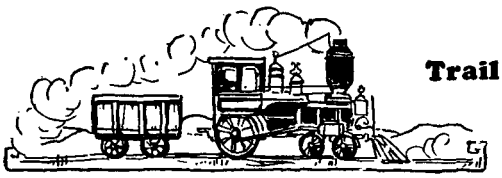
A Feast of New Fall Books



Hamlin Garland's new book

Trail Makers of The Middle Border

The strenuous life of the pioneer of the western frontier, his love, home-making and struggles against foes and nature, resurrected in a fresh, vigorous story.

Publication Sept. 14 —$2.50

H. G. Wells' revised classic

The New Outline of History

The finest edition of the most popular and famous non-fiction book of this century. It is a new and distinctive work, completely rewritten and revised. More than 800 illustrations printed by the litho offset process.

Publication Oct. 15—Two volumes $15

Lewis Browne's new book

This Believing World

A simple account of the great religions of mankind—a really authentic and attractive popularization of the whole subject of comparative religion in the narrative style which made "Stranger Than Fiction" so popular. Copiously illustrated.

Published Sept. 7 — $3.50

General Jan C. Smuts

Holism and Evolution

A distinguished soldier and statesman presents here an ingenious and suggestive essay in the relations of philosophy and science and the fundamental concepts of life.

Probable price, $4.00

Alfred North Whitehead's new book

Religion in the Making

The author of "Science and the Modern World" in these Lowell Lectures, 1926, examines religion as the art and theory of the internal life of man.

Publication Aug. 31 — $1.50

Poetry

Edgar Lee Masters

Lee: A Dramatic Poem

The author of "Spoon River Anthology" has written a dramatic presentation of the Civil War in this poem, which is a tribute to the nobility of character of General Lee. It is original, powerful and distinguished. *Published Sept. 21 $2.00*

Limited autographed edition - $7.50

Sara Teasdale

Dark of the Moon

A new volume of lyrics by the author of "Love Songs" which has the delicacy, imagination, freshness and appeal of all of her previous work. *Published Sept. 7—$1.60*

Limited autographed edition - $5.00

James Stephens

Collected Poems

All of his poetry brought together in one comprehensive volume.

Publication in Sept.— $3.50

Thomas Hardy

Collected Poems

This new volume contains all of Hardy's poetical work.

Publication Oct. 5 — $4.00

Fiction

Ernest Poole's new novel

With Eastern Eyes

A new Poole novel presenting an American matrimonial tangle through Russian eyes.

Published Sept. 21 —$2.00

Bernard De Voto

The Chariot of Fire

A dramatic story of religious fanaticism, told with unsparing realism and great power.

Publication Oct. 5 — $2.00

You Can't Win

A slice from life that moves with kaleidoscopic swiftness through dramatic climaxes.

$2.00

by **Jack Black**

Another story teller has come out of the San Francisco of Jack London with a vivid story.

Eden Phillpotts' new book

Jig Saw

In which an absorbing murder mystery is unraveled in an original manner.

Published Aug. 31 — $2.00

May Sinclair's new novel

Far End

A unique view of marriage is the central theme of May Sinclair's new novel.

Published Aug. 24 — $2.50

Karel Capek's new novel

A Factory for the Absolute

The originality of "R. U. R." and "Krakatit" in a new dynamic and enthralling tale.

Publication Oct.— $2.50

John G. Neihardt

Indian Tales and Others

Tales that have fidelity to Indian nature and history — full of vigor and color.

Publication Oct. 12 — $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York Boston Chicago Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

careful and laborious investigation, and its republication testifies to its continued value.

FULGENS & LUCRE.
By Henry Medwall. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5½; 104 pp. *New York*

This is the earliest known English secular play. It is a comedy, and was first presented in the latter part of the Fifteenth Century. There is a long and learned introduction by the editors, F. S. Boas and A. W. Reed, who are also the authors of the numerous notes at the end. The volume is a beautiful piece of bookmanship.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.
By Mrs. Inchbald. *The Oxford University Press*
35 cents 6 x 3½; 99 pp. *New York*

One of the series of "English Comedies of the Eighteenth Century." The play was first performed in London in 1793. There is a short introduction by Allardyce Nicoll.

THE FOOL IN CHRIST.
By Gerhart Hauptmann. *The Viking Press*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 474 pp. *New York*

Hauptmann's first novel, originally published in 1910, is here reprinted in very sightly format, with a preface by Ernest Boyd, in which the appearance of Christ in fiction, and especially in English and American fiction, is acutely and amusingly discussed.

PROSE AND POETRY.
By Jane Taylor. *The Oxford University Press*
$1.25 6½ x 4¼; 177 pp. *New York*

The poems and tales of Jane Taylor and her sister Ann were known and loved by all English-speaking children of a century ago, and one of the former, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," still survives in the nursery. Here Jane's most characteristic work is beautifully reprinted, with a charming introduction by F. V. Barry.

PERSIAN ECLOGUES.
By William Collins. *The Oxford University Press*
$2 8½ x 5¼; 24 pp. *New York*

TO A LADY ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.
By John Gay. *The Oxford University Press*
$1.50 9¼ x 7; 5 pp. *New York*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; or, THE POWER OF MUSIQUE.
By John Dryden. *The Oxford University Press*
$2 14 x 8½; 8 pp. *New York*

BRITANNIA: A POEM.
By James Thomson. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.25 14½ x 8¾; 18 pp. *New York*

These reprints, each issued in an edition of 550 copies, of which 500 are for sale, are models of their kind. The originals are all extremely scarce. They are reprinted with great care, not by a process of photo-engraving, but from type. In paper, press-work and binding the pamphlets leave nothing to be desired.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.
By Arthur Murphy. *The Oxford University Press*
35 cents 6 x 3¾; 131 pp. *New York*

One of the series entitled "English Comedies of the Eighteenth Century." The present play was first performed in 1760, and the writer of the introduction to this reprint, Allardyce Nicoll, holds that it is a better piece of work than "The Rivals."

TREASURE ISLAND.
By R. L. Stevenson. *The Oxford University Press*
80 cents 6 x 3½; 256 pp. *New York*

Prefixed to this reprint is Stevenson's essay, "My First Book" (meaning the present work), relating how he came to write it.

KIDNAPPED and CATRIONA.
By R. L. Stevenson. *The Oxford University Press*
80 cents 6 x 3½; 458 pp. *New York*

This reprint of "Kidnapped" and its sequel, "Catriona," belongs to the handy World Classics series.

THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF LAZARILLO DE TORMES.
Greenberg
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 240 pp. *New York*

Neither the author nor the publication date of this famous Spanish rogue's autobiography is known. The earliest known edition first appeared in 1554, but there is evidence that there was still an earlier one. The present edition follows the translation of 1708.

A DILEMMA.
By Leonidas Andreiyeff. *The Adelphi Company*
$1.50 7½ x 4½; 114 pp. *New York*

The translation from the Russian of this well-known novelette is by John Cournos, who is also the author of the brief foreword.

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OUTWITTING MIDDLE AGE

by Dr. Carl Ramus

"Aging is a disease which can be largely prevented," says Dr. Ramus. In simple, clear, vigorous words he tells how the vitality of youth may be conserved well into the latter years of life. $2.00

WHITE WATERS AND BLACK

by Gordon MacCreagh

An amazingly funny account of eight American scientists wandering through the jungles of the upper Amazon. Great adventures, savage loveliness, and humorous human nature. Fully illustrated. (*Sept. 10*) $4.00

EAST OF SIAM

by Harry Franck

Fourth and concluding book to record Mr. Franck's long and intimate sojourn in Eastern Asia. A richly colored, tremendously informative and delightful story of French Indo-China, picturing priest and peasant, courtier and courtesan. No other traveler can equal Mr. Franck's all-seeing eye, his understanding of alien peoples. Fully illustrated. (*Sept. 24*) $3.50

LINCOLN'S Parentage and Childhood

by Louis A. Warren

A wealth of new information on the Lincoln, Hanks and cognate families, unearthed from forgotten public records. Lincoln's heredity and background, with picture of a whole American generation. Illustrated. (*Sept. 24*) $3.50

BILL NYE: His Own Life Story

Continuity by Frank Wilson Nye

Life story of the great American humorous philosopher, of whom John Dewey said no man did more to banish ignorance and superstition. Arranged from unpublished manuscripts by his son. Many caricatures and illus. (*Sept. 24*) $4.00

THE NEGRO In American Life

by Jerome Dowd

History of the black race, an analysis of its present social-political-economic condition, and a projection of its future in the nation. The result of a quarter century of thorough research. By the Professor of Sociology at the U. of Oklahoma. (*Sept. 10*) $5.00

THE HOUSE OF SIMPLICITY

by Ethel Davis Seal

A practical and exceedingly informative book on interior decoration. Comfortable and attractive homes at minimum cost. Overflowing with wise suggestions and concrete illustrations. By the author of "Furnishing the Little House." Illus. (*Sept. 10*) $2.50

THE CENTURY CO. — PUBLISHERS OF ENDURING BOOKS

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

ZULEIKA DOBSON.
By Max Beerbohm. *The Modern Library, Inc.*
95 cents 6½ x 4¼; 358 pp. *New York*

There is a six and a half page introduction by Francis Hackett to this famous novel, in which he gives high praise to the work and its author.

THE POMPS OF SATAN.
By Edgar Saltus. *Brentano's*
$2 7 x 5; 224 pp. *New York*

The present publisher has undertaken the reprinting of the complete works of Saltus, and this is one of the volumes. It is a collection of smartly written but none too profound essays on the *mores* and ideas prevalent about the beginning of this century. In one of them, "The Upper Circles," Saltus argues for spiritualism, and attaches great weight to the spiritualistic "findings" of Sir William Crookes.

FICTION

DEMIGODS.
By John Biggs, Jr. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7½ x 4¾; 230 pp. *New York*

John Gault, the son of a religious fanatic, leaves his country home and wanders off to Philadelphia, Wilmington and neighboring cities, where he achieves a great success as a publisher. At the height of his success the religious zeal of his father wells up within him, and he deserts his property and seeks his peace at revivals.

TURBOTT WOLFE.
By William Plommer. *Harcourt, Brace and Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 244 pp. *New York*

The story of the experiences of an artistic Englishman in Africa, written, for the most part, in the first person. The book is well written, its character analysis is, on the whole, fairly good, and it presents an interesting sketch of the racial and political problems in that part of Africa that is being exploited by the whites.

CUCKOO.
By Douglas Goldring. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 265 pp. *New York*

A lady novelist, vacationing at the Riviera and living there a life that would make a Greenwich Village "artiste" burst with envy, is sought after by two middle-aged but none too spiritual men. She turns down the first, who ends by marrying her sister, and then marries the second after he has shown himself not to be wholly a gentleman.

MISCELLANEOUS

FIX BAYONETS!
By John W. Thomason, Jr. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3.50 9¼ x 7; 245 pp. *New York*

The author, a captain in the United States Marine Corps, served overseas in the Great War, and here describes with brutal realism the fighting of his men in the battles about Bois de Belleau, Soissons and Blanc Mont. There is not one drop of patriotic slop in the whole book. The author loves the life of the soldier, but he is also sensitive to its heavy tragedy. There are many excellent illustrations.

ARISTOCRATS OF THE GARDEN.
By Ernest H. Wilson. *The Stratford Company*
$5 9¼ x 6; 312 pp. *Boston*

This is an elaborate treatise on the history and idiosyncrasies of a large number of garden plants. The book is heavily laden with minute information culled from all parts of the globe. There are numerous reproductions of photographs taken by the author.

FOOLISH FICTION.
By Christopher Ward. *Henry Holt & Company*
$1.90 7½ x 4¼; 194 pp. *New York*

Parodies of the work of Edna Ferber, Joseph Hergesheimer, Ruth Suckow, Elinor Wylie, Carl Van Vechten, Kathleen Norris, Peter B. Kyne and other current writers of fiction.

LETTERS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. *A Selection.*
The Oxford University Press
80 cents 6 x 4; 267 pp. *New York*

The period of time covered by these letters is from October 31, 1731 to December 2, 1784. Most of them are letters of pure friendship, and the greater part of these are inconsequential. An index of correspondents is appended.

PUNCH AND JUDY.
Washburn & Thomas
$1.50 7½ x 5; 49 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

This version of the famous tragi-comedy follows an Italian one that is over a hundred years old. There is an appropriate introduction by Charles Hall Grandgent, and there are many of the illustrations of George Cruikshank.

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Distinguished Books of the Early Fall

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

ON THE TRAIL OF ANCIENT MAN

by ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

In this volume Mr. Andrews tells the story of the work, accomplished by the *American Museum Central Asiatic Expeditions of 1922, 1923, and 1925, in the Gobi* Desert and elsewhere in Mongolia. No more romantic tale could be imagined than this account of how Asia has been proved "the mother of the continents" and the home-land of the oldest forms of mammalian life. The giant beasts of thirty million years ago are made to live before our eyes; we assist in the discovery of giant dinosaur eggs; we share the ardors of scientific struggle and achievement.

Ready September 10th. Illustrated, $6.00

CORDELIA CHANTRELL

by MEADE MINNIGERODE

This tale of the South before and during the Civil War is undoubtedly the finest romance Mr. Minnigerode has written. It is a story rich in color and emotion, set against a stirring social and political background. Cordelia Chantrell, the belle of Charleston and Richmond, is a memorable heroine; and the adventures of Cordelia, her brother Steeny, Sally Penmarch and Preston Baimbridge unfold themselves with increasing interest.

Ready September 10th. $2.00

THE CHARWOMAN'S SHADOW

by LORD DUNSANY

In this delightful fantasy, Lord Dunsany turns back to the Golden Age of Spain, and displays again his power of imagination, his genius for fine, beautiful writing, and his rare skill as a story-teller. An impoverished young nobleman sets out to find the secret of making gold, that he may provide his sister with a dowry; and the adventures that befall him are, literally, enchanting. $2.00

CANDAULES' WIFE

and Other Stories

by EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

With more than a hint of irony, where irony is meet, and always with understanding, Mrs. Putnam gracefully retells five stories from Herodotus. $2.00

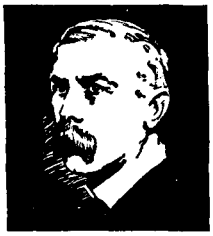
DERIC IN MESA VERDE

by DERIC NUSBAUM

This companion volume to the popular "David Goes Voyaging" is a boy archaeologist's account of his life in Mesa Verde National Park, where his father is park superintendent. $1.75

THE NEW NATURAL HISTORY

by PROF. J. ARTHUR THOMSON



The first volume of this new work by the editor of the now standard "Outline of Science" met with an enthusiastic reception when it appeared last season. Volume two is now ready, and it confirms the public verdict that Prof. Thomson is the most delightful of all guides to "Nature's Wonderland." The work will be complete in three handsome volumes. Each volume, magnificently illustrated, $6.00

NEW YORK — G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS — LONDON

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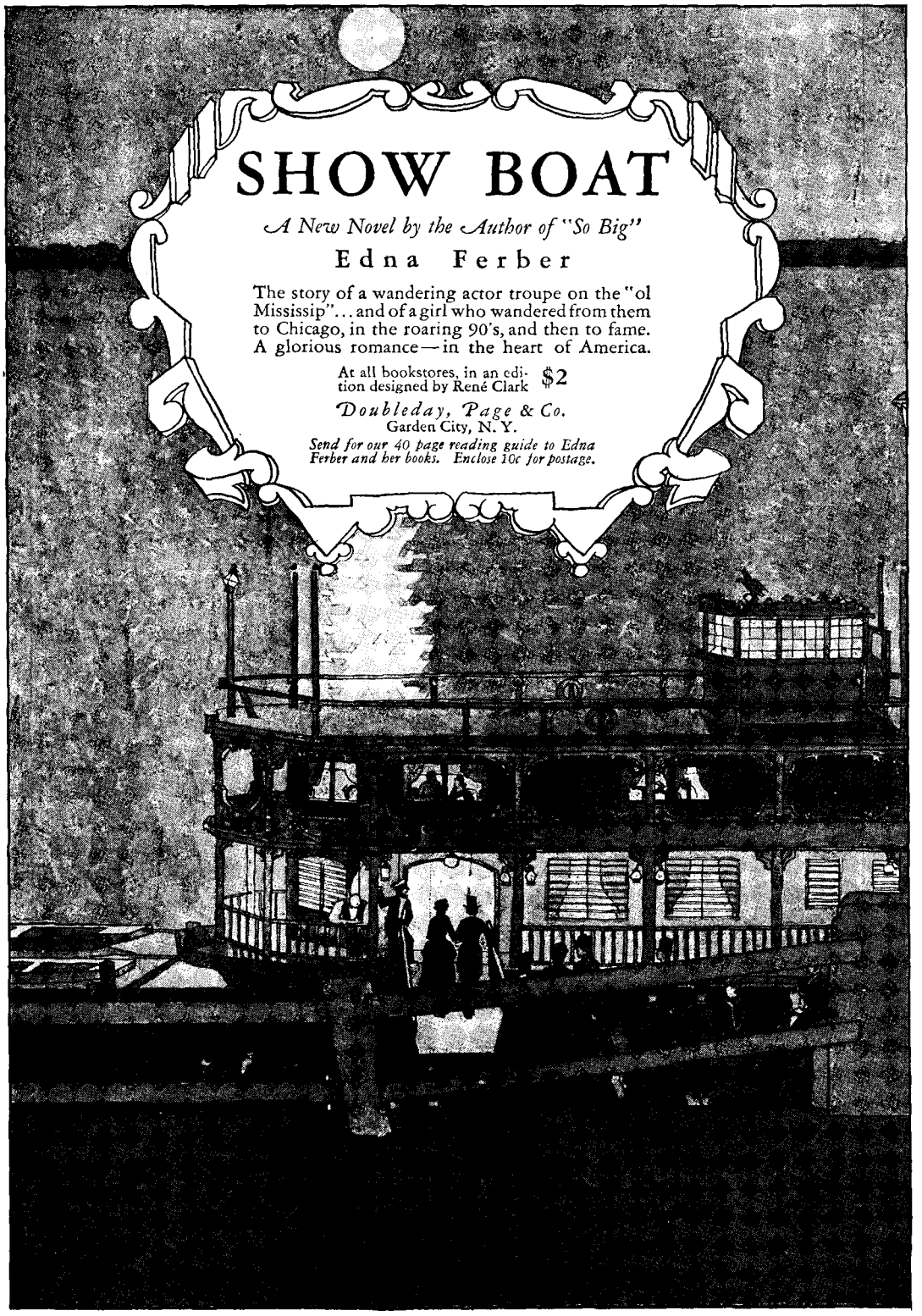

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BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

A MANIFEST DESTINY

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of "PORTO BELLO GOLD," etc.

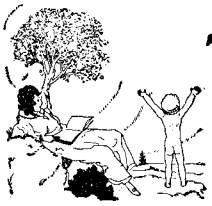
"Mr. Smith has the Stevensonian power of invention of plot and characters"—(N.Y. Herald-Tribune)

The adventurous story of the famous filibuster, William Walker, and his epic duel with Commodore Vanderbilt. It is history blended with the rush of adventure—history that reveals the soul of the turgid period from 1855 to '61 that bred the Civil War. $2.50

THE GREAT AMERICAN ASS

(*An anonymous autobiography*)

Portraying an "Education of Henry Adams" from a new angle. An Adams who turned westward rather than towards European culture. Daring, frank, timely, it portrays the anguish of a soul branded with the iron of Puritan tradition. $3.50



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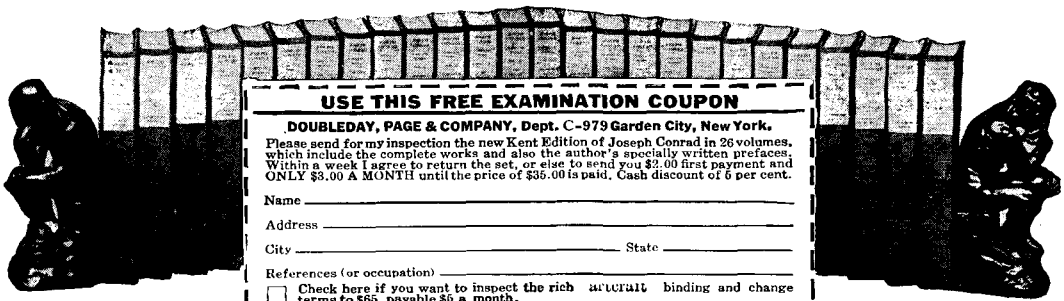

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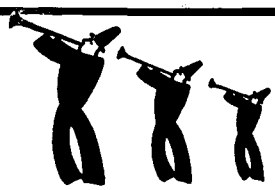

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VOLUME IX NUMBER 33

The American MERCURY

September 1926

BETWEEN WORLDS

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

THE Bishop of Valnères awakened with something of a shock to his unclerical circumstances. To be abroad in his nightgown was bad enough: but it seemed out of reason that, in such informal attire, he should be floating thus through a gray void, upborne by what appeared an unusually thick and soft and gaudily colored rug, and sharing its tenancy with this young woman.

"Can you by any chance inform me, madame," he inquired, with the courtesy for which he was justly famed, "what is the meaning of this exercise in the humorous; and what person has had the impudence to put me up here?"

"Do you not fret, poor Odo!" she replied. "It is only that you also, my dear, are dead at last."

And then the Bishop recognized her. Then he knew that, somehow, some praiseworthy wonder-working had conveyed him back again to the girl Ettarre whom he had loved in the fine unregenerate days of his youth. And for that instant nothing else whatever appeared to matter. For this adorable fair pagan seemed lovelier and even more desirable than he had been used to remember her about her witcheries in the palm-groves, and in her little green and lacquered room, at Marna: she was near to him: and age and all the sedative impairments of age had very marvelously gone away from the good Bishop of Valnères.

Yet in another instant his handsome countenance was a bit vexed; and he looked not altogether happy as he sat upright upon the smallish gold- and salmon-colored cloud.

"Nevertheless," the Bishop said, "nevertheless, this is an illogical situation. I do recall now that I was suffering, very slightly, with indigestion last night. And at my age, of course— Yes, yes, all that was to be expected, and for me to have passed away in my sleep is natural enough. Yet this continued survival of my consciousness—howsoever pleasant and surprising be the result of that consciousness," he added, with a gallant inclination of his head toward the winsome love of his youth,—"is a very sad blow to science; it upsets all philosophy; and it is a trouble to my common-sense."

"My dearest," replied Ettarre—in that so well-remembered, grave voice which was to him the loveliest of all imaginable music,—"you are now quite done with such frivolities as common-sense and philosophy and science: and but for my fond intervention there would have remained for you, as I must tell you frankly, only the consolations of religion."

"Most charming Ettarre, my own heart's darling! let us not jest about professional

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matters, not just at present, for everything seems very topsy-turvy here, and I am in no mood for sprightly sallies. So do you instead tell me whither this cloud is conveying us!"

The girl regarded him now with a humorous and, yet, a very tender sort of mockery. "Whither, you ask—with that nicety of diction which has so long characterized your public speaking,—is this cloud conveying us? Well, there one must distinguish! I only came for the ride. But you, my dear doomed Odo, are at this moment on your way to the heaven which you were used to promise to your parishioners: and, in fact, you may already see, just yonder, the amethyst ramparts of the holy city."

"This is surprising beyond words!" said Odo of Valnères. "Dear me, but this is terrible!"

And the Ettarre who in her mortal life had been the merriest of the witches of Marna replied, soberly enough: "You will be finding very few to agree with you yonder, my darling, where you will find, instead, all that quaint heaven of yours aflutter in honor of your arrival. For in the eloquent excesses of the fine career just ended you have converted many persons. Indeed, you have allured into eternal salvation—as the Archangel Oriphiel has officially announced in this morning's report—no less than one thousand and a hundred and seven souls. In consequence, the blessed everywhere are at this instant preparing to welcome home the strong champion of heaven, with sackbut and with psaltery and with the full resources of the celestial choir."

"Alas," said the good Bishop Odo, for the second time, "but this is truly terrible!"

And with that he thoughtfully rearranged his nightgown, he pulled up more neatly about his ankles his red flannel foot-warmers, and he fell into a moment's bewildered pondering. Nobody of his well-known modesty would have believed the total to run to four figures, but his eloquence and his lively flow of imagery had, of course, at odd times, converted many persons into accepting the comforting assurances of religion. Nor could the Bishop honestly detect anything blameworthy in his action, even now, upon the part of a convinced materialist intent to face things as they actually were.

No: he had acted logically. The plight of the lower orders of mankind in the world which Odo of Valnères had now left behind him demanded just this faith which was, for a being of a peasant's or a shopkeeper's far from admirable nature, at once a narcotic and a beneficial restraint. An altruist would therefore dissuade the evilly inclined from the practise of all uncivic vices like murder and rapine and arson which, even when practiced upon an international scale and under the direct patronage of the Church, tended always to upset the comfort of society. And an altruist would also endeavor, to the untrammeled extent of his imaginative gifts, to sustain the cowardly and the feeble-minded, and the aged and the ill and the poverty-stricken, and all other persons pitiably afflicted by the normal workings of the laws of life and of human polity, with the appropriate sort of romances about an oncoming heritage which made their present transient discomforts, from any really considerate point of view, quite unimportant.

"The situation is perplexing," the good Bishop said aloud, "yet, even so, I stay convinced that if only I had been lying there would have been no flaw in my conduct."

But the charming girl who had now cuddled happily beside him, as though once more to be in touch with her dear Odo were all-sufficient to her faithful heart, said nothing, as yet.

However—Odo of Valnères went on with the outlines of his self-defence,—however, it was the intention which ought to count, in a universe where everybody made mistakes. He had quite honestly believed himself to be preaching beneficial nonsense to his little flock, because these

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men and women in their discomfortable and thwarted living had needed, to the best of his judgment, just the ever-present threat and the ever-present promise of true religious faith, to keep them sane or, for that matter, to keep them at all endurable associates. And he adhered, provisionally anyhow, to his belief that, in the world he had now quitted, religious faith was highly necessary to the well-being of the lower classes, and was even serviceable and comforting to the gentry as one got on in life. But to a well-thought-of Bishop, discarnate and adrift in space, clad only in his nightgown and his red flannel foot-warmers, and with a dead sorceress dozing at his side, it did appear a bit upsetting thus to find religious notions exceeding their justifiable arena, and pursuing him beyond the grave.

II

Upon reflection, though, the unreasonableness of this outcome for his long and honorable career was not its only troubling feature. For Odo of Valnères looked now toward the nearing huge bright wharf above which gleamed the portal of heaven. That entrance really was an enormous pearl, with a hole in it for you to go through, and above that hole, as he could now perceive, was carved the name Levi.

Odo of Valnères recalled his Scriptural studies; and, with augmenting uneasiness, he poked at the velvet-soft ribs of his companion upon the little gold-and-salmon-colored cloud. "Do you wake up, my darling Ettarre, and tell me if this place is much like the Biblical description?"

The lovely girl sat up obediently. "Just!" said the Ettarre who in her mortal life had been the merriest of the witches of Marna: and her slow meditative smile upon the less luscious lips of any other person would have seemed unfeeling.

"Ah, well, but, in any event, I make no doubt that the city has been modernized and has been kept abreast, so to speak, with progress?"

"In heaven there is no variableness nor any shadow of turning, as you should well know who used to be so fond of preaching from that text."

"Oh, my God!" said the good Bishop Odo, from mere force of habit; and the benevolence went out of his plump face.

For now, at last, contrition of the very sincerest sort had smitten him. He thought of his parishioners, of his misled, lost flock, all decent, civilized, well-meaning communicants, entrapped, just by his overfondness for rhetoric, into that fearful lair of multi-headed dragons and of all miscellaneous monstrosities. For these preposterous beasts, it seemed, were not mere figures of speech: there actually before him was one of the twelve pearls through which he had promised his little flock a glorious entry into heaven: and the Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine was, in the teeth of all rational interpretation, turning out to be much worse than high-flown unintelligibility which you had to pretend to admire.

Inside that shining wall the hapless peasantry and the burghers, whom his oratory had betrayed, were now looked after by no benevolent Bishop, but were abandoned to the whims of unaccountable overlords with hair like wool and with feet made of brass, who spent their time in blowing trumpets, and in opening vials full of plague germs, and in affixing sealing-wax to the foreheads of the helpless dead: and his little flock were now the appalled associates of huge locusts with human heads, and of wild horses with the tails of serpents, and of calves with eyes inset in their posterior parts. Nor were the perplexing customs and the patchwork animal-life of this kingdom at all atoned for by enjoyable climatic conditions, because every moment or two there was—so near as the Bishop could recall his sacred studies—an earthquake or an uncommonly severe hailstorm, the sun turned black, or the moon red, or else the stars came tumbling loose like fruit from a shaken fig-tree; and seven thunders were intermittently

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conversing, for the most part about indelicate topics.

And Odo of Valnères, he also, who was so wholly dependent upon peaceful and refined surroundings, would presently be imprisoned in this place, for no real fault, but just through his well-meant endeavors to make living more rational and more pleasant for his little flock. Already that infernal automatic cloud had moored itself beside the bright wharf of heaven. He and the sorceress had disembarked perforce, since there seemed no alternative. And now behind and below the Bishop was only an endless gray abyss; beneath him showed great gleaming slabs like yellowish and bluish glass; and before him loomed inexorably the gate carved out of a giant pearl.

"Come, come!" a somewhat desperate prelate said aloud, "but even now there must be some way of escape from the existence which I was used to promise, in my unthinking way, as a reward?"

"There is," Ettarre replied to him, very proudly and happily, after still another tiny yawn, "for against love nothing can prevail. Why, but do you not yet understand? I am permitted to tempt you. Upon a cloud, of course, one feels a trifle insecure. But here we touch firm jasper and lapis lazuli. And with such allurements as you have not yet, I do believe, my dear outrageous, wonderful, enormous darling, quite utterly forgotten the way of, I am going to preserve you, even now, from all sorts of celestial horrors."

"Eh, and is it possible, even at the last, for the well-doer to avoid his doom? Is there some other and more suitable place yet open, upon post-mortem repentance, to a well-thought-of Bishop?"

The dear heathen child said then, still with that very touching fondness of which he felt himself to be unworthy: "At the cost of just one, tiny, pleasant indiscretion, even now, my own sweetheart, you may return with me to the merry paradise of the pagans. And that is nothing like your old-fashioned kingdom of heaven, but instead it is a democracy which lacks for no modern improvement in the way of culture and civilization."

Thereupon Ettarre began to speak of her present abode, in somewhat the opulent descriptory vein of an exceedingly young poet. And the good Bishop Odo, looking upon her with the old fondness and with unforgotten delight in her dear loveliness, was aware of that in the large and curiously glittering eyes of Ettarre which, he was certain, nobody in that dreadful Oriental phantasmagoria just ahead could ever understand with quite that sympathy which moved in him at this moment so rebelliously.

Ettarre, no doubt, was overcoloring some of her details: in fact, the little darling had always lied with much the unction of a funeral sermon. Even so, this adorable and cuddling witch—whom the scandal-mongers about Marna had been used to call a vampire, too,—was the one person whom Odo of Valnères had ever loved, in his fine unregenerate youth, with quite whole-hearted passion and with a variousness not ever utterly to be put out of mind. And for the rest, the Bishop could, he felt just now, be happy enough in rewarding the warm loyalty of his Ettarre among those cultured and broad-minded and intelligent circles which she described. . . .

There remained only to allow reasonably for that slight girlish habit of unveracity. . . .

Thus pensively did the Bishop begin to appraise the probabilities, what while from mere force of habit he made the sign of the cross, as he waited there, withholding his eyes for a moment from the strangely large and glittering eyes of his Ettarre, and looking downward, all through that rather lengthy moment in which he half-paternally caressed the soft and the so lovely little hand of the dear pagan love of his fine unregenerate youth, and she cuddled closer and yet closer to him and wriggled very deliciously in her candid and quite flattering affection.

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III

Yet, at just this amiable season, the serenity of their reunion was overcast by the arrival of yet another cloud. It moored: and a child disembarked, a boy of seven or thereabouts, but newly dead and come alone through the gray void between earth and heaven; and this little ghost passed by them as the child now went uncertainly but meekly into the holy city.

Now also Odo of Valnères had raised his very generally admired eyes from the neighborhood of his red flannel foot-warmers, toward that huge and dazzling, perforated pearl. "You know," he observed, with somewhat more of gentleness than of any plain connection, "you know, I rather, as they put it, get on with children. My people are so flattering as to say I have a way with them. I could, I really do believe, have cheered that forlorn little fellow tremendously, with one of my simpler confirmation addresses, if we had travelled through that abyss together. In fact, a clergyman of real talents, and of my rather varied experience, could probably cheer every soul in yonder, in view of what must be the local average of cheerfulness—"

"No doubt, you could, my wonderful, kind-hearted, clever darling," Ettarre replied, a bit impatiently; "but now that fearful place, my precious, is a place with which you have no further least need to be bothering."

But Odo of Valnères was smiling with something of the enthusiast's fervor: then, for one instant only, he again looked downward, with the air of a man as yet perplexed and irresolute, and again he crossed himself, and he drew a deep breath which seemed to inform him through and through with unpersuadable resolution.

Gently he put aside the love of his youth: and, with that frank, fine air of manliness which had always graced his professional utterances, he spoke. "No, sweetheart. No: one of my cloth must not be wholly selfish, and at a pinch a well-thought-of Bishop must choose for that which seems to him a more noble and a safer investment than is the happiness you promise me. You see, I had believed religion to be only a narcotic and a restraint for men's misery upon earth. I was wrong. I confess it, with humble contrition. And my heart is aglow, Ettarre, with no ignoble fervor, to discover that the profession to which I have devoted all my modest abilities—such as they are, my dear,—must always satisfy for the better-conducted of my fellow beings no merely temporal but an eternal requirement. Even after death, I now perceive, I am privileged to remain the guide and consoler of my flock—"

"Well, but, my darling, the poor dears are already saved beyond redemption: and so to me that sounds like nonsense."

"That is because you reason hastily, my pet. For yonder, inside that shining wall, my people need me as never before. More sorely now than in their mortal living they require the sentiment that some capable and tactful person mediates between them and the uncomfortably contiguous contriver of their surroundings. Now, as not ever in their merely earthly misery, they need the most eloquent assurances that these inconveniences are trivial and will by and by prove transient. They need, in this unsanitary, zoöplastic, explosive and decidedly unsettling place, as they did not need in the more urbane atmosphere which I was always careful to maintain in my diocese, to be sustained with salutary faith in the oncoming rewards for prudent and respectable conduct. So you perceive, my dearest, I could not honorably desert my little flock after having in some sense betrayed them into their present condition. All these strong arguments are passing through my mind, my darling, and they are reinforced by my firm conviction that the Ettarre whom I remember about her witcheries in the palm-groves and in a little green and lacquered room at Marna, did not use to have cloven feet like—shall I say?—a tender-eyed and very charming gazelle."

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But now the dead Ettarre who in her mortal life had been the merriest of the witches of Marna, and the most delectable of Satan's traps, had drawn a little away from Odo of Valnères in uncontrollable sorrow and disappointment.

"You have," she stated, "and you always did have, Odo, a mean and suspicious nature, quite apart from being a long-winded, fat hypocrite. And you can talk from now to Doomsday if you want to, but I think that to make a cross like that, when I was doing my very best for your real comfort, was cheating!"

"*Noblesse oblige*," replied the good Bishop Odo, with that impressiveness which he invariably reserved for any remark a trifle deficient in meaning. Then he went slowly but unfalteringly toward the gate marked Levi.

Yet he looked back just once, through a mist of unshed, unepiscopal, and merely human tears, upon the grief of that delicious and so lovely Ettarre. Her distress over this final parting was becoming so passionate and extreme that it had turned the adorable child all black and scaly, and had set her to exhaling diversely colored flames. And Odo sighed to notice these deteriorations in her appearance, and in her deportment also, as his lost love assumed a regrettably dragonish shape and with many frantic lashings of her tail swept whooping down the abyss. After that, he removed his red flannel footwarmers, as introductive of an undesirable chromatic note; he tidied his nightgown into the general effect of a surplice; and the Bishop of Valnères went on toward the gate, composedly.

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DEATH IN THE WOODS

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

She was an old woman and lived on a farm near the town in which I lived. All country and small town people have seen such old women, but no one knows much about them. Such an old woman comes into town driving an old worn-out horse or she comes afoot carrying a basket. She may own a few hens and have eggs to sell. She brings them in a basket and takes them to a grocer. There she trades them in. She gets some salt pork and some beans. Then she gets a pound or two of sugar and some flour.

Afterwards she goes to the butcher's and asks for some dog-meat. She may spend ten or fifteen cents, but when she does she asks for something. In my day the butchers gave liver to anyone who wanted to carry it away. In our family we were always having it. Once one of my brothers got a whole cow's liver at the slaughter-house near the fair-grounds. We had it until we were sick of it. It never cost a cent. I have hated the thought of it ever since.

The old farm woman got some liver and a soup-bone. She never visited with anyone and as soon as she got what she wanted she lit out for home. It made quite a load for such an old body. No one gave her a lift. People drive right down a road and never notice an old woman like that.

There was such an old woman used to come into town past our house one Summer and Fall when I was sick with what was called inflammatory rheumatism. She went home later carrying a heavy pack on her back. Two or three large gaunt-looking dogs followed at her heels.

The old woman was nothing special. She was one of the nameless ones that hardly anyone knows, but she got into my thoughts. I have just suddenly now, after all these years, remembered her and what happened. It is a story. Her name was, I think, Grimes, and she lived with her husband and son in a small unpainted house on the bank of a small creek four miles from town.

The husband and son were a tough lot. Although the son was but twenty-one, he had already served a term in jail. It was whispered about that the woman's husband stole horses and ran them off to some other county. Now and then, when a horse turned up missing, the man had also disappeared. No one ever caught him. Once, when I was loafing at Tom Whitehead's livery-barn, the man came there and sat on the bench in front. Two or three other men were there, but no one spoke to him. He sat for a few minutes and then got up and went away. When he was leaving he turned around and stared at the men. There was a look of defiance in his eyes. "Well, I have tried to be friendly. You don't want to talk to me. It has been so wherever I have gone in this town. If, some day, one of your fine horses turns up missing, well, then what?" He did not say anything actually. "I'd like to bust one of you on the jaw," was about what his eyes said. I remember how the look in his eyes made me shiver.

The old man belonged to a family that had had money once. His name was Grimes, Jake Grimes. It all comes back clearly now. His father, John Grimes, had owned a sawmill when the country was new and had made money. Then he got to drinking and running after women. When he died there wasn't much left.

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Jake blew in the rest. Pretty soon there wasn't any more lumber to cut and his land was nearly all gone.

He got his wife off a German farmer, for whom he went to work one June day in the wheat harvest. She was a young thing then and scared to death. You see, the farmer was up to something with the girl—she was, I think, a bound girl and his wife had her suspicions. She took it out on the girl when the man wasn't around. Then, when the wife had to go off to town for supplies, the farmer got after her. She told young Jake that nothing really ever happened, but he didn't know whether to believe it or not.

He got her pretty easy himself, the first time he was out with her. He wouldn't have married her if the German farmer hadn't tried to tell him where to get off. He got her to go riding with him in his buggy one night when he was threshing on the place, and then he came for her the next Sunday night.

She managed to get out of the house without her employer's seeing, but when she was getting into the buggy he showed up. It was almost dark, and he just popped up suddenly at the horse's head. He grabbed the horse by the bridle and Jake got out his buggy-whip.

They had it out all right! The German was a tough one. Maybe he didn't care whether his wife knew or not. Jake hit him over the face and shoulders with the buggy-whip, but the horse got to acting up and he had to get out.

Then the two men went for it. The girl didn't see it. The horse started to run away and went nearly a mile down the road before the girl got him stopped. Then she managed to tie him to a tree beside the road. (I wonder how I know all this. It must have stuck in my mind from small town tales when I was a boy.) Jake found her there after he got through with the German. She was huddled up in the buggy seat, crying, scared to death. She told Jake a lot of stuff, how the German had tried to get her, how he chased her once into the barn, how another time, when they happened to be alone in the barn together, he tore her dress open clear down the front. The German, she said, might have got her that time if he hadn't heard his old woman drive in at the gate. She had been off to town for supplies. Well, she would be putting the horse in the barn. The German managed to sneak off to the fields without his wife seeing. He told the girl he would kill her if she told. What could she do? She told a lie about ripping her dress in the barn when she was feeding the stock. I remember now that she was a bound girl and did not know where her father and mother were. Maybe she did not have any father. You know what I mean.

II

She married Jake and had a son and daughter but the daughter died.

Then she settled down to feed stock. That was her job. At the German's place she had cooked the food for the German and his wife. The wife was a strong woman with big hips and worked most of the time in the fields with her husband. She fed them and fed the cows in the barn, fed the pigs, the horses and the chickens. Every moment of every day as a young girl was spent feeding something.

Then she married Jake Grimes and he had to be fed. She was a slight thing and when she had been married for three or four years, and after the two children were born, her slender shoulders became stooped.

Jake always had a lot of big dogs around the house, that stood near the unused sawmill near the creek. He was always trading horses when he wasn't stealing something and had a lot of poor bony ones about. Also he kept three or four pigs and a cow. They were all pastured in the few acres left of the Grimes place and Jake did little.

He went into debt for a threshing outfit and ran it for several years, but it did not pay. People did not trust him. They were afraid he would steal the grain at night. He had to go a long way off to get work

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and it cost too much to get there. In the Winter he hunted and cut a little firewood, to be sold in some nearby town. When the boy grew up he was just like his father. They got drunk together. If there wasn't anything to eat in the house when they came home the old man gave his old woman a cut over the head. She had a few chickens of her own and had to kill one of them in a hurry. When they were all killed she wouldn't have any eggs to sell when she went to town, and then what would she do?

She had to scheme all her life about getting things fed, getting the pigs fed so they would grow fat and could be butchered in the Fall. When they were butchered her husband took most of the meat off to town and sold it. If he did not do it first the boy did. They fought sometimes and when they fought the old woman stood aside trembling.

She had got the habit of silence anyway —that was fixed. Sometimes, when she began to look old—she wasn't forty yet—and when the husband and son were both off, trading horses or drinking or hunting or stealing, she went around the house and the barnyard muttering to herself.

How was she going to get everything fed?—that was her problem. The dogs had to be fed. There wasn't enough hay in the barn for the horses and the cow. If she didn't feed the chickens how could they lay eggs? Without eggs to sell how could she get things in town, things she had to have to keep the life of the farm going? Thank heaven, she did not have to feed her husband—in a certain way. That hadn't lasted long after their marriage and after the babies came. Where he went on his long trips she did not know. Sometimes he was gone from home for weeks and after the boy grew up they went off together.

They left everything at home for her to manage and she had no money. She knew no one. No one ever talked to her in town. When it was Winter she had to gather sticks of wood for her fire, had to try to keep the stock fed with very little grain.

The stock in the barn cried to her hungrily, the dogs followed her about. In the Winter the hens laid few enough eggs. They huddled in the corners of the barn and she kept watching them. If a hen lays an egg in the barn in the Winter and you do not find it, it freezes and breaks.

One day in Winter the old woman went off to town with a few eggs and the dogs followed her. She did not get started until nearly three o'clock and the snow was heavy. She hadn't been feeling very well for several days and so she went muttering along, scantily clad, her shoulders stooped. She had an old grain bag in which she carried her eggs, tucked away down in the bottom. There weren't many of them, but in Winter the price of eggs is up. She would get a little meat for the eggs, some salt pork, a little sugar, and some coffee perhaps. It might be the butcher would give her a piece of liver.

When she had got to town and was trading in her eggs the dogs lay by the door outside. She did pretty well, got the things she needed, more than she had hoped. Then she went to the butcher and he gave her some liver and some dog-meat.

It was the first time anyone had spoken to her in a friendly way for a long time. The butcher was alone in his shop when she went in and was annoyed by the thought of such a sick-looking old woman out on such a day. It was bitter cold and the snow, that had let up during the afternoon, was falling again. The butcher said something about her husband and her son, swore at them, and the old woman stared at him, a look of mild surprise in her eyes as he talked. He said that if either the husband or the son were going to get any of the liver or the heavy bones with scraps of meat hanging to them that he had put into the grain bag, he'd see him starve first.

Starve, eh? Well things had to be fed. Men had to be fed, and the horses that weren't any good but maybe could be traded off, and the poor thin cow that hadn't given any milk for three months.

Horses, cows, pigs, dogs, men.

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III

The old woman had to get back before darkness came if she could. The dogs followed at her heels, sniffing at the heavy grain bag she had fastened on her back. When she got to the edge of town she stopped by a fence and tied the bag on her back with a piece of rope she had carried in her dress-pocket for just that purpose. That was an easier way to carry it. Her arms ached. It was hard when she had to crawl over fences and once she fell over and landed in the snow. The dogs went frisking about. She had to struggle to get to her feet again but she made it. The point of climbing over the fences was that there was a short cut over a hill and through a wood. She might have gone around by the road, but it was a mile further that way. She was afraid she couldn't make it. And then, besides, the stock had to be fed. There was a little hay left, a little corn. Perhaps her husband and son would bring some home when they came. They had driven off in the only buggy the Grimes family had, a rickety thing, a rickety horse hitched to the buggy, two other rickety horses led by halters. They were going to trade horses, get a little money if they could. They might come home drunk. It would be well to have something in the house when they came back.

The son had an affair on with a woman at the county seat, fifteen miles away. She was a bad woman, a tough one. Once, in the Summer, the son had brought her to the house. Both she and the son had been drinking. Jake Grimes was away and the son and his woman ordered the old woman about like a servant. She didn't mind much; she was used to it. Whatever happened she never said anything. That was her way of getting along. She had managed that way when she was a young girl at the German's and ever since she had married Jake. That time her son brought his woman to the house they stayed all night, sleeping together just as though they were married. It hadn't shocked the old woman, not much. She had got past being shocked early in life.

With the pack on her back she went painfully along across an open field, wading in the deep snow, and got into the woods.

There was a path, but it was hard to follow. Just beyond the top of the hill, where the wood was thickest, there was a small clearing. Had someone once thought of building a house there? The clearing was as large as a building lot in town, large enough for a house and a garden. The path ran along the side of the clearing and when she got there the old woman sat down to rest at the foot of a tree.

It was a foolish thing to do. When she got herself placed, the pack against the tree's trunk, it was nice, but what about getting up again? She worried about that for a moment and then quietly closed her eyes.

She must have slept for a time. When you are about so cold you can't get any colder. The afternoon grew a little warmer and the snow came thicker than ever. Then after a time the weather cleared. The moon even came out.

There were four Grimes dogs that had followed Mrs. Grimes into town, all tall gaunt fellows. Such men as Jake Grimes and his son always keep just such dogs. They kick and abuse them, but they stay. The Grimes dogs, in order to keep from starving, had to do a lot of foraging for themselves, and they had been at it while the old woman slept with her back to the tree at the side of the clearing. They had been chasing rabbits in the woods and in adjoining fields and in their ranging had picked up three other farm dogs.

After a time all the dogs came back to the clearing. They were excited about something. Such nights, cold and clear and with a moon, do things to dogs. It may be that some old instinct, come down from the time when they were wolves and ranged the woods in packs on Winter nights, comes back into them.

The dogs in the clearing, before the old

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woman, had caught two or three rabbits and their immediate hunger had been satisfied. They began to play, running in circles in the clearing. Round and round they ran, each dog's nose at the tail of the next dog. In the clearing, under the snow-laden trees and under the wintry moon they made a strange picture, running thus silently, in a circle their running had beaten in the soft snow. The dogs made no sound. They ran around and around in the circle.

It may have been that the old woman saw them doing that before she died. She may have awakened once or twice and looked at the strange sight with dim old eyes.

She wouldn't be very cold now, just drowsy. Life hangs on a long time. Perhaps the old woman was out of her head. She may have dreamed of her girlhood, at the German's, and before that, when she was a child and before her mother lit out and left her.

Her dreams couldn't have been very pleasant. Not many pleasant things had happened to her. Now and then one of the Grimes dogs left the running circle and came to stand before her. The dog thrust his face close to her face. His red tongue was hanging out.

The running of the dogs may have been a kind of death ceremony. It may have been that the primitive instinct of the wolf, having been aroused in the dogs by the night and the running, made them somehow afraid.

"Now we are no longer wolves. We are dogs, the servants of men. Keep alive, man! When man dies we become wolves again."

When one of the dogs came to where the old woman sat with her back against the tree and thrust his nose close to her face he seemed satisfied and went back to run with the pack. All the Grimes dogs did it at some time during the evening, before she died. I knew all about it afterward, when I grew to be a man, because once in a wood on another Winter night I saw a pack of dogs act just like that. The dogs were waiting for me to die as they had waited for the old woman that night when I was a child, but when it happened to me I was a young man and had no intention whatever of dying.

The old woman died softly and quietly. When she was dead and when one of the Grimes dogs had come to her and had found her dead all the dogs stopped running.

They gathered about her.

Well, she was dead now. She had fed the Grimes dogs when she was alive, what about now?

There was the pack on her back, the grain bag containing the piece of salt pork, the liver the butcher had given her, the dog-meat, the soup bones. The butcher in town, having been suddenly overcome with a feeling of pity, had loaded her grain bag heavily. It had been a big haul for the old woman.

A big haul for the dogs now.

IV

One of the Grimes dogs sprang suddenly out from among the others and began worrying the pack on the old woman's back. Had the dogs really been wolves that one would have been the leader of the pack. What he did, all the others did.

All of them sank their teeth into the grain bag the old woman had fastened with ropes to her back.

They dragged the old woman's body out into the open clearing. The worn-out dress was quickly torn from her shoulders. When she was found, a day or two later, the dress had been torn from her body clear to the hips but the dogs had not touched her body. They had got the meat out of the grain bag, that was all. Her body was frozen stiff when it was found and the shoulders were so narrow and the body so slight that in death it looked like the body of some charming young girl.

Such things happened in towns of the Middle West, on farms near town, when I was a boy. A hunter out after rabbits found

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the old woman's body and did not touch it. Something, the beaten round path in the little snow-covered clearing, the silence of the place, the place where the dogs had worried the body trying to pull the grain bag away or tear it open—something startled the man and he hurried off to town.

I was in Main street with one of my brothers who was taking the afternoon papers to the stores. It was almost night.

The hunter came into a grocery and told his story. Then he went to a hardware-shop and into a drug-store. Men began to gather on the sidewalks. Then they started out along the road to the place in the wood.

My brother should have gone on about his business of distributing papers but he didn't. Everyone was going to the woods. The undertaker went and the town marshal. Several men got on a dray and rode out to where the path left the road and went into the woods, but the horses weren't very sharply shod and slid about on the slippery roads. They made no better time than those of us who walked.

The town marshal was a large man whose leg had been injured in the Civil War. He carried a heavy cane and limped rapidly along the road. My brother and I followed at his heels and as we went other men and boys joined the crowd.

It had grown dark by the time we got to where the old woman had left the road but the moon had come out. The marshal was thinking there might have been a murder. He kept asking the hunter questions. The hunter went along with his gun across his shoulders, a dog following at his heels. It isn't often a rabbit hunter has a chance to be so conspicuous. He was taking full advantage of it, leading the procession with the town marshal. "I didn't see any wounds. She was a beautiful young girl. Her face was buried in the snow. No, I didn't know her." As a matter of fact, the hunter had not looked closely at the body. He had been frightened. She might have been murdered and someone might spring out from behind a tree and murder him too. In a woods, in the late afternoon, when the trees are all bare and there is white snow on the ground, when all is silent, something creepy steals over the mind and body. If something strange or uncanny has happened in the neighborhood all you think about is getting away from there as fast as you can.

The crowd of men and boys had got to where the old woman crossed the field and went, following the marshal and the hunter up the slight incline and into the woods.

My brother and I were silent. He had his bundle of papers in a bag slung across his shoulder. When he got back to town he would have to go on distributing his papers before he went home to supper. If I went along, as he had no doubt already determined I should, we would both be late. Either mother or our younger sister would have to warm our supper.

Well, we would have something to tell. A boy did not get such a chance very often. It was lucky we just happened to go into the grocery when the hunter came in. The hunter was a country fellow. Neither of us had ever seen him before.

Now the crowd of men and boys had got to the clearing. Darkness comes quickly on such Winter nights but the full moon made everything clear. My brother and I stood near the trees, beneath which the old woman had died.

She did not look old, lying there frozen in that light. One of the men turned her over in the snow and I saw everything. My body trembled with some strange mystical feeling and so did my brother's. It might have been the cold.

Neither of us had ever seen a woman's body before. It may have been the snow, clinging to the frozen flesh, that made it look so white and lovely, so like marble. No woman had come with the party from town, but one of the men, he was the town blacksmith, took off his overcoat and spread it over her. Then he gathered her into his arms and started off to town, all the others following silently. At that time no one knew who she was.

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V

I had seen everything, had seen the oval in the snow, like a miniature race-track, where the dogs had run, had seen how the men were mystified, had seen the white bare young-looking shoulders, had heard the whispered comments of the men.

The men were simply mystified. They took the body to the undertaker's, and when the blacksmith, the hunter, the marshal and several others had got inside they closed the door. If father had been there perhaps he could have got in, but we boys couldn't.

I went with my brother to distribute the rest of his papers and when we got home it was my brother who told the story.

I kept silent and went to bed early. It may have been I was not satisfied with the way he told it.

Later, in the town, I must have heard other fragments of the old woman's story. She was recognized the next day and there was an investigation.

The husband and son were found somewhere and brought to town and there was an attempt to connect them with the woman's death, but it did not work. They had perfect enough alibis.

However, the town was against them. They had to get out. Where they went I never heard.

I remember only the picture there in the forest, the men standing about, the naked girlish-looking figure, face down in the snow, the tracks made by the running dogs and the clear cold Winter sky above. White fragments of clouds were drifting across the sky. They went racing across the little open space among the trees.

The scene in the forest had become for me, without my knowing it, the foundation for the real story I am now trying to tell. The fragments, you see, had to be picked up slowly, long afterwards.

Things happened. When I was a young man I worked on the farm of a German. The hired-girl was afraid of her employer. The farmer's wife hated her.

I saw things at that place. Once later, I had a half-uncanny, mystical sort of adventure with dogs in a forest on a clear, moonlit Winter night. When I was a schoolboy, and on a Summer day, I went with a boy friend out along a creek some miles from town and came to the house where the old woman had lived. No one had lived in the house since her death. The doors were broken from the hinges, the window lights were all broken. As the boy and I stood in the road outside, two dogs, just roving farm dogs no doubt, came running around the corner of the house. The dogs were tall, gaunt fellows and came down to the fence and glared through at us, standing in the road.

The whole thing, the story of the old woman's death, was to me as I grew older like music heard from far off. The notes had to be picked up slowly one at a time. Something had to be understood.

The woman who died was one destined to feed animal life. Anyway, that is all she ever did. She was feeding animal life before she was born, as a child, as a young woman working on the farm of the German, after she married, when she grew old and when she died. She fed animal life in cows, in chickens, in pigs, in horses, in dogs, in men. Her daughter had died in childhood and with her one son she had no articulate relations. On the night when she died she was hurrying homeward, bearing on her body food for animal life.

She died in the clearing in the woods and even after her death continued feeding animal life.

You see it is likely that, when my brother told the story, that night when we got home and my mother and sister sat listening, I did not think he got the point. He was too young and so was I. A thing so complete has its own beauty.

I shall not try to emphasize the point. I am only explaining why I was dissatisfied then and have been ever since. I speak of that only that you may understand why I have been impelled to try to tell the simple story over again.

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STATISTICS SHOW—

BY ROYCE B. HOWES

Of the several farces perpetrated by every big newspaper's national advertising department the biggest is what is called the trade survey. It is undertaken ostensibly to discover whose cocoa, shoe polish, oil stoves, or what have you sells best in the paper's trading territory. By the trading territory is meant the area whose populace does its buying in the city harboring the paper. The department immediately responsible for the survey is known variously as the information bureau, the merchandising department, or the advertisers' service department. Its services are always held forth as an inducement to buy space—a sort of something for nothing.

Surveys are made for a number of reasons, one or two of them legitimate. Sometimes the paper itself wants information regarding the sale of certain goods in order that its space salesmen may fortify themselves with pseudo-authoritative facts as aids in soliciting advertisements. Again, a definite manufacturer may be contemplating a publicity campaign in its territory and want information on the market, or he may have already undertaken the campaign and want to find out how effective it is. In some instances a canny manufacturer will have a survey made merely to have newspaper representatives talk about his product in a hundred or more retail stores. Perhaps he doesn't even read the survey when it reaches him, but he has nevertheless enjoyed the services of the newspaper's free contact man. In any case such a survey reflects the facts only in the sketchiest way. But when they are presented, they are made to appear rigidly authentic, and the decimals are always carried out to two places.

Of course when an advertiser of any intelligence buys space in a paper offering all this free service he knows that he is paying for it in increased rates. The paper usually employs half a dozen young men who draw anywhere from $25 to $35 a week for doing the surveying. The young men are commonly fresh from the cloisters of a State university and have only the faintest conception of buying, selling, markets, methods, and everything else that goes with merchandising. But in the prospectus they are referred to as "skilled investigators." Such merry wights compile wordy reports on the scientific marketing of toothpaste for the guidance of men who have been selling toothpaste for years.

Probably 70% of all such newspaper surveys are among grocers—and it is safe to say that 80% of all the metropolitan grocers of the Republic have an English vocabulary limited to something under 150 words. They fail regularly every four months and move on to new corners. A grocery jobber's salesman looks their stock over, jots down what's needed, and gets the necessary signature. What he buys or how often is beyond the average grocer's ken. Not infrequently, indeed, one finds one of them selling habitually for less than he pays. But every grocer in America, like every druggist, is surveyed at least three times a week. Some are indifferent but others, growing weary of it, are irate. In either case, it is obviously out of the question to get accurate information out of them. Personally, I can't understand why they are not *all* irate. If I ran a store and

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three or four inquisitive young men dropped in every week to ask me what my four best selling rat poisons were in the order of their sales, I'd keep a shotgun behind the counter.

II

Let us now examine a particular survey. It is imaginary, but I have worked on a hundred just like it. Let us say that some manufacturer of breakfast foods has just expended his kale to the extent of 10,000 lines of advertising and that he wants to see what has happened. Suppose the advertiser is one of the big ones: Postum, Kellogg, or perhaps Shredded Wheat.

Somebody who gets $40 a week for being an authority on merchandising calls in somebody who gets $30 and tells him to select 100 neighborhood grocers—"most of 'em in good neighborhoods but a few over on the East Side"—to be cross-examined. He also provides the $30 lad with a hundred copies of a questionnaire which reads thus:

1 What are your four best selling breakfast foods in the order of their sales importance?
   1————————
   2————————
   3————————
   4————————
2 What other brands do you stock?
3 What brand has increased most in sale during recent months?
4 How many times a day do your customers use cereals?
5 What do you consider the best form of cereal advertising?
   Remarks:

Questions four and five may sound somewhat extravagant but they are entirely authentic. Fancy Mike Wiczowski or Joe Solomon having an opinion on advertising media! Or try to imagine what any busy grocer will say if you interrupt him to ask at what hours his patrons eat corn flakes! But the $30 man must do his stuff, and so he goes to the grocer file and selects a hundred names. If he has been on the job for any length of time he is well acquainted with the characteristics of most of the grocers in town, and he selects only those best suited to his purpose. He knows that the Nordics among them will probably be distinctly hostile. Therefore he selects Athenians or Armenians. The sum total of the information he will be able to get out of them will at least equal that obtainable from the surly Nordic, and the necessary forgeries, moreover, will be easier to conceal. If anything goes wrong and things are checked up, the evidence gained from the swarthy tradesman will never be clear enough to convict the surveyor, and if he sticks to his story he will very likely gain a high reputation as an interpreter of grunts and shrugs.

Equipped with his hundred questionnaires, the surveyor drops in, mutters a few words to the puzzled storekeeper (always being sure to mention the product being surveyed), glances over the shelves, and walks out again. He then settles himself in his flivver and writes up the call. Any boob can tell you that Kellogg, Postum, Quaker, and Shredded Wheat probably lead in sales, so the surveyor at once attributes first, second, third, and fourth places to them. But from store to store he shifts them around so they'll all break about even, and once in a while he puts in a less well-known brand just for variety's sake. A little care makes the advertiser come out first. If he is only a prospective advertiser, he should be made to come out second or third.

What the surveyor happened to notice as he glanced at the grocer's shelf constitutes the answer to the question about the other brands stocked. The list is usually amplified with several brands not seen but usually carried. In answering the question concerning the recent increase in sales, it is sound practice to arrange the winners in the order of the size of their advertising accounts. This is more or less arbitrary, of course, but as only one American grocer in 500 could even hazard an accurate answer it is about the only way out of the difficulty. Gains in the sale of advertised products are actually by fits and starts, so far as the average store is con-

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cerned. A careful observation might tell any grocer just which ones were gaining in his store, but he is a business man, not a statistician, and so he refuses to abandon his customers to stand by the breakfast food shelf with a notebook and jot down his observations.

Thus in the course of a few days the investigator makes the rounds of his hundred stores (he is careful to see that they are all still in business—an investigator got caught that way once!), and the figments of his imagination are brought back to headquarters and embalmed in a neat table of statistics. This occupies from ten to twenty pages and is very imposing. If the surveyor has something of the artist in his soul, he appends a "remark" to about every third questionnaire. I have often heard the recipient of a survey say that the remarks were the most valuable and enlightening portion of the entire document. I daresay they were, too.

III

All this, I fear, may create the impression that the young gentlemen attached to the national advertising departments of great public organs are lazy rogues if not worse. Not so. They simply have to produce results. When a survey comes along that can be honestly carried out, there is no faking. And fictitious surveying, when it is necessary, is by no means easy. It requires insight, and adroitness, and entails not a little hazard. You can get away with a certain number of "cannot says," but too many bring rebuke. Obviously, the surveyor adhering strictly to the truth would not last longer than the span of a single pay-check. I have personally recorded the actual number of "cannot says" with which I was met, just to be sporting—and I was promptly sent out to eliminate some of them.

It is soon apparent to every intelligent surveyor that a large percentage of advertising agency men know little about the merchandising methods used to sell the commodities whose advertising copy they write. As most of the survey questionnaires eminate from agencies, the investigator is therefore put to the necessity of regarding the questions asked as simply theoretical, and of getting around the difficulty of answering them as best he can. Virtually every grocer, for instance, depends on his jobber's salesman to do his ordering for him. The grocer himself knows only vaguely what he is buying or how often he is buying it. The wholesaler's man comes in, looks over the shelves while the grocer goes on waiting on his trade, jots down his customer's needs, and the customer signs the order. Sometimes the salesman has a special article that requires more selling effort, but the ordinary talk over stock rarely goes beyond the possibility of price changes, and the approximate number of cases necessary to meet current needs. Everyone, especially in big cities, where most grocerymen are foreigners, has observed this—everybody, that is, except the agency boys. These latter evidently expect Steve Acropolios and Jake Miowoski to know exactly how much Shredded Wheat they sell in a week and how often they order it.

I have harped particularly on grocers because most of the surveys seem to be among them. But there are also many drug surveys, and they too, have their drolleries. Take, for example, a patent medicine survey. In every large town the corner druggist buys these cure-alls in lots of a sixth or twelfth of a dozen—, in other words, one or two bottles at a time. The jobber always gives excellent delivery service, and so the druggist sees no wisdom in loading his shelves with dozen lots. A reserve stock is unheard of. Yet some statistician in the background not infrequently expects an investigator to ask a hundred busy druggists how many dozen bottles of this or that they buy a year. They simply don't know. The chain-store buyers may know, and so may the owners of the downtown cut-rate drug-stores, but the corner druggists do not. The natural consequence is

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that the surveyor quickly grasps the fact that the man who will ultimately read his report can't distinguish the truth from poetry, so he writes poetry rather than face the embarrassment of making a nuisance of himself a hundred times.

Beside the neighborhood butcher and baker and candlestick maker there are sometimes more pretentious personages to be surveyed. There is, for instance, the department-store buyer. Such a buyer should know something of his business—or, as is frequently the case, her business. Some do, but some don't—and lots that do pretend that they don't. Your experienced surveyor can tell whether the buyer is really ignorant of his stock or whether he is just being hardboiled. Most hardware, haberdashery, and women's wear buyers will give you a sympathetic audience. They aren't surveyed often, and seem to feel rather flattered at being solicited for their opinions. But bring your questionnaire into the drug buyer's office, and get out with a whole hide if you can.

I have been asked to call on the same department-store drug buyer three times in a single week with long-winded and utterly silly sets of questions. Mine was only one of three dailies in that town, so probably the buyers were being pestered thus about nine times every week. Is it any wonder that surveyors sometimes have to invent the information they are sent for? It's that or nothing. You can't stay on the payroll filling in answers to questions with, "You again!! I can't talk to you today or any other day! Good bye." When it comes to smaller merchants the thing is easier. The experienced surveyor gets to know as much about the average small retail business as its owner, and his judgment is probably as good as anybody's. In resorting to fiction he does not make wild hazards; instead he musters all his experience. The finished product is a small amount of actual evidence plus a considerable amount of the surveyor's personal opinion, but in all likelihood it frequently strikes close to the truth.

Many surveys, indeed, are quite practical, and useful information may be obtained through them. It is a curious paradox that the more general the questions are, the more accurate the survey is apt to be. Given a set of questions calling for specific figures and you haven't a chance. The victim usually suspects that anything he says will be used against him, so he distorts his answers or more frequently refuses to answer at all. The Armenian greengrocer believes that if he tells you how many cans of sardines he sells in a week, the news will immediately be transmitted to the Turkish Ku Klux, and another massacre ordered. But with a set of questions that can be strung together into a casual conversation, information of real value may be garnered in. You simply lean on the counter for a few minutes and pass the time of day. All that remains to do is to separate the desired matter from a quantity of free air having to do with Prohibition, the iniquity of the police, and little Agopian's measles. Mention anything specific—simply say "how much" or "how often"—and you are lost.

This yearning to be cunning is very common among grocers and other such simple-minded men. The subject chuckles darkly but won't loosen up. Nor is this true only of the Greek, the Armenian, or the Pole. It is, in fact, nowhere so common or so droll as in the big downtown store. Suppose that you want to know whether hair dyes combined with a shampoo or straight dyes are the more popular. In a store carrying every sort of tonsorial concoction an expression of opinion in the matter does not appear to offer any ground for alarm—to the unititiated, that is. But to come right out with it, in the view of the average buyer, would plunge Europe into another war or at the very least put the store into bankruptcy. Every one in the place hems and haws and defers the matter to somebody else's judgment. The investigator is passed from buyer to buyer and from manager to manager. Each protests *sotto voce* that your question is most

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unusual and quite out of line with the ordinary procedure. Eventually, perhaps, a director who looks like a Victorian cabinet minister tells you flatly that giving away a trade secret of that sort would be entirely incompatible with the store's policy. He is even inclined to be a little bit hurt to think that you asked him.

At this juncture you go down to the first floor and seek out some Sadie at the drug counter.

"Pardon me, miss, but I'm a reporter for the *Evening Whoop*. The chief wants a story on how women take care of their bobbed hair. Tell me, do you sell more combination hair dye and shampoo or plain hair dye?"

Sadie is flattered and verbose. You find out all about hair dye in particular and cosmetics in general before you get away. But if you went back to the office and admitted that you got your data from a lowly though beautiful sales-girl, you'd be a candidate for the great open spaces outside the front door.

IV

Once, when I had gone through a particularly pompous mill, I got angry about it and decided to get the facts (which really didn't amount to a whoop in the hot place) if I had to commit grand larceny. I sent my wife around to the stove department to pose as a prospective buyer. The information that I wanted concerned gas ranges and she got every bit of it from the salesman. Just why nobody from the doorkeeper to the general manager dared tell me that women seemed to prefer semi-enameled to wholly enameled ranges or what harm would have come from admitting that the most popular oven sold was an overhead model, I do not profess to know.

Even a survey made in all good faith frequently back-fires. You may be lucky enough to get the real facts only to discover that they have thrown your paper in a bad light as an advertising medium. If your report gets by your advertising manager, the agency may buck, and if you pull through there the chances are ten to one that a sales manager far in the background will be made unhappy and insist that the whole thing is wrong, a misrepresentation, and downright crooked withal. Naturally, one gets into the habit of following the Pollyanna path. Find out what you are supposed to find out and then find it out, is the rule. Usually the surveyor isn't told whom the investigation is for, to guard against just that practice. But it isn't hard to get around the fact. There is inevitably somebody with access to the correspondence, and in the event of that failing, the current advertising campaigns offer a good index. If the El Cabbagio Cigar runs off a 10,000-line advertising programme and a month after it terminates a cigar survey comes along, the wise thing to do is to give El Cabbagio top place, with La Palina or some other standard brand a close second. Realists sometimes put the standard brand first, but El Cabbagio's sales manager is apt to take exception.

Cigar surveys always remind me of a particularly large one I undertook after I'd been with my paper about eighteen months. Two of us worked on it and there were 200 calls. My partner was no more conscientious than I was, but, and I say it with all due modesty, he was not quite as clever at framing things up. He lacked imagination and my lengthy experience. Well, the survey was bad from every standpoint. It called for the usual information: the four best sellers, the other brands carried, what brand had increased most in sale recently, and what the retailer considered the best form of advertising. We shoved off with a mixed bunch of calls, including drug-stores, cigar counters, barber shops, pool rooms, and even blind pigs. There had been a dozen cigar advertising campaigns running, and so there was no use specializing on any one brand for a leader. That survey rode high, wide, and dizzy. I don't smoke cigars myself and don't know much about them. To get

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a proper variety of brands, I copied names off of billboards, out of drug-store windows, and even from peddler's wagons.

Afterward we found that both of the other papers had made similar surveys for the same manufacturer. Happily my partner and I chanced to place the right brand on top, and in consequence the district manager for the winning cigar company told us that our survey was 93% correct, whereas the others were only about 20% and 30% respectively. The question is, if this man was in a position to judge the accuracy of our largely bogus statistics with such finality, why did he order the survey in the first place? The advertising manager of my paper, more suspicious, decided to make a re-check. After considerable juggling with a hand-picked calling list we attained results 100% accurate—according to the local manager of the cigar manufacturer.

Much the same thing occurred on a tea investigation. In a hundred questionnaires one prominent brand appeared as the best seller ninety-eight times. Immediately a great cry arose from the tea company's local sales manager. He said that his teas sold best in *every* store. The uproar attained rather serious proportions and the head of the information bureau insisted on calling on the two offending grocers personally. He took me along in the hope of mortifying me by way of punishment for offending the great tea magnate. Curiously, however, out of a great mass of falsification those two calls represented an absolutely honest endeavor on my part to get information. Both merchants stuck to their original statements. Finally one of them faltered and reversed his opinion in favor of the popular brand, but that was not to my discredit, for the new decision was only reached after much persuasive argument. The other grocer didn't even have a package of the never-to-be-sufficiently-flattered Ceylon on his shelf and flatly refused to say that it was his best seller. There was only one thing to do and we did it. We tore up his questionnaire and found a storekeeper further along the street who was less unreasonable.

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DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

"By God," said O. H. Perry,
"Here it's middle February
With the British at Fort Meigs, at Niagara, Michigan.
If we had as Secretary
Of the Navy that contrary
Andy Jackson, 'stead of Jones, or any first-rate fighting man
Who would let me at 'em, I'd
Proceed to tan their hide—
You bet I'd tan their hide. . . .

"But the Navy's Secretary,
William Jones,
Is too lazy or too wary;
So my letters fall on stones.
Mr. Madison don't hear me
For this Secretary Jones,
Though I chattered like a barber.
So I'll write to Commodore
Chauncey up at Sackett's Harbor;
For he can't be any slower
Than this Secretary Jones."

So he wrote the Commodore,
As he swore,
In the month of February,
Eighteen thirteen, for a corps
To build and man some battle-boats to make Lake Erie roar—
Wrote Lieutenant O. H. Perry. . . .
And he got the men, and very
Soon was building battle-brigs,
Spite of Democrats and Whigs,
Where the forest leaves were greening and the buds were on the twigs
With which to drive the British from Niagara and Fort Meigs.

So now 'twas March, and merry
Was Lieutenant O. H. Perry,
Building sloop and brig and wherry
In the woods along Lake Erie.
How they swung the ax! What singing
Was the frosted ax's swinging!
How they picked the pine and oak!

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How they picked the chestnut, ash!
How they grunted, stroke on stroke!
How they shouted at each crash
Of the branches when they broke!
How they slept in windy tents! How they drank the frosted stream!
How they swore, how they bawled, how they whaled the oxen team!
How they ate and fed the fires! How they mauled the stubborn wedge!
How they sawed, how they hammered, how they planed the splintered edge!
How the chips fell from the adzes! How the anvils rang the sledge!
How the bits slushed and crunched! How the drawing-knives crisped
The shavings round the benches! How the frame-saws lisped!
How the heavy-booted loggers helped to screw the big augers!
How they hacked away the frizzles! And the sockets cut with chisels!
How the crows and jays looked down and saw them hack and hew!
How the skies were chisel blue where the lonely white cloud flew!
How the pines were still at midnight! How the April moon was new
And sheared just like a pruning-hook the mists it struggled through!
How every single Sunday was just the same as Monday
Till the sassafrass was green, and the Indian turnip seen!
How they hurried till great oak-trees standing up at break of dawn
By the night-fall were in gunwales with the growing twigs thereon,
With the leaves still sticking on them, and the oozing bark that showed
All the hull up like a moloch, or a green horned-toad!
How they boiled the black pitch! How the laughers and the talkers
Sped the work while all the woodland heard the hammers of the caulkers!

So then Lieutenant Perry
Took up a voluntary
Of iron from the farmer, the shopman and the smith.
Anything met his desires
From old hinges to old tires,
Old plates, bolts, scraps, so they could be had forthwith.
And then he gathered cables, and then he gathered spankers.
And then he gathered big sails, and gathered ropes and anchors.
And then he gathered powder, and cannon and flint locks—
Then slipped his sloops like lizards to the water from the stocks!

"I'm goin' to whip the British,"
Said Lieutenant O. H. Perry.
"I'm goin' to whip the British,
And do it in a hurry.
If they march upon our Capital and burn our army stores;
And burn the White House too, and our records and our papers,
I'm goin' to whip the British to even up the scores.
We'll see who is the boss when it comes to cuttin' capers.
I'll drive 'em from Lake Erie," said Lieutenant O. H. Perry.
"I'll foller 'em and corner 'em, and get 'em on the hip;
I'll save New York, Ohio, New England, Michigan.
Hoist up my banner with the words of 'Don't Give Up The Ship!';
I'm goin' to whip the British, and it's time the fight began!"

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Then waited Captain Barclay,
A hero of Trafalgar.
Then waited Captain Barclay,
A-smokin' a cigar.

Then waited Captain Barclay with a sneer and very jocular—
But waited but a little for the Perry flag-ship *Lawrence*
A-comin' with the wind now, and a-belchin' forth of torrents
Of canister on the *Hunter* and the *Chippeway*, the *Charlotte;*
And a-rakin' the *Detroit* with flames of blue and scarlet . . .
Till the battle went contrary and Lieutenant O. H. Perry
Was sinking with the *Lawrence*. So he left the waves to curse her,
And rowed to the *Niagara*, assisted by the purser;
And boarded her and brought her up, and opened up her guns
Upon the *Lady Prevost*, the *Little Belt* and *Chippeway*,
Starboard and port guns with metal by the tons;
Until they fouled and foundered; and then to gain the day
He ended it with pistol shots and took the British fleet.
"Now," said Lieutenant Perry, "there's nothing half so sweet
As crow-meat to the fellow who the same don't have to eat."

"By God I've licked the British,"
Said Lieutenant O. H. Perry.
"I've taken 'em or sunk 'em where the deep wave devours.
And so to tell 'em what I've done
I'll write to Jones and Madison:
We have met the enemy and the enemy are ours!"

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EDITORIAL

DESPITE the gallant protests of those learned and unpurchasable men, the Washington correspondents, and the heroic affidavits of such impartial experts as Judge Elbert H. Gary, Andy Mellon and Charlie Schwab, it must be as plain as mud by now that the Coolidge myth has blown up. What remains of it is only a sort of superstition, lingering in the minds of incurable romantics. Good Cal has been walloped too hard and too often to have any dignity left, and the wallops have been too manifestly deserved to get him any sympathy. His statecraft, once viewed as so subtle as to be fathomable only to adepts, turns out on examination and review to be nothing but a bag of ancient tricks, most of them transparent and all of them disingenuous. The political science that he mastered as a petty jobholder in Northampton, eager only for a pat on the head from Murray Crane, is the science that he practises as President of the United States. It has, as everyone should know by now, but one purpose: to maintain its practitioners in their jobs. There is no room in it for anything else, not even for fine words. Dr. Coolidge, speaking or silent, says precisely nothing, and he says nothing because he has nothing to say. There is not the slightest evidence that he harbors anything even remotely describable as a rational idea about any of the great problems that confront him. There is not even any evidence that he is interested in them. They impinge upon him, obviously, only as impediments to his single aim of sitting tight and letting the other fellow worry. He sees them simply as sinister menaces to his security, and to that of his tatterdemalion guard of numskull confidants and consultants. Thus he gets rid of them, when he can, by ignoring them, and when ignoring them becomes impossible he tries to dispose of them by obfuscating them, and making them bores. In his speeches there is only bilge, and it is not even good bilge. Far better is brewed by the editorial writers of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

Long after the rest of us have begun to forget it the Washington correspondents will awaken to the dreadful fact that he cannot be renominated in 1928. He has been their favorite in that running since Harding went to bliss eternal, and their favorites always come to grief. That so preposterous a little man should hold the throne longer than Washington or Jefferson did not appear to strike them as strange when it first came into talk: they liked the idea, as they like all nonsensical ideas. But strange or not, it now turns happily into an impossibility. For if anything can be plain in so murky a matter as politics, it is plain there will be a large and violent party of anti-Coolidge men in the next Republican national convention, and that it will get a great deal of help from Coolidge men with wounds upon their surfaces and knives hidden in their bootlegs. Which party hates Cal worse: the anti-Coolidge men or the Coolidge men? It would be hard for any enlightened Washingtonian to decide. If the Brookharts have bruises below the belt, then the McKinleys and Peppers have both bruises and lacerations. In dealing with friends and foes alike, the White House has violated all the immemorial rules of political decency. Such things, in politics, are not complained of openly. It is against the code to protest in wild and mournful words, even against violations of the code. But you may be sure that they are not forgotten.

I do not profess to be privy to the identity

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of the hero who will rise to knock off poor Cal. It is too soon for such prognostications, and as I write the weather is too warm. The point is that all the aspirants, after three years of dull hopelessness, now begin to see rainbows again, and to feel the surge of blood in their veins. The impossible takes on possibility. So Dr. Lowden busies himself with the trusting mouzhiks in the Middle West, and a conspirator lurks in every dark place at Washington. The break-up is not unlike that which overtook the lamented Woodrow at the San Francisco convention. He sent out six confidential agents to get him the offer of a third term, each charged with spying upon the others—and all six, the moment they crossed San Francisco Bay, began running on their own hooks. There are more than six traitors in the Coolidge corral, and they have far more excuse than Woodrow's false friends. Every one of them has been damaged by his fidelity so far, and will be damaged further so long as it seems to be real. It is already safe to leave the reservation, as the Hon. Tom Watson, of Indiana, has brilliantly demonstrated. By and by it will be necessary.

II

But I am less interested in the disposition of the corpse than I am in the bearing of the mourners. I mean the genuine mourners—the actual, conscientious Coolidge men, not the rice-converts who now prepare to revert to polytheism. What will Rotary have to say, once it beholds its idol in collapse, and turned into a joke? What funereal wisdom will issue from the sad depths of Judge Gary, Andy Mellon, Charlie Schwab? What will be made of the *débâcle* in the circulars of the leading investment securities houses? In the New York *Times?* In the *Saturday Evening Post?* In all the other organs of Sound Business? For it was Sound Business Men who foisted Cal upon the rest of us, and they must take the blame for his failure, as they would have grabbed the credit for his success. Every big banker in the land was his whooper, and every little banker echoed those whoops. The thing went all the way down the line. The bookkeepers and bill-collectors of the Lions International were Coolidge men no less hot and hearty than the usurers and labor-squeezers of the Union League. Cal was certified with all the pomp and circumstance of Honest Advertising, like a Swift Premium ham. His installation took on the humorless hocus-pocus of a religious rite. It became a sort of indecorum to examine his credentials, and a crime to question them. The thing was done with a flash and a roar. And now the stick comes down. What is the plain man to think? Is he to dally with the dreadful thought that bankers, too, may be mistaken—that what they take for a lion may turn out to be a sheep, nay, a goat? Is he to entertain himself in the silence of the night with the suspicion that they themselves may be goats, nay, jackasses?

I don't think it is necessary to go so far. Sound Business, I am convinced, was not actually deceived. It had reliable reports from prudent men, and it knew what it was doing. It was doing what the Honest Farmer does whenever he gets the chance: it was looking out for No. 1. You will never convince me that those Men of Vision saw a master-mind in Dr. Coolidge. They saw only the trivial politician who was actually there. But they also saw a willing worker—one long tried and tested in a round of petty jobs. In those petty jobs he had displayed qualities that Sound Business recognized instantly as favorable to its private idealism. He had proved his capacity for Right Thought. He was trustworthy. So the word went down the highways that a new messiah had come down from heaven, and he went into his last job of all to the tune of such hosannas that the very angels must have envied them.

Was this imposture anti-social? Perhaps. But was it singular? Certainly not. Sound Business did only what every group under

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democracy must do when the chance offers, or acquiese in its own destruction. The farmers of the open spaces never bother to ask whether a candidate for office is competent, or even whether he is honest. All they ask is whether he is in favor of raiding the Treasury in their interest. So with the professional drys, for six years dominant in our politics. They have filled the two houses of Congress with frauds friendly to their fustian: they actually prefer scoundrels to decent men. So, again, with the professional wets, now emerging into power. Did they support Vare in Pennsylvania because they thought he would make a respectable United States Senator? Certainly not. They knew very well that he would make nothing of the sort. All they cared for was that he was in favor of their cause. That was enough for them.

III

What is thus done by everyone—excluding, perhaps, a few fanatical Liberals, mainly in jail—is surely not to be denounced as immoral. I do not so denounce it. I merely presume to point out that, when the cows come home, it may turn out to be imprudent. The fact, I suspect, will make itself manifest to Sound Business Men when they arrive with their wind-machines and grappling-hooks upon the scene of the next Republican national convention. Cal will be out of it by then, and being realists, they will not mourn him. But they will face the job of finding and nominating his successor. Will that job be made easier or harder by the memory of their high bellows and assurances in 1924? Will they be helped by the fact that Cal turned out to be such a dud, or will they be hindered? I think the answer is not occult.

For all Sound Business will have to offer will be the same old hollow rhetoric. Its candidate, you may be sure, will be simply another Cal. In politics, as in its private affairs, it somehow distrusts men of genuine force and ability. Its ideal in business is a Judge Gary, as its ideal in statecraft is a McKinley, a Harding or a Coolidge. It is afraid of the Roosevelts, and always tries to dispose of them—no doubt with sound reason. But the point is that the populace likes them, and that, by the same token, it dislikes the Hardings and Coolidges. Does it nevertheless whoop for them? Then it does so as it bought Liberty bonds—in order to get rid of the cheerleaders. Despite all the soaping of the Washington correspondents and the even more valiant goose-greasing of their colleagues in the editorial offices, I doubt that Dr. Coolidge has ever been genuinely popular in the nation. Even at the height of the artificial uproar about him, it regarded him a bit dubiously. It knew nothing against him, but neither could it discover anything in favor of him. He was, indeed, too dull a man to be a hero. He couldn't last, even with the aid of such bar'ls as that broached by Andy Mellon in Pennsylvania. In a job suitable to his modest habit and talent—say that of president of the Board of District Commissioners or solicitor to the Postoffice—he would have been safe. But exposed upon the battlements he was bound to perish.

As I say, the business of finding and preparing his successor now confronts the syndics of Sound Business. It is a task that I do not envy them. It must be begun *pianissimo*, lest Cal himself take alarm, and corrupt it with his protests. It must be completed in the face of as large and active a hostile army as Sound Business has ever confronted on the floor of a Republican national convention. The rebellion, this time, will not be confined to a little group of forlorn yokels from the cow States. There will be pretenders to the throne in great number, and some of them will have formidable forces behind them, and all of them will be encouraged to rough stuff by the smarting of painful wounds.

H. L. M.

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GUATEMALA

BY WILLIAM McFEE

"DO NOT," said my companion, looking at me over his bock of German beer, "Do not eat *frijoles* or *tamales* while you are here, because if you do you will be wanting to come back, always come back to Guatemala."

"You believe that?" I said, recalling the difficulty and occasional non-success with which I strove to avoid *frijoles* and *tamales*.

"Well, it is not true," replied the gentlemen behind the beer, "but it happens. It is what you may call a proverb."

In the course of several conversations with this gentleman, who had lived thirty-six years in Guatemala and may therefore be presumed to know something about it, I discovered that this amusing phrase was often upon his lips. In Guatemala a thing may not be true, yet it happens.

We were drinking beer, drawn from the wood, in the Café Commercial in Guatemala City, an elegant mile-high Latin-American capital with many of the characteristics of the other Spanish cities perched along the Cordillera from Quito clear up to Mexico City. The prevailing arrangement of such capitals consists of inaccessibility on coming from the coast, streets paved with uneven blocks of stone so that every bone in one's body aches if a car is driven more than four miles an hour, single-story houses on account of earthquakes, roofed with ponderous Spanish tiles which would speedily brain all the inmates should the earth move, and a perfectly incredible number of policemen. Of course, owing to the peculiar location of such cities, with mountains all around them, there is another remarkable feature, which I have not seen mentioned in the books of travel. There is neither sunrise nor sunset. The morning and evening have a colorless neutrality which may, for all I know, operate in some obscure fashion upon the character and temperament of the inhabitants of high regions. To me there is a quality in a sunset across fair valleys, and still more congenial is the sunrise over the sea. Up in the Andes they do not see the miracle of the dawn. The streets are full of a ghostly clarity, and the dark faces of the native servants, as they stand waiting outside the enormous doors of barricaded houses, have the air of shades brooding before the immovable portals of destiny.

This is an illusion, as I discovered when I went home with my friend. But in the meanwhile, over many beers in the Café Commercial, we discussed Guatemalan affairs and I learned something of the most aggressive and modern of the Central American republics. It must not be supposed that I was friendless in Guatemala City and therefore clung to the coat-tails of a Latin-American newspaper man whom I had met accidentally in a store and who had confessed to a passion for Bavarian beer. On the contrary, I was equipped with an unusual number of agreeable introductions. But I was in the same plight as an English lecturer in a mid-Western city of the United States, whose acquaintance remains confined to the members of the women's club, the country club and what is known as the socially prominent. One is likely to obtain a distorted view of that mid-Western city.

The danger in my case was different but quite as acute. The foreigner in a Latin-

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American capital naturally finds his friends among the resident aliens. The old families of the country either do not live in the capital or are exclusive in their habits. They are religious or they are in New York and Paris. So the foreigner obtains the standardised resident alien slant on every problem. That slant is largely evasion and ignorance. The fact is that the resident alien is a commercial adventurer and his interest in the country is limited to his own business and social consciousness. What he does know he won't tell. A policy of neutrality in local questions is excellent for his business, but it makes him a poor source of information for a person beset by curiosity.

My friend the newspaper man of the *Diario de Guatemala* was of an entirely different species. He uttered the truth with a bland disregard for lofty idealism and republican principles which warmed the cockles of my heart. And always with a sardonic perpendicular creasing of his vigorous Italian features, he would mutter in a parenthetical mumble that "this is not true, but it happens—in Guatemala."

I said, Italian. There is one of the first observations I have put forward as an example of what you do not hear from resident aliens. My friend is not a Guatemalan at all. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the cream of the Central American *intelligentsia* consists of men of alien race. They are Italians, Germans, Austrians, Alsatians and Russians. The most remarkable Costa Rican I ever met had an Alsatian father. My friend here in Guatemala was born in Salvador of an Italian father who was one of Garibaldi's Thousand, an implacable republican with an ironic and conservative son married to a Russian lady who still cherishes an autographed portrait of Nicholas II. While we talk in the Café Commercial a short gentleman with a round face and full moustache enters. He comes over. He is introduced in my friend's hoarse and humorous snarl. "My friend here," he remarks, giving him a thump on the back which must have loosened the teeth in his head, "came from Germany thirty-five years ago. He wanted to go back the next day, but he ate the *frijoles* and *tamales* and he was unable to leave. You see, it is not true, but sometimes, in Guatamala, it happens."

It will be gathered from the description of my friend's political complexion that the word *intelligentsia* has a somewhat broader meaning in Latin America than the one assigned to it in Greenwich Village. There the shell-rimmed gentry are inclined to be incarnadined with multitudinously chaotic radical ideas. But my friend B., chief editorial-writer and political ground-listener for the government organ *El Diario de Guatemala*, is certainly not of their kidney. Some inkling of his authentic *credo* is apparent when I express a very genuine approval of Fascism as an excellent corrective for political anæmia.

I admit that this was a shot in the dark. Señor B. had been explaining to me the significance of the design on the local coins. The standard of currency in Guatemala is the *quetzal*, pronounced with emphasis on the second syllable, and is equal in gold to one United States dollar.

The *quetzal*, said Señor B., is the bird of Guatemala just as the eagle is the bird of the United States. But it has a deeper significance even than the eagle, which as Señor B. remarked almost in absence of mind, was noted for its scream. The *quetzal* is never found in captivity. In fact it is rarely seen at all. It is a bird of unusual beauty, and is symbolically treated in the ancient Maya pottery and carvings found in Guatemala and adjacent regions. It has a crest and a long coppery tail. And it dies, so Señor B. assured me with a lugubrious stare, in captivity. This is the reason why Guatemalans have taken it as their national symbol. They also die in captivity.

And giving me time to allow this tremendous fact to percolate into my Northern brain, Señor B. finished his beer, lit another cigarette, and ordered the glasses to be replenished.

I suppose I should have been impressed,

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but the subject was one to which I had given consideration in the past. I said, even before the boy could cross the small café with the fresh beer drawn from a cask in the wall, that in my opinion humanity tends to destroy itself if given complete liberty. That (in my opinion, of course) humanity dies if divested of all captivity. In short, I told Señor B. that to me his allegory was fallacious and that I had hailed the birth of Fascism as a step towards sanity and a reconsideration of our entire political philosophy.

This was strong stuff to offer a Latin American who had just enunciated the doctrine of *Libertad*. But it has seemed to me that if one is to get anywhere in understanding other people, one must enunciate a few fundamentals on which that understanding can rest. Polite acquiescence and a nervous dread of the celebrated Latin-American "sensitiveness" to criticism is of no practical use at all. I took a chance and I was agreeably impressed to hear Señor B. cordially endorsing my approval of Mussolini. It then came out that Señor B. Senior had landed at Spartavento with the other patriots, emigrating later in disgust over the political chicanery which followed Aspromonte, and was wounded on the plains of Uruguay in the Italian Legion.

II

Such careers are common in Central America, where disgruntled patriots and fiery fanatics, obsessed with a purely theoretical conception of liberty, have found sanctuary, and have lived to observe the remarkable fermentation which takes place in the body politic when that theoretical conception is conjoined with an illiterate composite peasantry, a tropical climate and an entire lack of communications.

To say nothing of a considerable lack, in their adopted country, of financial stability. These men are, as I have said, of all nations. They are English, Irish, French, German, Dutch, Russian, Swedish and Austrian, besides Italian. They form a stabilising element in the eternal flux of Ins and Outs, of Blancos and Neros, of Conservative-Catholics and Liberal-Agnostics. The present generation has been born, like my friend Señor B., in Central America. Their sons and daughters voyage frequently to New York and are often educated in North American universities. The general trend of their minds is of course towards benevolent neutrality. Señor B., after many years in commercial life, has gone into newspaper work, and now dwells in a romantic old house a few blocks from my hotel, a house with a vast patio filled with palms, flowers and grandchildren. He proceeds to explain life in Guatemala in terms suitable to the North American mind.

"Tell me, Mr. B.," I remark, when the subject of Mussolini has been adequately aired, "Tell me, how is one to obtain a just view of a Central American republic when the books evade the real truth? For example, in a standard work on the subject, I read a statement about Guatemala which I find difficult to harmonise with your own existence. I can remember the passage where it says: 'The President rules by military force, and makes the legislative and judicial branches of the government mere tools for the accomplishment of his purposes. An elaborate spy system keeps close watch on all persons suspected of opposition to the government, and it is dangerous to express an opinion on political matters even in private conversation.' Yet you tell me that *La Opinion*, *Nuestro Diario* and *La Idea* are continually attacking the government."

"So does *El Diario de Guatemala* attack the administration, although it is a government newspaper," said Señor B. in a gruff voice. "If the administration proposes something against the public interest."

"Then you admit the government is not a democratically elected institution?" I asked in horror.

"Yes," replied Señor B. with vigor, "because the people are not yet educated for liberty. The government must be strong

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to control the ambitions of so many men who want to get the Presidency. But it is part of the government policy to let everyone talk and criticise freely. The opposition papers make a noise, but nobody takes any notice of them."

"Then do I understand that the President has patronage?" I demanded. It seemed to me Señor B. would soon realise that he was making damaging admissions and would become taciturn.

"Of course he has," replied this astonishing citizen of Guatemala. "The same as in the United States and in Europe. He gives the positions in the government to his friends, not to his enemies. What would you expect him to do?"

"Then you think all is quite all right?" I suggested with a tinge of sarcasm.

"Not at all," retorted Señor B. "There is a great deal of bad, but some good. And what good would there be if the government were not strong and the revolutionaries held the power? Some good remains. We are getting roads and railways and there is liberty to talk."

"Then this about a spy system is not strictly true!" I insisted, and Señor B. suggested that talking out loud in a café on the main street of the capital ought to bring the spies out.

This feeling concerning a strong government I discovered to be fairly prevalent. It is certainly a painless kind of tyranny which now rules over the region once inhabited by the exclusive hierarchy of the old Maya Empire. This is not to say that life and property are insecure. On the contrary, an incident which took place two years ago will illustrate the difference between crime in the United States and in Central America.

The Pacific side of Guatemala has a very rapid drop in altitude on leaving the capital. The trip from, let us say Zacapa, which is half way between Guatemala City and the Gulf of Honduras, to San José on the Pacific is like traveling out of Nevada into California. Half way down one passes Lake Amatitlan, the motor road fairly overhanging the blue waters a sheer thousand feet in the air. From this lake a river supplies the water power to a hydro-electric plant at San Luis, within sight of the Pacific. I went to see it, and just before arriving we passed a cross set up on a rude stone pile beside the road. On the right a high bluff covered with trees and brush formed an ugly ambuscade. The paymaster, arriving on horseback with the money for the men, on passing this place was shot dead from the bluff. The horse, with the saddle bags, galloped into the camp and the bandits got nothing. Within a day or so all four of them were surrounded by soldiers, caught, tried, set up against the bluff and shot.

It was obvious from this story that Guatemala is not a civilised country. It was a shocking tale of brutal tyranny to one living in the United States. There seems to be no scope for trial lawyers in Guatemala. There was no challenging of a jury for days, no bail for the murderers, no bondsmen, and as far as I could gather from conversations with Señor B. and his friend, practically no business is done by parole-boards.

III

Of course, this brought up the question which is an obsession with me in Latin-American capitals—the police. At every cross street stands a policeman, and walking in twos and threes from block to block are other policemen and soldiers. It must be confessed that these functionaries are very mild in their administration. Motor-cars let out the inevitable Latin American screech and snarl lasting several seconds and pass the minions of the law with an inch to spare. Contradictory orders are given and argument ensues in which the drivers take precious little notice of the policeman. He is quite probably a relative of one of them.

Señor B. had no illusions about this state of affairs. My hint that an average New England city of one hundred thousand population, which is the size of Guatemala

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City, would get along with fewer police, carried no significance to his mind. He said that the country had many bad men thrown out of employment by reason of a strong government making revolutions hopeless, nipping them in the bud in all directions in fact, and police were needed to protect lives and property. The country, he added, is prosperous and the people are disposed to let well alone.

I was to understand, of course, that word of these wondrous doings of the government, upon which Señor B. pours his benedictions, goes to the country people by word of mouth. They are not great readers. In fact, most of them are entirely unaware of the instructions for vaccination posted up in the *commandancias* of the various towns I passed through on a mule ride into Honduras. They are not to be regarded contemptuously on that account. I saw some of them in the Plaza de Armas one day and they struck me as somewhat interesting and even remarkable. They stood out in those busy arcades as an old-time Western cowboy would stand out in Fifth avenue.

They were, I should judge, fairly pure-bred Indians from beyond Chimaltenango. Their faces were dark olive in color, with the straight black hair like wire on their chins, and their black eyes roving with curiosity but without abasement over the strange gringo merchandise behind the great plate-glass windows of the stores. They moved slowly in a compact group, as Asiatics move through the streets of a seaport in England. Now and again one of them would raise a sinewy hand to indicate some unusually notable object. The women crouching by their baskets on the high kerb of the arcade regarded these outlandishly attired visitants with metropolitan amusement. And indeed the clothes of these *llaneros* caught the eye.

Imagine, if you can, a garment resembling in an uncanny way the dress suit of civilization, but fashioned of rough unwashed wool and dyed dull brown, and with the trousers ending at the knees. Beneath this extraordinary affair, whose coat-tails are short like those of a tuxedo or an Eton jacket, is a spotlessly clean pink cotton suit like pajamas, which reaches to the sandalled feet. A red cotton handkerchief is knotted at the neck and a *jipyjapa* hat covers the long black hair. Over one shoulder is slung a knapsack containing equipment to ride from ocean to ocean, and in the long scarf about the waist is the inevitable *machete* in a leather scabbard.

They are a mild-looking lot and a superficial investigator might regard them as negligible in military operations. Nothing could be further from the truth. They have the qualities of the Boer farmers or the Afghan hill-men in war. They are at home in their almost incredible country. They can exist independent of supply trains and bases. They can ride, run or walk over the precipitous trails of the sierras, and they can go on forever.

IV

One of these peons, a casual muleteer of a village near Chiquimula, attached himself to our party when we were leaving that city for Copán. He walked. Hour after hour, a stick in his hand and a cigar in his mouth, he appeared to be a rather short gentlemen, with a large moustache, out for a stroll. For fourteen hours he kept up with us. Indeed he was often ahead, since there were short cuts of such appalling declivity that even a mule could not take them. Gregorio would vanish and I would have an uneasy feeling that I was brutally leaving him behind. This feeling would be accentuated as I watched my mule carefully picking his way among the harsh volcanic tufa and ashes which forms the crust of the Cordillera del Meréndon. And just as we reached the top and I was minded to mention our inhumanity to my companion, we would turn a corner and there, sitting like a tatterdemalion Saturn, would be Gregorio, patiently waiting for us to catch him up.

Where he went at night remains a mystery to me, even now. Our *mozo* and he

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would vanish into an adobe hut. They never seemed to wash, or for that matter to remove their clothing. They certainly declined to bathe in the Copán river, alleging they feared catching a chill. The stranger did on one occasion to my knowledge chew a piece of sugar cane, which is an admirable dentifrice. But of the usual so-called human necessities he revealed an utter ignorance and it occurred to me that the suppression of insurrectionist bands of such men might prove a never-ending task for an army.

It was impossible, I discovered, to obtain from these men any definite conception of distance. Ask how many miles, or kilometers, and they will say one or two or twenty. They will say what they think your worship will tolerate. If, after hearing that the distance to Camotan is a mile, you cover ten more before the church, with its curious life-size statutes, comes into view, Gregorio shrugs and smiles placatingly. But if you say "How many hours?" he will give an approximately correct judgment. What is distance in a country where you can see your objective just after lunch, yet take till sun-down to draw up before the well in the plaza?

It is to be noted that Gregorio was not invited to join us, nor did he receive any salary for his hundred and twenty mile stroll. He merely longed for company, and all his friends being extremely bored with him, he attached himself to my retinue. All he owned he wore on his back—a shirt, a cotton suit, a *jipyjapa* hat, a pair of sandals and an old military water-bottle slung over his shoulder by a cord. There are many like Gregorio in the country districts of Guatemala and Honduras. They work a little and wander a little. God takes care of them. The kindly fruits of the earth afford them sustenance. They cannot read or write. Sometimes they are swept away with a band of *insurrectos* which some *commandante*, incensed by the action of the government demanding an accounting of his district, has enrolled in the name of our old friend, *la Libertad*. These gentry do not last long. They loot a little and murder a little and then when the army begins to move into their part of the country, they melt away. Señor B. reports in his paper that the Departimento has been pacified, and the leader of the revolution has escaped over the border into Honduras, or Salvador, as the case may be. Señor B. is against *insurrectos*. He says the government may be bad. All government is bad in so far as it has to be visible. But it would be worse, he thinks, if the rebels were allowed to gain ground, to amass money and arms—if somebody like Gregorio, for example, became a *commandante* and then a colonel, and perhaps a general. Men like Gregorio have become successful dictators, have slept in their uniforms in presidential palaces, and have held the lives of white men and high-bred girls in the hollow of their unwashed hands.

"Then the children of these people?" I say to Señor B. as I watch the flowers being watered in his patio. "Will they be fit for real representative government?"

Señor B. makes no direct reply to this. I suspect that his passion for representative government is not very strong. Allusion to the *quetzal* once more evokes a flicker of an eyelash.

"Their grandchildren, perhaps," he says.

"But how can you learn to swim without going into the river?" I argue, just to see what he says. This sophism of mine is so transparent that he makes no reply.

"We have a proverb," he tells me with apparent irrelevance. "When there is much water in the river, it makes little noise."

"You have a proverb for everything," I observe, as indeed Cervantes did also, but much earlier. "But you cannot deny that with the spread of education, military dictatorships are doomed. They will die in the free air of democratic discussion."

"We have a proverb for that too." says Señor B. solemnly. "*Cuando el telecote canto, el indio muere*. When the owl sings the Indian dies. This," he adds, resettling his glasses, "is not true, but it happens."

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AMERICANA

ARIZONA

INTELLECTUAL activities of the Glendale Rotary Club, as reported by the *Arizona Republican*, of Phoenix:

> President John Davis then called on the ladies to tell why they had married. Their spirit of entering into the programme was especially fine, their humor being well timed and chosen. The men were then called on to tell why they disliked their middle names.

ARKANSAS

THE worship of God in Little Rock, as described by the *Arkansas Gazette:*

> At the Majestic Theater at 9:30 A. M. tomorrow the Harry G. Knowles Bible Class will observe its second annual Ford Sunday. All Ford dealers will be special guests. Main street, from Seventh to Ninth, will be reserved as parking space for Fords only. A three-pound box of chocolates will be given to the man driving the oldest Ford to the class, and a two-pound box of chocolates will be given to the man who brings the largest number of men to the class in his Ford. Mr. Knowles will teach the class.

CALIFORNIA

EXHILARATING tidings from the grape country:

> All records for acreage devoted to the wine varieties will be broken this year. Evidence of the immense gains in acreages brought into bearing since Prohibition is given in the following table:

Year—	Wine Grape Acreages.
1919	97,000
1920	100,000
1921	105,000
1922	110,000
1923	113,198
1924	121,691
1925	137,749
1926	156,945

PUBLIC worship among the go-getting Christians of the rising town of Yucaipa, as reported by a press dispatch:

> A burst of applause greeted the Rev. E. Haley when he concluded the Book of Revelations in the annual non-stop Bible-reading ceremony here last night. The Methodist Church, where the reading had been held continuously since midnight Thursday, was packed as the Rev. Mr. Haley finished reading at 9.29 last night. The completion of the ceremony bettered the mark of last year by twenty minutes, the total time taken being 69 hours 20 minutes.

THE Hon. James Taber Fitzgerald, before the Masonic Club of Los Angeles:

> Business is the art of living beautifully, constructively, helpfully, the material manifestation of right thinking.

DIVORCE news from San Francisco:

> One radio is a household necessity, a second one is a luxury, but three of them are cause for divorce, Superior Judge Shortall ruled when he granted a decree to Mrs. Emily P. Gabriel, 250 McAllister street, from Harry A. Gabriel, manager of the savings department of a local bank. Gabriel had market reports coming through one set, bed time stories through another and helpful hints for housewives on the third instrument, all at the same time, and when he tuned in three jazz bands at once in the late hours of the night, his sleepless wife made up her mind to see a lawyer.

MORE from Los Angeles:

> Mrs. Laura W. Wood, who testified that her husband, Melvin O. Wood, daily insisted she sit on his knee while he read the Bible, was granted a divorce today. "If I would not sit on his knee when he read he pushed me off on the floor," Mrs. Wood declared.

ANOTHER instalment from San Francisco:

> To whom does the warm spot in the bed belong on a cold night—the wife who first climbed between the icy sheets or the husband who comes home later and demands the coveted place as lord of the household? Superior Judge Van Nostrand has the perplexing problem to decide in the divorce suit of Mrs. Anna Weisinger, 1210 Buchanan street, and Jack Weisinger. The testimony was that the police were called to the Weisinger home one night last Winter to quiet a war that started when Weisinger ordered his wife to move over and she insisted on remaining in the spot she had warmed up.

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COLORADO

From the *Author and Journalist*, published at Denver:

> Much has been written and said as to the technique of writing, but nowhere have I read anything about how to sit. I used to sit hour after hour in one position, hunched over, plugging away like mad, and when I had stood it as long as I could, would quit completely fagged and useless for the remainder of the day. At last I formed a new habit which I have followed for some time now, and after hours of work I get up from my desk perfectly fresh. I make it a point to leave my desk every forty minutes, touch the floor ten times with the palms of my hands, walk up and down stairs twice, swing my arms in a circular motion ten times forward and ten times backward, and drink a glass of water.
>
> Bertha Lyon McKinney.

CONNECTICUT

Proud records of two eminent citizens of New Canaan:

> George Hoffman avers he is wearing today a collar button that he bought in 1870, which has been in continuous use ever since. He claims a world's record. Asa Woodson, a fellow townsman, has had a collar button for fifty years.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Contribution to the science of politics by the Hon. Edgar Howard, LL.B., of Nebraska, in the course of a learned debate in the House:

> I remember upon one occasion there was a beautiful child—oh, she was marvelously beautiful, and everyone loved her—who played on the streets sometimes with bad boys. She heard their bad talk and got into the habit of using that bad talk. Her parents did everything in the world to have her stop using this bad language, but they could not. Finally they resolved that they would call in the parish priest because they knew the little girl loved her spiritual father very much. The priest came, and after some time he managed to get from the little girl a promise that she would not swear any more. After she had given the promise she turned to the father and said, "Now, Father, I have given you my promise, and you have to tell me who told you that I swear." It so happened that this little girl was of my own lineage, more or less Irish, and when the priest told her that a little bird had whispered the information to him, the little Irish girl said, quick as a flash, "Yes; I bet it was one of those damned English sparrows." [*Laughter.*]

From a recent issue of the United States *Postal Guide:*

> The *deluge* of season's greetings and expressions of good will which have come from thousands in the postal service *are* heartily appreciated and cordially reciprocated.
>
> Harry S. New
> *Postmaster General.*

Heroic work of the lady cops of Washington, as reported by their chief, Mrs. Mina C. Van Winkle, in the *Times:*

> Visited 2,446 movies.
> Attended 519 dances.
> Caught 200 truants.
> Made 9,000 inspections.
> Quizzed 3,530 persons.
> Sent 136 persons to court.

FLORIDA

The Hon. W. A. MacRae, former commissioner of agriculture of this noble State, as reported by the Miami *Herald:*

> Development of real estate in Florida had its historic precedent many thousand years before Christ. In fact, it is mentioned in the Book of Genesis, being one of the first acts recorded in Holy Writ.

The romance of business in glorious Miami, as revealed by the same *Herald:*

> *OPENING PROGRAMME AT CROMER-CASSEL [DEPARTMENT] STORE*
>
> At 6 o'clock: Inspection of new building by city, State and national officials.
>
> At 6:05: Formal dedication ceremonies and singing by employés.
>
> At 6:10: Cromer-Cassel's oldest employé will entertain the oldest customer and Miami's oldest inhabitant.
>
> At 6:15: The representatives in Florida of forty-eight States of the Union, through courtesy of All-States Societies will place flags of forty-eight States in the store.
>
> At 6:20: Salute of 21 guns will be fired at half-minute intervals.
>
> At 6:30: A radio programme will be broadcast over station WQAM, announcing the ceremonies of the opening, followed by an orchestral and song programme, 6:30 to 7:30. Musical festival, 7:30 to 8:30.
>
> At 7: The doors of the store will be opened formally by Western Union wire from Washington by the Hon. Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce of the United States, who will press a button in his office in the capital, electrically releasing the fastening of the store doors.
>
> Remainder of the evening, until 10 o'clock: inspection of store by the public.

Dispatch from Miami in the Palm Beach *Post:*

> E. W. Wells, twenty, formerly of East Atlanta, Ga., died in a local hospital as a result of in-

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juries sustained in an argument over the State producing the most beautiful women in the nation. Wells suffered a fractured skull and did not regain consciousness after the altercation. H. G. Gunn, a native of Georgia, and B. G. Mizell of Virginia, were held by the police for investigation.

ILLINOIS

HIGH-POWERED dithyrambs in the eminent *Kiwanis Magazine* by Poet S. A. Tyndale:

Big men—strong men,
Hearts-overflowing-with-love men.

Great men, good men,
Care-for-a-little-child men.

Kind men, bright men,
Cheering-the-feeble-old-age men.

Man's men—Christ's men,
Going-about-doing-good men.

Glad men, sure men,
Giving-before-they-are-asked men.

Your men, our men,
Much-to-be-thanked-for-and-praised men.

Brave men, staunch men,
Standing-for-right-every-time men.

Fine men, true men,
Are the Kiwanis Club men.

SOCIOLOGICAL news item from Chicago:

A peddler dropped a dime in the Maxwell street district last night and the scramble to recover it resulted in a riot that ended with four men in the county hospital and four others in jail. Herman Brinn, of 1349 Newberry avenue, suffered a severe scalp wound. Three police squads quelled the disturbance.

IOWA

THE noble profession of the law in this great Commonwealth, as set before the world by the Davenport *Democrat:*

It may become necessary for the State, in self-protection, to deny the right of one accused of crime to employ attorneys, declared J. E. E. Markley, Mason City, president of the Iowa State Bar Association, in his annual address to the annual convention of the association.

KENTUCKY

PUBLIC notice in the eminent Danville *Advocate:*

To My Friends and Fellow Citizens:

I am mortified beyond expression. Surrendering to an all powerful thirst, which grasps me at times, I did take too freely of strong drink, the curse of the age. I am making an honest confession which I know is good for the soul. When I was elected coroner I had tried my level best never to take another drink of the foul stuff, but the ever-alert bootlegger afforded too much temptation for a man rendered weak by previous experiences.

My friends have stood loyally with me, and although knowing that I am personally the great sufferer, I am mortified on their account and am ready to get down upon my bended knees and implore their forgiveness.

Furthermore, I make this bold and fearless statement in order that no bootlegger ever tempt me again. On this occasion, without request, I made public the name of the man who sold me this demon. In the future, if ever I weaken again, I propose to give to the officers the name of any one who sells me liquor. This ought to be sufficient warning to make all bootleggers stay clear of me, and without the temptation I cannot drink the vile, poisonous concoctions. If every man who has felt the incontrollable force of strong drink upon his body and soul would take this pledge, Prohibition would become a fact, indeed. With this protection thrown about me, I feel that I can promise my friends that never again will the experience of last week be repeated. I do ask that God guide my footsteps away from the wicked paths.

Sincerely yours,
DEWITT CLINTON TUCKER,
Coroner of Boyle County.

LOUISIANA

THE spiritual recreations of New Orleans men of vision, as reported by the highly respectable *Times-Picayune:*

Nicholas Bauer, superintendent of the New Orleans public schools, spoke on public school finances yesterday before the Kiwanis Club at its weekly luncheon. His speech was sandwiched between two exhibitions of the Charleston, danced by the Misses Becker and Spitzfadden. The Kiwanians applauded both with equal zest, and then sang right lustily "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and Henri Wehrmann's "New Orleans, New Orleans, You're Such a Grand Old Town!"

MAINE

LOCAL news from the *York County Pioneer:*

Almon Welch, of Wells Beach, died last Friday, leaving no near relatives but two brothers, with one of whom he shared his home and the other lived out of town. Since the latter would not attend the funeral whenever it might be held, and as the funeral was to be at the town's expense, arrangements were made, satisfactory to the resident brother, for immediate interment without embalming, and in a plain pine box, lined with the usual casket furnishings. The body was laid out in a suit of clothing which the deceased had worn in life, and a

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funeral service was held at the cemetery on Saturday afternoon, the Rev. G. E. Richter using the customary service at the grave. However, a number of the dead man's friends felt that, presumably because of his poverty, he had not been shown sufficient respect, and accordingly appealed to the selectmen, who directed that the body be disinterred, clad in a shroud after embalmment, and a second service was conducted by the Rev. Richter at L. A. Wentworth's undertaking rooms.

MICHIGAN

THE effect of religion on a Christian man of Kalamazoo:

Fenton Rundio, arrested a week ago when he is alleged to have dragged his wife by her neck from a North Side church, today was placed on probation for a year by Judge Carl Blankenburg. Rundio asked friends assembled in the court room to pray for him and told them he was possessed of an evil spirit. The assault on his wife is said to have taken place during the evening service. While the congregation was singing, Rundio suddenly became enraged at his wife, and, it is said, hurled a hymn book at her. Friends hurried to Mrs. Rundio's aid and saved her from what promised to be a severe pummeling. The irate husband claimed that his wife was singing to the preacher.

CONTRIBUTION to meteorological pathology by a learned public official of Muskegon, as broadcast to a gaping world by the *Chronicle* of that town:

LINCOLN RODGERS, *postmaster*—People complain about the changing seasons but there is one explanation which seems plausible to me. When you put a certain amount of gas into a balloon it will remain stationary in the air. If you let some out the balloon will drop. The same principle holds regarding the earth. The miners are constantly robbing the earth of its natural resources and gas is escaping. That makes the earth sink to a lower and colder sphere or change positions somewhat, which result in the changing of seasons.

MINNESOTA

OBITUARY notice in the St. Paul *Dispatch:*

OUR dear wife and mother, Hattie Snow,
Passed away one sad year ago,
And now our cup is filled with woe.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.
JEREMIAH AND PETER.

EDITORIAL note in the learned Duluth *News-Tribune:*

Advertising is the noblest, the most æsthetic, the most helpful of the arts. It is the handmaid of civilization and the yeast of progress.

MISSOURI

THE Hon. Jay William Hudson, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., professor of philosophy at the University of Missouri, late captain in the American Red Cross, member of the American Philosophical Association, the Western Philosophical Association and Phi Mu Alpha, speaking before Rotary International at Denver:

Rotary . . . . leads civilization.

NEW YORK

FROM a Macy advertisement in the *Times:*

It took Dr. Durant eleven years of research to prepare to write "The Story of Philosophy," and then he spent three years writing it. Here is an opportunity to enjoy what Leonardo called "the noblest pleasure: the joy of understanding." Prophylactum, the personal antiseptic, is excellent as a deodorant in cases of halitosis, or offensive breath.

PROUD boast of the Hon. Edward C. Lockhard, superintendent of a Brooklyn mission mill:

I've read the Bible 702 times.

BUSINESS hint in the *Haberdasher, Clothier and Furnisher:*

The importance of Father's Day as a business getter for our trade cannot be too strongly emphasized. In past years, unfortunately, many retailers in our industry have not warmed up to it as vigorously as they might have done, and it is hoped that this year they will take full advantage of this exceptional opportunity to stimulate trade. In every community, large or small, well-to-do or otherwise, Father's Day must be a money maker for the haberdasher and clothier who knows how to capitalize on this holiday which holds such extraordinary sentimental interest for every section of the country. Mother's Day will mean millions of extra dollars in the tills of florists and confectioners, and Father's Day should represent an even larger expenditure on the public's part, because the remembrance to which father is entitled will, or should, run into more money as individual units of purchase. The tobacco industry, which will spend large sums to boom its business on this occasion, has no monopoly or proprietary rights on what is now a non-official national holiday, and it is clearly up to the haberdashers and clothiers to prove it.

FROM the programme of the palatial E. F. Albee Theatre, resort of the Brooklyn intelligentsia:

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Gum chewing is the great American habit and fortunately for the theatres most gum-chewers park their gum before taking their seats. Now and then, however, some one drops his or her gum on the carpet or sticks it under the seat and that means discomfort for another patron and a hard job of cleaning for the house. Everyone knows how annoying it is to step or sit on gum and how hard it is to remove from any fabric into which it is ground. Theatres have a goodly cleaning bill on account of gum dropped on the carpets and rugs and patrons every now and then are mightily disturbed at coming in contact with this sticky reminder of a thoughtless person. Please take heed of where you leave your discarded gum. It will be appreciated if gum-chewers do unto others as they would be done by in this matter.

NORTH CAROLINA

THE Hon. C. A. Webb, of Asheville:

If all the chewing tobacco manufactured in one year in North Carolina were made into one big, succulent plug, and a man standing on the top of Mount Mitchell bit a chew from its thick corner, his voracious chin would drop so far that it would break the back of a somnolent shark at the profoundest bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, while his anticipative mustache, standing out like the quills of a fretful porcupine, would make the silk-clad ankles of the flappers on New Jersey's northernmost verandas shrinkingly suspect the sting and bite of a new and unconquerable mosquito.

If all the towels made in one year in North Carolina were fastened together, fringe to fringe, into one great towel, the man who dried his feet with one end of it on the rocky coast of the Straits of Magellan would, with an agitated elbow, overturn a pearl fisher's sampan in the calm, warm waters of the Indian Ocean, and find himself wiping his surprised and distant face with the other end of it on top of the highest peak of Greenland's frosty, famous, and far-flung mountains.

OHIO

PATRIOTIC remarks of the Rev. Dr. Daniel McGurk, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Athens, speaking on the topic, "Who Is Responsible for the Bootlegger?" as reported by the *Messenger* of that flourishing town:

New York is out of the Union. It has no right to be represented in Washington. It is as treasonable as Jefferson Davis ever was in the War of the Rebellion. The United States should say that New York shall either come into the Union or we shall know the reason why the Stars and Stripes shall not fly over the State. When I hear so much said about New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other centers, I think a little of the medicine given back in the '60's would be effective.

SPIRITUAL news in the Sandusky *Star Journal:*

An eloquent and poetic tribute to the meek eyed milch cow was given by the Rev. Max Strang, of Cleveland, addressing the Sandusky Rotary Club. The Rev. Mr. Strang gave his eloquent tribute, he said, in honor of a cow that supported him through two years of college.

OKLAHOMA

How Oklahoma City is being saved from hell:

MEN! MEN! MEN!

HEAR EVANGELIST M. F. HAM

throw a

A White Light on a Crimson Subject

DULTERY!!

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3 P. M.,

at the

FIRST BAPTIST TABERNACLE — MEN ONLY

"W. J. RAMSAY and his Big MEN'S CHOIR will Guide a Flood of Music"

OREGON

SOCIOLOGICAL news item in the *B'Nai B'rith Bulletin*, of Portland:

A committee from the Daughters of the Covenant were present at the last meeting and were informed of the possible change of meeting nights for the B'nai B'rith Lodge. It is felt by those present that the lodge is having some difficulty in meeting the competition of the prize-fights, which take place on meeting nights. The lodge will either have to meet on different nights or the boxing bouts will have to be held at the Center.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE growth of æsthetic passion in the Mellon Belt, as revealed by an advertisement in the Pittsburg *Press:*

OIL PAINTINGS

I need two or three oil paintings for living room: must be good as new and cheap; give full particulars, size, price, etc. Write D 47: *Press* office. 625kfe.

PUBLIC notice in the *Interstate Tatler* (colored):

IN HONOR OF W. W. H. CASSELLE

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Mr. Casselle has buried over four or five of my family, and other friends that I have recommended to go to him. I can truthfully say he has been prompt to respond to our calls. I have found him kind

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and considerate, and a Big Generous Christian Gentleman. Devoted to his business.

Working tireless to please his patrons, and also he is ideal in my opinion as a race man; of whom I am proud. Hoping you may live long to lend honor and inspiration to mankind.

I am yours humbly in Christian Love,

1626 Lombard St. MRS. SUSIE MAXWELL
Philadelphia.

LAW Enforcement suggestion from a patriotic reader of the Pittsburg *Press:*

I believe the only way we can get Prohibition to work successfully in this country is to work it out in this way: If a married man is making moonshine in his home and gets arrested, his wife should be put in prison with her husband, if she had not notified the authorities of the goings-on in her home before being arrested. If she had, then she should be set free and be given a small sum of money for her good will and intentions.

FROM a he-reader of the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger:*

I suggest, in view of division of opinion on the subject of women bobbing their hair, that our Legislature be asked to pass at its next regular session a law in regard to the same. A law could be enacted making it unlawful for any haircutter, beauty doctor or any other person or persons equipped with scissors, knives, iron or any other implements to cut, trim, bob, burn or otherwise remove the hair on the head of a female, without the written consent of her husband, if she be married, or, if unmarried, the written consent of such female's father or guardian or the family physician, if health required such treatment.

FROM the department, entitled "Girls' Problems of Today," conducted by Mother Ruth, in the *Sunday School Times*, published at 1031 Walnut street, Philadelphia:

Dear Mother Ruth:

I fully realize the degrading influences of smoking (which in so many cases leads to drinking), but I find that a cigarette is the only thing that eases my asthma. Am I right in continuing to make use of this remedy? A frank answer would greatly oblige. My best boy friend strongly advises my not giving it up, but I feel (alas) that his influence is not always for the best.

My Dear Daughter: Thank you for your encouragement. I find as I read your letter that the Holy Spirit has spoken to you ere you wrote to me. The very fact that you are disturbed by the question is proof that you are not pleasing the dear Lord. Condemnation is a blessing when we persist in going our own way. No doubt the habit of smoking is growing on you, and the adversary would like to make you think that the necessity of it for your comfort will excuse you for its use. Now if the weed is effectual to quiet the trouble, you will find many things that you can burn that will lessen the aggravation. You will not have to smoke any of them, but just let them burn in the room. I believe any doctor will bear out my opinion from a medical standpoint, that your theory is false, and that there is no help in smoking that could not come from some other remedy. Your influence is greatly lessened, and you are weakened as a Christian to fool with a tool of the Devil. He is so adroit that he will make you believe his way.

SOUTH DAKOTA

CONTRIBUTION to the science of advertising in the *Capital Journal*, published at Pierre:

WANTED AT ONCE—Two inches of rain to fall in a period of three lays in Pierre and vicinity.—It-ad.

TENNESSEE

PROCLAMATION of the Hon. Austin Peay, Governor of this immortal Commonwealth:

I feel that it is not only appropriate and right, but that it is my duty, as Governor of the State of Tennessee, to call attention to the anniversary of the birth of that great commoner, William Jennings Bryan, and suggesting that the day be remembered and his memory be honored by all who cherish the ideals for which he stood, his long life of honorable service to the nation, his devotion to the principles of democracy and civil liberty, his courage and zeal in defense of the religion of our fathers, and his devotion and sacrifices for the betterment of his fellowmen.

It is peculiarly touching and appropriate that Tennessee should remember this day, for it was in this State that he fell at his post of duty and died like the soldier of peace that he was in defending the castle of truth and the shrine of our most precious legacies against the forces of destruction, of calumny, of arrogance and unbelief.

On this day I respectfully but most earnestly suggest that in our schools, our churches, our civic and patriotic societies such exercises may be rendered and words said which may impress upon us all that gratitude we owe for his long life of service, that honor and reverence for his death of devotion and martyrdom to duty.

AUSTIN PEAY,
Governor.

TEXAS

THE effects of religion on real estate in Wichita Falls:

Boisterous preaching, loud singing and the attendant automobile traffic have disturbed the sick and depreciated property values in the neighborhood of the Floral Heights Baptist Church at Wichita Falls, it is alleged in an injunction suit on appeal before the Second Court of Civil Appeals.

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SERMON subject of the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Weidner, of the First Congregational Church of Port Arthur:

Who Made God?

VIRGINIA

How the college youth of Williamsburg are kept away from the temptations of the devil:

At a meeting of the college faculty the professors, at the suggestion of the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, decided that girls in the future are to sit on one side of the library and men on the other, in the evenings.

WASHINGTON

CONTRIBUTION to the new Code of Journalistic Ethics, from the regulations of the proof-room of the Seattle *Star:*

Wherever "hell" or "damn" or other "cuss words" appear in copy, except paid advertising, it will be set thus: D——, h——.

MORAL-ÆSTHETIC news item from Seattle, as reported by the *Star:*

Mrs. Sarah Watters, 1008 N. 50th street, has discovered that the "indecent hues" of Seattle's famous totem pole advertise whisky drinking. She wrote George Meagher, assistant corporation counsel, Wednesday, that the red nose on the main figure on the pole stands for whisky drinking and should not be tolerated in a dry town like Seattle. Mrs. Watters even hinted that Carrie Nation tactics might be resorted to when she wrote that it might be necessary to resort to dynamite to raze the Indian memorial.

WEST VIRGINIA

CIRCULAR widely distributed in Morgantown:

"GUSHING SPRINGS"

BY EDNA EARLE FRANKENBERGER

Pages by prominent Morgantown people—Dr. C. H. Maxwell, R. E. L. Allen and others

The Subjects treated reach from heaven to hell

A CLASSIC ALL ITS OWN

A word about the Author—Dr. Douthat has placed her in the class with Moses, David and Bryan

THE Rev. T. S. Smylie, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Huntington:

It ought to be possible, in these days of easy drinking, to smell the difference between a Christian and a non-Christian. . . .

WISCONSIN

PUBLIC manifesto in the Fort Atkinson *Union:*

The undersigned note with alarm the increase in divorces since the Nineteenth Amendment—the woman-suffrage law. We believe the mannish ways put on by women are due in large measure to that law. We note many more women wearing breeches than before. We can stand for that, but this new fad—slab-sided dresses—flat in front—showing women in the fashion pictures as flat-chested as a man, we regard with jealous eyes as an infringement—a usurpation of masculine rights—a destruction of feminine beauty that calls for severe condemnation.

We declare that any woman who wears a tight band so as to cut off the circulation and shrink her breasts is undeserving of the name of *woman*—a name that has been honored and revered by men since the dawn of history.

In the name of High Heaven, what are these poor women to do when the *robust* style comes back, as it surely must? Will bee-hive springs come in fashion?

We ask that the Congress of the United States do its utmost to break down these rotting brassieres as an evil that menaces the future well-being of society.

J. F. SCHREINER	L. C. MCMILLEN
B. B. BEEBE	J. POOLE
F. A. STEARNS	H. F. SEAVERT
T. HIGGINS	A. J. BICKNER
H. HARTMANN	F. L. COLE
GLENN BULLIS	P. H. STEINKE
B. E. CHADWICK	F. D. KELLY
JOHN OETTMEYER	H. F. MEDBURY
WILLIAM KLEMENT	HENRY H. LALK
PETER MILLER	A. KLEMENT
WM. REAP	A. LALK

E. C. BRANDEL
BUCK (ALVIN) WANDSCHNEIDER
PAT (RUSSELL) CHAPMAN
ZEKE HARTMAN
E. C. WANDSCHNEIDER

THE Rev. G. Kenneth MacInnis, pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church of Milwaukee, shins up Parnassus:

Gone are the days when rotten beer we drank.
How changed we look! Good buttermilk we thank.
Gone the saloon, a better day is here.
Buttermilk! No more wine nor rotten beer.
How our old friends will smile, giggle and grin,
For they remember the old days of gin;
But buttermilk wrought a change; beer is gone,
And yet we do not feel sad nor forlorn;
We are so happy, we are very glad
That good buttermilk has become a fad.

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IOWA

BY RUTH SUCKOW

IOWA is, in a way, the center of the big region called the Middle West. It combines the qualities of half a dozen States; and perhaps that is the reason why it so often seems, and more to its own people than to any others, the most undistinguished place in the world. Its northern corner borders on Minnesota, and is windy and sloughy, with numerous lakes and Scandinavian towns. The beautiful northeastern portion is like an extension of the woods and dells of Wisconsin. The southern part is tinged with the softness, laxness and provincialism of Missouri and Arkansas. Much of the west is flat, windy, harsh, like Kansas, Nebraska or the Dakotas. The central portion is the very heart of the prairie region—smooth, plain, simple, fresh and prosperous. All these differing elements, however, are smoothed down with a touch of gentleness into that lovely, open pastoral quality which is peculiarly Iowan after all.

The culture of the State is composed of elements seemingly as various. The early influx from the South softened the intense fibre of its Puritan inheritance and gave it a certain easy-going quality. This Southern influence lingers now about the Mississippi and in out-of-the-way hill and timber regions where little settlements unbelievably primitive can still be found. The State is dotted all over with communities of Europeans: German, Dutch, Scandinavian, Welsh, Bohemian, Scotch and Irish, and English of fairly recent immigration. But many of these have been so thoroughly assimilated into the life of the State as to be virtually indistinguishable from what we call the native stock. Even their churches are rapidly going under and the few old people who cling to their native languages are relegated to the evening services which no one else wants to attend.

These are all, however, underlying fertilizing elements. "Culture" as it has always been known in Iowa—and it is a term of great repute—has been derived almost wholly from the Eastern States and particularly from New England. New Englanders brought culture to the new State as once they had brought their religion to the new continent. But with an important difference. It was not a primary but a side issue. These people did not come to Iowa to plant this sacred culture in the wilderness. They came to farm and to acquire land. The settlement of Iowa (in spite of all its bands of home missionaries) was frankly material in its nature, as was that of the whole Middle West. Therefore, culture was cherished with devotion, perhaps, but not with confidence. In spite of the number of colleges early dedicated to it, Iowans never have, and do not to this day, quite believe in the possibility of its existence among them in any strong degree. When their forefathers went out to the raw country, it was with the belief that they were leaving culture behind. Thus Iowans have always felt themselves in the nature of intellectual poor relations to the Eastern States. And New Englanders, especially, have never got over a home missionary attitude toward them.

Thus has grown up a timid, fidgety, hesitant state of mind. Iowa has never had the rampant boosterism of Kansas and Minnesota, although Rotary and Kiwanis

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are now laboring hard. It has always been far too deprecatory and self-doubting for that. It has even railed at its generally healthy climate. Its "well-fixed" ancients have sought climate in the West, and its aspiring young intellectuals culture in the East. Iowans are great travelers. Their foreign colonies in California, Florida, Boston and New York are always among the largest. This comes chiefly from their humility. Some are dissatisfied and come back; but the most that is permitted them to say is: "Well, I guess old Iowa isn't such a bad place after all." Anything more would be a proof of ignorance.

Iowa is proud—fairly proud—of its material prosperity, its land and corn and hogs. But like an old farmer—or rather, like a timid farmer wife—it has taken it for granted that other things are really above it. It has copied its best houses from New England and California, disregarding climactic and topographical conditions in its faith that only something from somewhere else can really be artistic. Until the last very few years it has been accepted almost without question that its young intellectuals must go away—preferably to New York, but at least away!—in order to find something "interesting" to write about. Interest in Iowa's own towns and plain people was a direct blow to "culture."

II

This thing called culture, in Iowa, has always been accepted as a distinctly feminine affair. The men went out here for business. They left all such things to the women. Puritan mothers brought along their cherished ideals of New England culture as they brought family heirlooms and slips for house plants. School teachers, especially in the colleges, taught these ideals with the zeal of devotees. Twenty years ago, every Iowa schoolroom had a picture, enlarged, of its own poet on the wall; and the poets were, of course, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Celia Thaxter. Emerson was above our heads. Whitman, needless to say, was beyond the pale. Such a native genius as Thoreau was far too rugged for genuine cultural esteem. Mark Twain was a rude Westerner. "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" might be exciting, but they were bad rough books, and the librarian really did not think they should be given out to children. Thus were the best elements of our national culture preserved.

But always, in this noble striving to keep the lamp of culture burning, there was a sad and hopeless feeling that it must be against terrible odds. How could we—so young and crude and raw, so far from the center of refinement in Massachusetts—aspire to do more than keep the little light from flickering out, and perhaps kindle a tiny flame that would show the rich relations we were not wholly benighted? We had our colleges—dozens of them—with their traditions cherished all the more fervently because so new. And they did very well—if we did not have the money to go East to school.

There was good reason for this hopelessness. The whole Middle West was big, breezy and plain. It was miscellaneous. The spare, narrow intensity of New England was out of place on the prairies. Even the type of face (as Sinclair Lewis noted in "Main Street") changed from the thin and bleak to the round and pink. Prosperity came with the second, sometimes even with the first, generation. There was hard work and plain living; but why should there be *spare* living in the midst of acres and acres of great fat cornfields growing out of the richest, most fertile soil on earth? Spare living and transcendental thinking did not go with the Iowa landscape, but with

> . . . the stony fields where clear
> Through the thin trees the skies appear,
> In delicate spare soil and fen,
> And slender landscape and austere.

Really heroic efforts were made to preserve the old ideals. Little delicate children

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of New Englanders were carefully set apart, guarded in speech and action from the common herd, and destined for Wellesley. Every religious denomination set up two or three colleges. The Colonial Dames and the D. A. R. held off the rabble. One family even papered the walls of a necessary building with quotations from Emerson for the spiritual edification of its children; devotion to the finer things can not be expected to go much farther than that. But it was like holding a little fort against the barbarians. And instead of being sent reinforcements from the central citadel, the poor meek outlanders were sneered upon and neglected.

It might have been a simpler problem had our earlier settlers actually been aborigines. But they were beings from nations that had already reached a degree of civilization. Distance could differentiate, but not completely separate them. Cultural activities had to be suspended for a time while the people made for themselves a secure shelter in this new wilderness. Raw nature was conquered almost within the space of a generation. The material basis was quickly established. It was natural that, freshened and invigorated by change, the other activities should be quickly resumed.

This was where the difficulty came in. For the sheer distance had wrought a difference, just as the loyal torch-bearers had feared. The elements of population were diverse. They could not fit into that New England mold of culture which was the only conceivable mold. It was as if a young sculptor had been given tools carefully preserved for him but designed for a material not his, and told at the same time that it would be a crime against art to devise others; or as if with unused clay all about him and tempting him to design, he had been warned that only that far away somewhere, the nature of which he did not understand, could ever be fit for design at all. There were books, and reading was not a lost art. But there seemed to be no bridging of the gulf between the experience of life and the experience of books. Culture, art, beauty, were fixed in certain places.

This faith was so drilled into the children in various and subtle ways that all our bright young people grew up with the most curious sense of exile. An instance may be taken from "Main Street," for the thing was true of the whole Middle West. At first glance, it would seem incongruous that Carol Kennicott, born in Mankato, Minn., and with an experience of travel ranging from St. Paul to Chicago, should feel herself an exile and a stranger in Gopher Prairie. But nothing could have been more natural. Carol's father, "the learned and the kindly," was a judge from Massachusetts, and Mankato, Sinclair Lewis carefully tells us, was not a prairie town but "green-and-white New England re-born." Had Carol been born in Gopher Prairie itself, of devout New England parents, she would have felt the same. And had she been born in Iowa, her faith would have been disputed by no one, not even by Doc Kennicott himself.

It was an axiom of youth that the home town was "dead." All sorts of changes, from the facetious to the agonizing, were rung upon this theme—and with partial truth. Many young people forced themselves away and doomed themselves to a kind of rootless exile simply to prove themselves socially or intellectually and artistically enterprising, and to escape the stigma attached to "just settling down at home." To say of a bright young man when college was over, "Oh, he's gone back to Cornville and he's living there," was to prove him without ambition. The flocks of talented girls graduated every year from the colleges must go East if they were to live up to the flowery expectations held for them. Boys and girls no sooner got away to college, perhaps eighty miles from home, than they began to regard the home town from a standpoint of detached superiority, with a lightly humorous and patronizing touch. Some of this, of course, was assumed from youthful smartness, but the

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peculiar thing is that most of it was genuine. Those who went on, seeking something indefinable in far places, some stamp of mystic authority, repudiated the home town with a feeling of bitter alienation.

This sense of exile has colored nearly all the expression of the Middle West, in whatever medium; and for years it kept timorous and reverent Iowa from any expression at all except that of a nervous imitation. It is the spirit of colonialism at its last gasp, and to some extent the counterpart of that pathetic lack of self-dependence and uncertain nostalgia for something fixed and certain of the semi-Europeanized American, which is reflected in so many of the novels of Henry James and Anne Douglas Sedgwick. It is the thing which differentiates the provincial of America from the provincial of Europe. The wandering children of our Middle Western small towns do not own that deep loyalty to the province and the village of their birth sung in old ballads (although they may have tremendous loyalty to European villages!) Instead, they labor for years to obliterate all traces of it. They delve into the remotest branches of their ancestry and announce themselves "from Virginia," or "from California" after their parents have spent a Winter in Los Angeles, South or West of the Fiji Islands—but not the home town. The most noticeable thing about this attitude is not so much its existence, however, as its intense self-consciousness.

III

The thing which gave this sense of exile its peculiarly American quality was the fact of distance without the more complete separation which a great body of water gives. The East was far away, but not too far to be reached. Therefore, the timid Middle Western States could never forget its existence. Its eye might be upon them, even if negligently.

Of all these meek States, Iowa, which is on the fence geographically, politically, religiously and æsthetically, has been the meekest. A trifle more of even Babbitt bumptiousness would have helped it long ago. It was far too deeply imbued with a reverence for Puritan culture to attempt even a youthful swagger. It is, therefore, this very distance which has proved the one saving necessity, rescuing Iowa from the neither-this-nor-thatness of such a State as Ohio.

For, placed inland, far from every coast, Iowa was hopelessly far from Europe. New England looked to England; Iowa looked to New England and the Eastern sea board. New England took culture at second hand; Iowa took it at third hand. And while the whole Middle West had the East as a bug-a-boo, it did not have the hypothetical opinions of that "highly civilized European" which so long made the cultured Easterner shake in his shoes. Here, pure ignorance and pure humility saved Iowa. "He that is down need fear no fall," Bunyan sang. Almost the only claim of Iowa among these United States (aside from a little pride in the matter of corn and hogs) has been for the place of the lowest. But yielding itself thus, not only submissively but with ardor, to the charge of provincialism, it lost colonialism, by far the more insidious disease of the two.

There can be some pretension about a garment worn at second hand. But that worn at third hand gets too thread-bare. Yet there was pioneer blood in Iowa for all its meekness. It could not stay away forever because of lack of the proper clothes. Its first literary efforts, largely poetical, had been naturally the dilution of a dilution. It was perhaps unforgiveable impudence even to contemplate poetry in a country where the lanes were dirt roads, the rills "cricks" and the villages "burgs." These early poetizers used a manner that sat as stiffly upon their material as his Sunday suit upon a farmer. They called it "style." Little real roughnesses which kept creeping in were quickly put out of sight for fear of "the opinion the East would get of us." Our culture must always be dressed up in its third hand garments

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to meet the eye of the East. At last the garment went to pieces. The awkward, growing young creature could no longer attempt to hide his big hands and feet. The culture of Iowa either had to shut itself up or appear in homemade clothes.

It appeared, but still with the customary note of fear and apology. A gentleman pleaded in the now deceased *Grinnell Review* for an Iowa literature; but for one which would deal, not with the "uncouth characters" of Hamlin Garland, that gave such a bad impression to the East, but with our best people. Herbert Quick wrote his loveable records of pioneer life in "Vandemark's Folly" and "The Hawkeye." But he was careful to link this life to the life of books. "I know this is a raw country," he said in effect. "These are only common folks. But remember that these young people of mine were lovers, just as Lancelot and Guinevere were lovers, and don't entirely despise them." This attitude was not so surprising when you consider that for years Mr. Quick had been wanting to write these stories and had been told by editors that "Iowa was not literary material." The point, however, is the customary docility and lack of conviction which led him to accept this dictum for so long, and not, like the old Scotchman, feel that he "must do it whatever."

But Mr. Quick kept faith with his material in the end and his achievement is to be respected. Long before, Hamlin Garland with his "uncouth characters" had made the first vital attempt to deal with the raw material of art in a new country. He fell by the wayside. After writing his saga of the Garlands and the McClintocks in "A Son of the Middle Border," we find him in the succeeding volume thanking his readers with lowly amazement for their interest in such commonplace chronicles. "A Daughter of the Middle Border" is the sum total of this whole matter of the mental meekness and uncertainty of the Middle Westerner. It is an intellectual and spiritual tragedy with terribly comic elements. The attitude of Mr. Garland that is revealed with only too much transparency in this book has been the attitude of the Middle West, and of Iowa above all, for many years. Mr. Garland's people moved West and he had to go out into the fields. But he knew that farmer clothes were not the thing for a literary man. He ought to dress up in either a cowboy suit or a silk hat, or perhaps a velvet tam o' shanter. The sad thing is that his native gift was far superior to Mr. Quick's. It was courage rather than ability which failed him.

Later writers have been most uncomfortably aware of the home State and the home town. They have tried to deal with each from a perch of humorous aloofness, attained after an absence of five or six years, introducing characters from the great world with all the fidgety awareness of a youth ashamed of his humble antecedents and trying to pass them off as funny. This cringing attitude is apparent in all the admitted culture of Iowa. It is extremely self-conscious, uncertain now of the old and still more uncertain of the new. The thin grasp of New England has gradually weakened. New York has to a great extent taken its place in the people's awe, but New York is full of Middle Westerners and therefore attainable. The raw vigor of other elements in the life of the State is working into its sacred culture as well. The fog of old timidities still hangs over its intellectual life like a damp cloud; but —tentatively, humbly, with sad disillusionment mingled with a faint hope—a native culture has begun to work its way out.

The foreign element is important here. The prairies more than the cities, it may be, have been a melting-pot, for on them the foreign element has been welded into the life of the place and something that goes far toward being genuine is resulting. Some of the old Germans and Dutch and Norwegians have clung tightly to their ancient customs, but the majority, when they came to this country, definitely left the Old World behind. They looked back with affection, very deep and real, to the

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"old country," but it was not the "mother country"; and there was an immense difference of viewpoint in this very difference of phrase. These people were coming on a desperate adventure. They had to strike their roots deeply and finally here. It is not the English of the second or third generation in Iowa who look back with awe to England. Strangely enough, it is those who have been longest established on this young continent and proudly call themselves its native stock, who are most worried and timid about the American attitude and unable to accept it naturally. The same thing is true, in its slightly differing way, of our oldest families in Iowa.

To be sure, there have been great cultural lacks and disadvantages in this attitude of the foreign stock. Part of a very precious heritage has been lost. Crudeness has inevitably resulted. But crudeness is after all of less importance than the quality of the metal. And it has had its rough value, like the old method of plunging a boy straight into the water and making him sink or swim in the new element. It has added a certain tough hardiness to the pale remnant of transcendentalism.

The thin little stream of colonialism has almost dried up on the prairies. They are too big for it. Simple space defeats it. Besides, hundreds of ignorant young "foreigners" on the farms have never heard of it. They are so simple as to accept their own country as having its natural claims to a natural place in the world. One after another of the prairie States has begun to find this out, the least cultured first, until at last timid Iowa has dared to lift its eyes even in the presence of the East. Even those old and final strongholds, the colleges, are weakening. Professors, uncomfortably although disdainfully aware of iconoclastic young instructors, retreat farther and farther as they hold their standards against the onslaught of the mob.

The effect of this general break-up of culture has been distinctly and amazingly noticeable during the last three or four years. A terrific rattle of typewriters has broken out. Newspapers are beginning to carry book columns of their own. People dare to send their own unsubstantiated opinions to the liberal and lively book page of the Des Moines *Register*. The group at the State university has at last been accepted as culturally respectable in spite of its native origin. The barriers have come down, to the horror of the old guard, who can really recommend no American contemporaries except Mrs. Wharton. No longer is our literature in the hands of a caste. It is snatched at by everybody—farmer boys, dentists, telegraph editors in small towns, students, undertakers, insurance agents and nobodies. All have a try at it. Every good-sized town has its band of ladies who meet to discuss the literary markets (wearing smocks in one instance as a badge of æsthetic dignity), and who yearn to desert their husbands for a year at Columbia. A gathering of the literary clans is enough to bowl over the observer with the sight of its astounding and delicious diversity. All the elements, old and new, are jumbled up together until it seems impossible to guess what can be fished out of the muddle. But miscellaneous as the thing is, it is at least active, which under the old régime was the very last thing it dared to be.

IV

And this very activity is a sign that a settling process is going on. The old self-deprecation is still on top. It persists among our best people and our ex-patriots. Just a layer below this is the mild idealism of the colleges, very milk-and-watery, into which the faith of the Pilgrims has developed under the impetus of material prosperity. It trusts that all things can be tested upon an ethical basis according to the moral value of their service to humanity, and is touchingly innocent of the cold rigor of æsthetics. Below this, and supporting it, is good prosperous Babbittry that judges life in terms of houses, automobiles and radios, and lets its womenfolk

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go in for books and frills in the Woman's Club. There is the Main Street element of small town hardness, dreariness and tense material ambition. Still below this, solid and unyielding, is the retired farmer element in the towns: narrow, cautious, steady and thrifty, suspicious of "culture" but faithful to the churches, beginning to travel a little in big automobiles; of varying nationalities, but in the main Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic and Scandinavian; whose womenfolk still apologize if caught spending good time (which might be given to fancy work) over a book. And then there are the working farmers, the folk element and still the very soil and bedrock of our native culture. Raw, book-ignorant, travel-ignorant, stubborn and hard-headed; but in their best aspect hard-working, serious-minded, strong and fresh. They give a saving rudeness, vigor and individuality to the too mild brew which—now that pioneer days are over—would be the spirit of Iowa without them.

Whatever real intrinsic value the culture and art of Iowa can have is founded upon this bedrock. Other elements may influence and vary it, but this is at the bottom of them all. Our varying nationalities meet in this rich soil which has still some of the old pioneer virtue of sturdy freshness—perhaps the only virtue, genuine and clearly distinguishable from all others, which the native culture of this young country has to offer. Certainly, without this underlying strong basis, and if it depended merely upon our best people, what we call culture in Iowa would still be as insipid as cambric tea.

Now that all these diversities have at last come together, they begin to suggest something distinctive. That something is, at its worst, timid, deprecating, wishy-washy, colorless, and idealistic in a mild fruitless way. At its best, it is innocently ingenuous, fresh and sincere, unpretentious, and essentially ample, with a certain quality of pure loveliness—held together and strengthened by the simplicity and severity of its hard-working farmer people.

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WHAT PRICE LIBERTY?

BY LOUIS LE FEVRE

THE recent use of airplanes in Arctic exploration has attracted newspaper correspondents to such little known regions as Labrador and Greenland. Their accounts of the native inhabitants of these countries show a curious contrast. The Eskimos of Labrador, who are in contact with white settlers, are described as a dying race whose numbers have decreased within a few years from 3,000 to 800. But in Eastern Greenland, where there are practically no white residents, the Eskimos are depicted as a vigorous, healthy people, with a growing population. Roald Amundsen in "The Northwest Passage," declares that the Eskimo is healthiest and happiest where he is least affected by foreign influences, and expresses a fervent hope that civilization may never reach the friends whom he made on his first great voyage.

Similar contrasts have been noted in many other parts of the world, and numerous efforts have been made to explain the disastrous results of contact with civilization on native races. The tragedy is often attributed to local circumstances. It seems possible, however, that a single general cause, the loss of freedom, which robs the native of his self-confidence and develops a racial inferiority complex, may be an important factor in nearly all such cases.

The Polynesians of the South Sea Islands offer the classical example of a disappearing race. In some groups of islands they are almost exterminated. In the Marquesas, where the original population has been estimated at 160,000, the surviving remnant of natives probably does not number more than 2,100. As late as 1823, the Hawaiians numbered 142,000; in 1900, the census figures were 29,834. In Tahiti, a population of 150,000 in 1774 dwindled to 10,300 in 1900. Though all branches of the Polynesian race seem to have decreased since the coming of the whites, the decline has been far from uniform. While the Marquesas Islands are virtually depopulated, the Samoans number more than 40,000. Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived in Samoa, believed that they were at that time holding their own. In the Paumotus, also, he found that the native population was maintaining itself.

The destruction of the South Sea Islanders has been ascribed to various causes; but most of the explanations fail to solve the problem presented by the exceptions to the general decay of the race. Stevenson devotes one of the most interesting chapters of "In the South Seas" to this question. After a discussion of the sweeping changes in their customs and institutions imposed on the natives, both by governmental power and by missionary influence, he sums up:

> Upon the whole, the problem seems to me to stand thus:—Where there have been fewest changes, important or unimportant, salutary or hurtful, there the race survives. Where there have been most, important or unimportant, salutary or hurtful, there it perishes. Each change, however small, augments the sum of new conditions to which the race has to become inured. There may seem, *a priori*, no comparison between the change from "sour toddy" to bad gin, and that from the island kilt to a pair of European trousers. Yet I am far from persuaded that the one is any more hurtful than the other; and the unaccustomed race will sometimes die of pin-pricks. . . . Experience begins to show us (at least in the Polynesian Islands) that change of habit is bloodier than a bombardment.

This conclusion is supported by much evidence. The extinction of the natives is

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most nearly complete in the Marquesas; and the manner of living of the Marquesans has been most thoroughly changed by foreign interference. They were cannibals whose cannibalism was not merely sporadic or occasional; it was an institution closely interwoven with the whole fabric of their lives. Their songs and dances, their custom of tattooing, their religious ceremonies were all associated with man-eating. In order to suppress this horrible custom, the French government thought it necessary to forbid everything connected with it, which meant the proscription of most of the activities of native life. The amusements and arts of the people were one by one placed under the ban. Finally, in an effort to break the religious sanction of cannibalism, the Marquesans were compelled at the point of the bayonet to violate their most sacred taboos and even to destroy their holy places. They were unable to resist; they smashed their idols and died.

The people of Hawaii and Tahiti were not habitual cannibals, but their islands have always been the chief centers of white settlement in Polynesia, so their ways of life suffered a less violent but hardly less overwhelming pressure from alien influences. The Paumotus, on the contrary, are coral atolls, not so accessible as the larger islands, with unattractive living conditions for white men. These facts have probably delayed the extinction of the natives.

The Samoans, hitherto, have been more fortunate than their kinsmen. Because of the jealousies of the Great Powers, they maintained their independence longer than any other branch of their race. It was not until 1899 that they were divided between the United States and Germany. In American Samoa the government has interfered as little as possible with native life. The white population is confined to a small naval station, and no whites are permitted to own land. The survival of the native inhabitants, and their favorable condition, attest the wisdom of this policy. German Samoa was transferred by the war to New Zealand. Here, too, the number of white residents is small, and the policy of the government has been comparatively liberal.

Stevenson was not a scientist, and although he had excellent opportunities for first-hand investigation, his observations taken alone are inadequate evidence. But he is supported by many other witnesses. His conclusions agree especially well with those of Charles Darwin, who considered this same problem of the extinction of native races in "The Descent of Man," and gave many instances drawn from Polynesia and other parts of the world to show that contact with civilization is fatal to aboriginal peoples. Like Stevenson, Darwin ascribed this fact to the evil results of changes of habit. Such changes, he believed, impair disastrously both the resistance of the natives to disease and their fertility.

II

Against these views must be weighed a circumstance which points to another theory. The depopulation of Polynesia has been accomplished in large measure by infectious diseases, and particularly by tuberculosis, which swept away whole villages. It is argued that the race was virgin soil for these diseases, having been free from them until they were introduced by white men, and that it lacked in consequence the power of resistance which has been built up in civilized races through centuries of exposure.

This explanation is often given as sufficient to account for the decline of native races, but it fails to explain the contrasts between members of the same race. Why should the Marquesans die while the Samoans live? There is, moreover, some reason to doubt that even the Polynesians were entirely free from tuberculosis until the discovery of the islands by white men; and, as we shall see, other primitive tribes, whose previous exposure to infection is certain, have exhibited the same susceptibility under similar conditions.

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At first glance it appears incredible that a minor change such as the substitution of trousers for the kilt could increase the liability of a people to tuberculosis. Yet a consideration of the nature of the disease may shed new light on the question. It is now believed that tubercular infection is almost universal. The resistance of the individual determines in each case whether it shall assume an active form or remain latent and passive. The relative importance of heredity and the environment in accounting for the variations in resistance is a hotly disputed point, and there are difficulties in the application of either theory to conditions in Polynesia. The hypothesis of hereditary susceptibility does not answer the question why resistance to infection should be greatest where the race has been least subject to foreign influences. The environmentalists emphasize such factors as under-nourishment and the congestion of city slums, which are notoriously hot-beds of tuberculosis, but in Polynesia there are no congested slums, and an adequate food supply is probably easier to obtain than anywhere else in the world.

In order to understand the apparently disastrous results of the change of habits imposed by contact with civilization, it is necessary to consider certain findings of modern psychology. Our lives are made up of innumerable responses to stimuli which we continually receive from our environment. Our response to any particular stimulus is determined in part by innate instincts, but to a great degree by the habits we have formed, by what we have been taught, and by what we have learned from experience. If the environment is suddenly changed so that our instinctive and acquired responses are unable to cope with it successfully, we may develop, as a result of repeated failures, a sense of helpless inadequacy. Usually, if left to our own devices, we can in time adapt ourselves to the new situation. But if the effort to do this is thwarted by outside interference, if an alien compulsion forcibly imposes on us a whole new system of responses, instead of leaving us at liberty to work out gradually the necessary adjustments, this loss of self-confidence is intensified. It may become a permanent pathological condition, the so-called inferiority complex.

Many physicians now recognize "mental strain", "anxiety", or "worry" as a factor in breaking down resistance to tuberculosis and other diseases. These rather vague terms are often used to describe manifestations of the inferiority complex. If a psychological factor does thus affect resistance to disease, it seems probable that a native race, the basis of whose life has been overturned by a foreign civilization, would suffer from it. We do not know precisely how this factor works. In view of Cannon's investigations of the influence of such emotions as fear and anger on the adrenal gland, it is tempting to speculate on a possible disturbance of the balance of the endocrine system. Or the relative number of the disease-resisting white blood corpuscles may be lessened. That is only guess-work, but it is needless to postulate any process more mystic or supernatural than that of digestion. All this has received little attention. Nevertheless, it may supply an explanation both for the disappearance of primitive races and for the fact that their decline has been most fatal where the habits of the people have been most changed by foreign interference.

Certainly the impulses of the Marquesans toward self-assertion and self-expression have been ruthlessly crushed. They saw their amusements, their arts, and their religion blotted out as horrible vestiges of savagery. They were forced to commit acts which to their minds involved degradation and sacrilege. It was inevitable that they should come to regard themselves through the eyes of their conquerors. There is abundant evidence of this loss of self-esteem in the writings of Stevenson, O'Brien and other travellers. For example, in describing a conversation with Stanislao, a Marquesan educated in South

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America, Stevenson says: "In all his talk Stanislao was particular to speak of his own country as a land of savages, and when he stated an opinion of his own, it was with some apologetic preface, alleging that he was 'a savage who had travelled.'" If the inferiority complex actually lowers the resistance of the individual to disease, and specifically to tuberculosis, it is not hard to understand the extinction of a race imbued with such an attitude as this.

On the other hand, Robert J. Flaherty comments on the wonderful tenacity with which the Samoans have hitherto clung to their own racial traditions, and emphasizes the "remarkable racial pride which has proved the salvation of the race." Unfortunately this pride now seems to be somewhat weakened, and so the future even of the Samoans appears doubtful.

III

Many other illustrations might be given of the devastation wrought when backward peoples are conquered by a more powerful culture. The case of the Eskimos has already been mentioned. The history of the American Indians exhibits many of the same phenomena evident in Polynesia. Here again is a weaker race reduced to subjection by the overwhelming power of the white man. Here again whole tribes have been swept out of existence. This case is complicated by the greater importance of war in the destruction of the Indians. But here, too, we find a high death-rate with an extremely high proportion of deaths from tuberculosis. As in Polynesia, this has been attributed wholly to a racial incapacity to resist infection. There is, however, much evidence that susceptibility increases in proportion to the exposure to white influence.

Charles Eastman, himself a Sioux Indian, who spent ten years of his boyhood with a band which escaped into Canada after the Minnesota massacres of 1862, and avoided all intercourse with the whites, declares that the health of these Indians was generally good. It would be absurd to contend that they had never been exposed to infection, and indeed Eastman tells of the death of one of his comrades from consumption. The virgin soil theory is therefore obviously inapplicable. Moreover, Dr. James R. Walker, in a discussion of the Oglala Sioux, says that "tuberculosis existed among these Indians before they came into contact with the white people, but at that time the disease was rare among them and remained so until they changed their nomadic to a settled life in houses." After that change tuberculosis became extremely prevalent, and in 1896, 47% of all deaths among them were from this one disease.

The Mission Indians in California, after the American conquest, dwindled in numbers from 15,000 in 1852 to 5000 in 1873. The Navajos of Arizona and New Mexico, who live in an inaccessible semi-desert region, are the most prominent contrasting example of a tribe which has held its own and even increased. The Pueblo Indians have also survived comparatively well. These groups have probably retained their native customs to a greater degree than any others in the United States. It may also be noted that tuberculosis is said to be less frequent among the Pueblos than among other Indians. It is now proposed to forbid the traditional dances and religious ceremonies which the Pueblos, the Navajos, and certain other tribes have kept alive. In view of the experience of the French in the Marquesas, it would seem that no more effective method of securing the extermination of the race could be devised.

The Negroes, unlike the Indians and Polynesians, are in no danger of racial extinction, but there is reason to believe that contact with civilization has a similar if somewhat less fatal effect upon them. From David Livingstone to Sir David Bruce many observers have called attention to the immunity from tuberculosis of native African tribes in their natural environment. In regions as widely separated as the Transvaal, the Cameroons, Senegal,

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and the Sudan the same conditions are found. The disease is practically unknown. But when the Negro is brought into close contact with white men, this immunity disappears. South African natives who work in the mines and Sudanese who serve in the Egyptian army are both unusually susceptible.

The most astonishing results appeared in the Negroes brought to France during the war. There were more deaths from tuberculosis in two years among 11,000 Cape Boys and Kaffirs, composing the South African Labor Corps, than there were during the same time in the entire British army, whose strength averaged 1,500,000. The Senegalese troops used by the French also showed an extraordinary susceptibility and a very high death-rate. Other native troops suffered in the same way. The Fijian Labor Unit had to be repatriated because of the prevalence of this disease. The Indian divisions showed a case incidence more than twenty times that of the British, and more than quadruple their own rate in India. The Chinese Labor Corps had a similar record. Some of these cases, such as that of the Senegalese, may be explained by the virgin soil theory, but it seems incredible that the Cape Boys from South Africa, the Indian troops, and the Chinese coolies had never been exposed to infection. On the other hand, the transfer to a European country under military discipline involved changes in their ways of living comparable to those imposed on the Marquesans.

In America, where there are of course many more points of contact between the two races than in Africa, the tuberculosis death-rate of the Negroes is notoriously high, and forms a striking contrast with the relative immunity of the native Africans. A still more suggestive point is the general belief that mulattoes are physically inferior to pure blacks. This opinion is noted by Darwin, by Professor S. J. Holmes, and by Osler in "Modern Medicine"; Osler states that tuberculosis seems to be more fatal among mulattoes than in full-blood Negroes. Perhaps Lord Bryce supplies the explanation in "The American Commonwealth," when he says: "Among these light-colored people, it is on those who, knowing their white relatives by sight, and forced to feel that persons by nature their cousins—perhaps even their brothers or sisters—are placed above them on a level to which they cannot climb, that the sense of social inequality presses most cruelly." Certainly a situation like this is perfectly adapted to the development of an inferiority complex, and by hypothesis might well produce an unusually high mortality.

Instances might be multiplied many times over. Metchnikoff, Burnet, and Tarassevitch found that among the Kalmouk Tartars tuberculosis was more prevalent in the peripheral districts, those in contact with the Russians, than in the central region of the steppes, which is relatively isolated. The Maoris of New Zealand, the native Tasmanians, the Australian aborigines, the hill tribes of India, and the Caribs of South America and the West Indies might be cited also. But this would involve much repetition of points already made and is needless.

IV

As the destructive results of contact with a stronger race appear most clearly in an increase of liability to tuberculosis, it is relevant to inquire whether the loss of freedom and self-confidence produces a similar result among the more advanced peoples. In spite of a lack of complete data, three phases of the question may be examined.

In Europe, the death-rate from tuberculosis rose generally during the recent war. In typical cases the increase ran from 30% to 60% above normal. Such cases may be accounted for by the physical hardships of war-time. In Warsaw and Brussels, however, the increase was more than 250%, and in Belgrade, where the pre-war death-rate was exceptionally high, it was more than

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doubled in 1917. These cities were occupied by invading armies, and occupation by a hostile army perhaps supplies the nearest possible equivalent in a civilized community to the position of the Marquesans.

Another fact, stated by Dr. Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is at least suggestive. The tuberculosis death-rate of the male industrial policyholders of the Metropolitan is distinctly higher than that of the general male population for all ages above twenty. We should expect this to be true as a result of the unfavorable environment of this group, which is composed of workingmen. But the industrial policyholders below the age of twenty have a lower rate than that of the general population for the same age-groups. This contrast seems impossible to explain on the basis either of hereditary susceptibility or of physical environment. Surely the children of the poor suffer like their parents from slum conditions and insufficient food supply. Why, then, should they be relatively free from tuberculosis? The question is a difficult one; but it may be suggested that workingmen's children enjoy greater freedom than those of the more favored classes. They go to school less regularly, and their responses to the stimuli they receive are less restricted by conventions and taboos. Thus they keep a healthier psychological attitude until they are caught in the meshes of industry. After they have grown to manhood, the situation is reversed; they now have much less freedom than the members of more prosperous classes. At any rate, this possibility seems worthy of consideration.

The figures for the occupational distribution of tuberculosis in England and Wales also present points of interest. For example, coal-miners exhibit an unusually low death-rate from the disease. Their work is hard manual labor, shut off from the light of the sun in an atmosphere often laden with dust. But, as Professor Carter Goodrich has recently pointed out, coal-mining is distinguished from other occupations by the freedom of the miner on the job. Partly because of the nature of the work, partly because of the contract system and the power of the union, he is, much more than most other workmen, his own boss. On the other hand, seamen are notoriously subject to a rigid discipline; and they have a high tubercular death rate, more than three times that of the coal-miners.

These data are of course inadequate to establish any general theory. But perhaps they may indicate the desirability of a more thorough investigation than has yet been made of the causes of death among primitive tribes and the effects upon them of contact with civilization. Another possibly fruitful inquiry would be one into the influence of the inferiority complex on the tuberculosis death-rate among prostitutes, illegitimate children, and other socially disreputable classes, as compared to that in the general population. Similar comparisons might be made for the untouchables or outcasts of India, contrasted with high-caste Hindus and Moslems, and for the Etas, a degraded and despised class in Japan.

It is possible that an irreducible minimum of freedom and self-confidence is as essential to the health as it is to the happiness of mankind. This minimum doubtless varies as widely as education and experience among individuals and races. In any event, the possibility that the inferiority complex under certain conditions plays a considerable part in breaking down resistance to disease deserves the attention of those who have dealings with men of other races, and perhaps also of those who are interested in the prevention of tuberculosis.

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NATHALIA FROM BROOKLYN

BY NUNNALLY JOHNSON

One day last Fall a Brooklyn newspaper came to the conclusion that its distinguished young fellow-citizen, Nathalia Crane, could not possibly be anything short of a hoax. This conclusion was based, at the outset, on a sort of plain, common, hard horse-sense. It simply didn't stand to reason that a child of twelve could have written the lines to be found in "The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems" and "Lava Lane." The day of miracles had passed. More specifically, the managing editor and the two women reporters who prosecuted the newspapers' "investigation" of Nathalia's integrity had this in mind: that in the two collections there were manifestations of a scientific erudition impossible in a child of her environment. They found in them, they said, indications of a familiarity with the theories and substances of such varied and adult matters as chess, counterpoint, the nebular hypothesis, navigation, military tactics, zoölogy, the manual of arms, botany, and atheism. There was nothing in all that they could learn of Nathalia, they said, to show that she had ever been exposed to more than, say, one or two of these occult arts and sciences.

Nor were they alone in their conviction. In the course of their "investigation" they rallied to their support Indignant Reader, Edwin Markham, Just a Mother, John V. A. Weaver, Wot A. Guy, of 2763 Rugby road, Brooklyn, and a score or more of Old Subscribers. They succeeded in arousing numberless private controversies. The discussion spread over the entire country and made Nathalia almost as widely known as Gerald Chapman. In point of fact, there was an understandable justification for most of this skepticism. The poems credited to Nathalia were unquestionably distinguished, and frequently breath-taking in their bold originality. There were in them, as the investigators said, traces of an extraordinary wisdom. The poem, "Lava Lane," was undeniably based on Laplace's theory of the beginnings of matter. And there were at least suggestions of the other mysteries mentioned.

As in all other cases of child prodigy, there remained also the stubborn theory that the scope and potentialities of the child mind are everybody's huckleberry. Poetry or no poetry, mamma and papa assume to know children. Mamma may not be very far up on the fine arts but you can't fool her on children. She's seen too many. She's been a child herself. She's borne and raised three of her own. So you needn't try to tell her that any child ever wrote *that* poetry. No, sir! The newspaper published columns of such nonsense. As for Nathalia, she had been, and in all but one way still was, just such a child as mamma bore and raised. In December, 1922, when she was nine, she was living in a comfortable, homelike apartment, the rent of which was less than a hundred dollars, in that lovely and monotonous section of Brooklyn known as Flatbush. She attended a public school and was a lazy pupil. She dawdled in her studies and was satisfied with a B, or good, in most of them, and indifferent to the damning C, or fair, in mathematics. She straggled in after school and was bitter about having to wash her hands. She played inexplicable games in the court with Louise and

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Dorothy and Roger, the son of Mr. Jackson, the janitor, and owned a sequence of pets ranging from a chicken to rabbits.

Yet, despite her general indifference to education at that time—she applies more effort to her studies now—something of an understanding of her capabilities had evidently reached the principal of the school, for she was skipped several grades. An illness resulting from a mastoid operation prevented her entering school until she was in her seventh year, and during the five years since then she has completed eight years of grade work and will enter high-school next year.

It was in the latter months of 1922 that she began to compose her extraordinary verse. She employed for the purpose a singularly battered typewriter, on which she had learned her alphabet before entering the first grade, and she worked mysteriously behind the closed door of her room. The significance of the tappings on her machine became known to the family when her mother, in answer to an hysterical question, replied that she had sent down the dumbwaiter, along with other trash, certain sheets of badly typed paper left carelessly on the table. Trash! They were her songs—her poetry! Gone! Nathalia wailed. Her father clucked his tongue sympathetically. She could write more, couldn't she? Her mother was impatient at the fuss. How could she tell which of all the strange playthings about the place was to be treasured and which to be discarded? Why didn't Nanny put away the things she wished to save? But, anyway, she could run along now and stop crying. Mother would be more careful next time.

A few days later Nathalia brought to her father two new songs. They were "The Janitor's Boy," then named, I think, "Romance," and one other, likewise a tribute to the fascinating Roger Jackson. Mr. Crane read them with some perplexity. They seemed to him amazingly good, but he was afraid that a father's bias flavored his view. So he warily avoided the issue by suggesting that she mail them to a newspaper man he knew slightly, the late Walter M. Oestreicher, then managing editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Times*. The next morning a reporter came to interview her. In that afternoon's *Times* Nathalia—then, loquaciously, Nathalia Clara Ruth Abarbannel Crane — emerged from obscurity.

Thus began a strange and dangerous experience for a nine-year old child. Other newspapers followed the *Times*' lead and camera men and moving picture photographers shuffled through the apartment-house court to Nathalia's door, posed her amiable person in what they considered staggering positions, and exhibited her likeness in hundreds of cities. She was asked imbecile questions: her opinions on love, on bobbed hair, on what she wanted to be when she grew up. Young women reporters smirked a saccharine affection for her, and male sob-sisters tried to carry matters off with an air under the level, amused glance of the new freak. What they wrote was lengthy, if not notably well considered. For two weeks after that first interview she was slathered with columns of praise. The miracle then was simply that she could rhyme, that her lines had a metrical swing. But she also had, it appeared, cute ideas.

In time the situation subsided to something resembling normal. Nathalia continued her absorbed interest in the battered typewriter, and what came out of it Mrs. Crane gave graciously to the newspaper folk. After dozens of poems had thus been disposed of liberally, Nathalia one day mailed one to Edmund Leamy, poetry editor of the New York *Sun*, as a contribution for which she expected to be paid. Leamy accepted it, for six or eight dollars, without having heard of her or knowing her age. He accepted it on the basis of its merit. A little later she achieved another recognition. This was the acceptance by William Rose Bénet, then associate editor of the Literary Review of the New York *Evening Post*, of two poems, one of which "The Blind Girl," is now included in

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"The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems."

Nathalia bore all these uncommon experiences, as well as those that followed, with admirable presence. What might have swelled another child's ego to the point where a fine, strong wallop would not be amiss has failed to disturb, even in the slightest, a naturally indifferent, though superficially pleasant, disposition. In the beginning she read the newspaper stories written by those reporters to whom she had taken a fancy. The others received from her only a glance at the headlines. Her deportment at school, in the presence of her teachers and in the company of her playmates, remained unaltered. Reporters calling for interviews found that she had to be brought in from the crowd of children in the court. She came in politely and answered their fool questions as well as she could, but it was generally plain that she was unmoved by the attention and would have been just as well pleased had they never called.

II

Nathalia's course thus continued without spectacular developments until one day two women reporters and the managing editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* came to the conclusion that she was a hoax. That was on the occasion of the publication of her second collection, "Lava Lane," in November of last year. Were newspaper ethics less nebulous, the *Eagle's* ensuing discussion of Nathalia's personal and professional integrity might have been questioned on the grounds of taste. But the paper's own argument was that there was widespread skepticism over the authorship of the poems and that this skepticism constituted legitimate news and an honorable justification for an "investigation." Such an investigation, conducted fairly and honestly and by competent authorities, would not have been objectionable to the Cranes. Even as it was, they offered no obstacle until it became downright silly. Indeed, at the beginning, they gave aid.

It is over now, and I think it is safe to assume that it failed. The *Eagle*, to be sure, is given even yet to allusions to the time it "exposed" Nathalia, but such allusions do not seem to be conclusive. No harm ever came to her from the matter. The black headlines and charges on the front page did make her sensitive and self-conscious at school among her mates, but that did not last long. Some of the aspects of the investigation, however, seem to have a definite intrinsic interest, futile though the whole thing was, and so an account of it may be of value to the student of modern journalism.

The initial spark of righteousness in the *Eagle* office burned in the bosom of a woman reporter, a spinster who, in her particular field, has the force of an ambitious district attorney. Horse-sense, she said, told her that Nathalia had not written the poems, and it needed no more than a neat little whirlwind investigation to make the fact clear. With her in this belief was the woman editor of the children's section of the paper. So strongly did the two feel this conviction that they were able to persuade the managing editor, Harris M. Crist, a man who admitted only a slight familiarity with poetry but tipped his hat to no man, woman, or child in so far as a knowledge of children was concerned, that it was the paper's duty to expose the hoax.

Not much, I fear, can be said of the competency of the investigators. One of them believed, because she had been told, that William Rose Bénet was the greatest poet in America, and the other, though she had a general familiarity with the works of Keats, a relic of her days at Vassar, was under the impression that it was Shelley who wrote "Endymion," the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and "Hyperion." On the other hand, she was herself a poet, being the author of "R U A Rooster" and other whimsicalities published in the *Eagle's* children's section.

Thus equipped for the grapple with deceit, the investigators plunged into a strange and furious effort to prove their

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original conviction. A series of twelve or more long articles followed, headed first in one direction and then in another. At the outset the two women decided that the poems had been written by a syndicate composed of Mr. Bénet, Louis Untermeyer, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Faith Baldwin, and probably Edna St. Vincent Millay. They conveyed this belief to Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man with the Hoe," who obligingly repeated it back to them for publication. A few days later the investigators parted company for a day. While one, the author of "R U A Rooster," composed a critical analysis proving that Mr. Bénet had written all of the poems, the other was, at precisely the same moment, engaged in an effort to persuade Mrs. Hugh Cuthrell, who writes under the name of Faith Baldwin, to "confess" to their authorship.

Two days later this phase of dissension passed, and the finger of suspicion was leveled at Clarence Porter Crane, Nathalia's father. There it remained to the end, although one or two other theories were raised within the *Eagle* office, the most arresting being a conviction on the part of the elder woman that it was all a gigantic Jewish plot. She pointed out—or so her argument went—that the Jews have produced no great genius since Jesus Christ, and that it was clear here that, sensing this, the mightiest of Jewish minds were pooling their products and giving them to the world through Nathalia Crane, a partly-Jewish child. Even the managing editor laughed at this, but the woman reporter became so exercised over the matter that she is said to have gone out and had herself insured against a bash on the head from some thwarted and infuriated Jewish poet.

Included in the "investigation," but never acknowledged in print, were several interviews granted the paper by Mr. Crane and several tests to which the bewildered Nathalia submitted herself. The first of the interviews was characteristic of them all. The two women reporters filed solemnly into the Crane's living-room and sat down much in the manner of a committee from the Ladies' Aid Society calling to inform a fancy lady that she must get out of town. At the Cranes' at the time were, by chance, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Untermeyer and the present word-painter. The two ladies from the *Eagle* sat down and after a few pleasantries notified the assemblage formally that they knew Nathalia had not written the poems she claimed and that they had come to prove it. Mr. Crane amiably replied that he'd heard that such a doubt existed at the *Eagle* office, but felt certain that Nathalia would answer satisfactorily any questions that burned in their breasts.

Thereupon the elder of the reporters opened her sheaf of notes and, clearing her throat, demanded of Nathalia where she had learned so perfect an exposition of the nebular hypothesis as was to be found in "Lava Lane." Had she studied science? Unfortunately, the approach had been ill considered. At the first abrupt question Nathalia's customary anxiety to be a perfect hostess disappeared. Her reply was sullen. No, she hadn't studied science. Where, then, had she got all this highly technical information? Wasn't it—Nathalia retorted nastily—correct? The reporters beamed. Yes, indeed! Entirely too correct for a child to know. Mr. Untermeyer, in an effort to establish a pleasanter tone, interrupted to point out that "Lava Lane" was not, in fact, highly technical—that it simply set forth the skeleton of the nebular hypothesis clothed in childish fancy, and that in more than one place the exposition was clearly (to the informed student, at any rate) erroneous. So, he felt, it was absurd to expect Nathalia to say she had a scientific knowledge of the subject. Then, exclaimed the reporters triumphantly, she wouldn't answer? "No," Nathalia replied shortly. Let it be explained here, if an explanation is necessary, that her concept of the nebular hypothesis, by which name, of course, she didn't know it, actually came from an

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"educational" moving-picture, a sequence of animated drawings shown at a theatre around the corner from her home in Flatbush.

The reporters resumed their inquiries. Did Nathalia attend Sunday-school or church? Mr. Crane, an indifferent agnostic, replied for his daughter. No. Was she atheistic? "What," Nathalia asked, "do you mean?" The reporters opened "Lava Lane" to the poem "Sunday Morning." One read the first stanza:

> God, on a Sunday morning,
> Sits in his old armchair
> Comforting May Madonna—
> Slip-heel who fell the stair.

That, announced one of the reporters, is plainly a charge that the Virgin Mary did something she shouldn't have done. Nathalia and the elder Cranes looked puzzled. The Virgin Mary? "Certainly," replied the reporters. "Isn't May Madonna intended to be Mary, Mother of Jesus?" Nathalia was disgusted. "May Madonna is a little girl's name," she explained; "I liked the sound of it." The reporters shook their heads with indulgent smiles. "No, no, dear, you meant the Virgin Mary. Didn't she, Mr. Untermeyer?" Mr. Untermeyer was impatient. "Nathalia," he replied, "should know what she meant." If she said May Madonna was the name of a child, then he saw no way of proving that it wasn't. But, demanded the reporter, wasn't Madonna the Italian word for mother, and wasn't it usually applied to Mary? Yes, Mr. Untermeyer admitted, but also weren't thousands of Italian children named Madonna?

It was a futile discussion, and its conclusion left the reporters unmoved. "What, then, Nathalia," they asked next, "makes a rose red?" "Don't you know?" the child countered. "Certainly we know, dear, but do you?" "If you know," Nathalia sulked, "why ask me?" Mr. Untermeyer offered again to help. What was the point of the question? The older reporter smiled grimly at him. "Excuse us, Mr. Untermeyer, but we are asking Nathalia, not you." Mr. Untermeyer apologized. The younger reporter, the author of "R U A Rooster," then asked Nathalia if she had studied the physical properties of the prism, and if she was acquainted with the chromatic scale and the phenomenon of refraction. Nathalia shook her head, now obviously determined to say nothing. "Then," declared the reporter quietly, "you could not possibly have written this line:

> "In the darkness, who would answer for the color of a rose—"

It was a line from "The Blind Girl," in "The Janitor's Boy." "And why," demanded Nathalia, "couldn't I have written it?" "Because, dear," explained the reporter, "you say you haven't the scientific knowledge." "But couldn't I," Nathalia asked, "have taken a rose into a dark room?" "The person who wrote that line," insisted the reporter firmly, "was thoroughly familiar with the physical basis for the statement."

So the interview continued, with the two reporters piling up points in their minds, until the elder one, for the final coup, turned to Nathalia and demanded: "Nathalia, tell us what you know about Sex." There was a brief silence. "Surely," urged the reporter, "you are not self-conscious about Sex. You could not be after having written 'The Warming Pan.'" Still no answer. "Come dear," the reporter urged again, "you needn't be shy. We are all married—except us reporters, of course, and I have been a trained nurse." She waited, then, for Sex. She waited a minute, two minutes. And then Nathalia rose from the corner of the divan where she had been sitting throughout the interview and, going over to Mrs. Untermeyer, began to cry softly on her shoulder. "Have you got enough?" Mr. Crane asked courteously. The reporters gathered up their notes and, bidding everyone a pleasant good-evening, left.

The character of the remainder of the investigation was little different from this. Mr. Crist, the managing editor, despite the unpersuasive manner of the

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first interview, was later permitted to call and study the situation. The test he suggested was a two-fisted business man's, with none of this artistic whangdoodle about it. Nathalia should sit down at a typewriter directly in front of him and write a piece of poetry. Either she could write it or she couldn't, and there were no two ways about it. Nathalia tried. After about ten minutes of squirming she produced the following:

> Lo and behold, God made this starry wold,
> The maggot and the mold; Lo and behold.
> He taught the grass contentment blade by blade,
> The sanctity of sameness in a shade.

Mr. Crist suspected a trick, and presently perceived it. He discovered that the idea had been used by Nathalia once before, in a letter to the present writer, who had shown it to him. So, too keen to be caught like that, he decided to say nothing in his newspaper about his call and the test.

The investigation finally began to expire. It was shown by other newspapers, which had assumed the rôles of protectors for Nathalia against the *Eagle*, that she had never met or seen Mr. Bénet or Miss Millay, that Louis Untermeyer and Jean Starr Untermeyer were in Germany at the time Nathalia began writing, and that Faith Baldwin would not, despite all promises to keep the facts secret, confess to the authorship of the poems. Mr. Crist himself printed the fact that Mr. Crane had had a volume of poems published twenty-five years before, (Mr. Crane had published the collection at his own expense), and added "that efforts to find a copy in Brooklyn have failed," a statement which was somewhat shady, since a copy of the book, found in the Library of Congress, was at that moment, and had been for several days, in the *Eagle's* possession. At the end of all this Clement Wood, generally known as a poet and critic, approached the *Eagle* in the guise of an amateur psycho-analyst and wrote two lengthy discussions of Nathalia's works from the point of view of one capable of piercing the subconscious mind. He came to a great many entertaining conclusions, the most notable being that Nathalia's father was a Svengali, exercising the black arts in Brooklyn. Immediately upon the publication of Mr. Wood's report, word spread in the back alleys of Greenwich Village that the *Eagle* could be taken in for decent space rates by any free-lance worker able to advance an idea that Nathalia had not written her poems, and so the paper, for a week or so thereafter, was approached by all manner of occult practitioners, ranging from numerologists to plain, every-day clairvoyants, each bringing an authoritative article. Some of these the *Eagle* bought and published. Then the investigation died.

All of these circumstances suggested legal action of some character against the *Eagle* and Mr. Crane retained a lawyer to watch the paper's publications concerning Nathalia. The lawyer reported, when the attacks ceased, that a suit would be ill-advised, for so generally privileged is all discussion of literary matters and persons, that no adequate grounds for action could be found.

III

Quoting Mr. Untermeyer, who has devoted much attention and a discerning intelligence to Nathalia, it may be "the peculiar combination of the parents" that produced the child's extraordinary talent. "You have there," he says, "an oldish man and a much younger woman. You have the Puritan and the Jewess. You have the repressed New England stock and the stock of the fiery Spanish Jews. That may explain it, in part, on the basis of heredity. In part only. Genius is never entirely explicable. It always remains a marvel. The theory has been propounded that the girl is a species of medium, that in some mesmeric way her poetry comes to her, and she writes. If that means that a voice from the dead speaks to Nathalia and she repeats what she hears, then of course I don't believe anything like that. But in another sense she *is* a medium. She is a medium for

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the transmission of the experience, the wisdom of the race, which, like other children, she has inherited, but which other children, having nothing of genius about them, are unable to express."

Clarence Crane is now fifty-four years of age. Born in Sherbrook, Quebec, he is a member of the Crane family of Massachusetts, and through him Nathalia traces her ancestry to John and Priscilla Alden. He was educated in the public schools, by private tutors, and, beginning with the Bryant School at Roslyn, Long Island, of which George B. Cortelyou, later Secretary of the Treasury, was head, in several private preparatory schools. Foregoing college, he knocked about the country until the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, when he enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment of infantry and saw service in Cuba. Following this war, he enlisted in the Ninth Infantry, United States Army, and was shipped to the Philippines. In that regiment and the Eighth Infantry, he saw service about Peking during the Boxer Rebellion and finally was returned to Governors Island. Upon his discharge he succeeded in achieving the rim of a copy-desk on a Brooklyn newspaper. He lasted in this calling, with indifferent success, for several years, occasionally with the New York City News Association and occasionally on Brooklyn newspapers. When the United States entered the World War he went to Governors Island and managed, at the age of forty-five, to reënlist as a drill sergeant. Subsequently he was transferred to the Tenth Field Battalion, Signal Corps, and served in France, where he was gassed and wounded near Mons.

He is a short, deceptively robust man, prematurely aged by lingering traces of gas, who sits with the moody fatalism of a Buddha in the centre of his small family. To company he discourses in a hopeless monotone, dismissing impatiently all such minor vexations as the attacks on Nanny in order to concentrate on vaster pessimisms. "The trouble is, Brother Johnson," he sums up, "it's all too civilized. Everything is too elaborate. Everybody is hustling, hustling, hustling, and headed where? Progress! Progress! What do they mean by Progress? They don't know. All they know is that a shibboleth called Progress is the proper thing to shout. Yes, we're getting further and further away from the real things, the essentials of life. Tell me, Brother Johnson, what else do we need beside a breech-cloth, a dry cave, cigarettes, and a cup of coffee now and then? What else is there—I'd like to know." He laughs appreciatively at the tense note of seriousness which has crept into his voice. "I don't know whether I mean it or not; but it might be very nice, now, mightn't it?" The cigarettes and coffee he takes in unbelievable quantities. He tries brand after brand of coffee, making every cup as strong as his tongue can bear it. "Somehow," he explains, "I don't seem to get a kick out of it any more." He switches brands of cigarettes in the same way. To company, to reporters, he represents himself as a strange and unfathomable man, sweetly courteous and considerate, and amazingly patient and even tempered. It may be the result of bodily suffering—"I never feel well," he says—or it may be a form of misanthropy, but in any case he apparently abhors all forms of social life, never goes calling of an evening, and has, so far as I have been able to discover over three and a half years of fairly close acquaintance, no near friends.

But to Nathalia, he is a curiously fascinating fount of entertainment. At times she gives the impression that she is teasing him tenderly, but carefully, lest she hurt in some way, but as he sits evening after evening in his wicker-chair, narrating, with a sonorous perfection of rhetoric, tales of the countries he has seen, of the army, of ships, of history, of exploration, colored always with a contemptuous irony, she lies back in a chair transfixed, plucking from his discourse a strange and arresting word occasionally, to grasp its sound and to get its meaning. Subjects for them to discuss are everywhere: in an acquaintance of her

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father's who makes maps, in a plaster figure on the book-case, in any mythological reference, in a news account of new discoveries in the Gobi Desert, in an exhibit in the museum, in so fair and pleasant a name as Roslyn.

Nathalia's mother does not, alas, contribute greatly to her omnivorous child's appetite for facts and words. A vivid young woman, not yet thirty, she emerges from an ancient Spanish Jew family, the Abarbannels, the most distinguished member of which was prime minister at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Thusnelda, or Nelda, Zurich, as she made it, was born in Switzerland, brought to this country when she was a child, and educated in a Catholic convent and at Wadleigh High School, New York City, which latter institution she left to marry Clarence Crane.

A somewhat impractical person, it was she who, determined to make no second mistake such as that she fell into when she threw her daughter's poem down the dumb-waiter, set out to sell those that followed out of Nathalia's typewriter. Her method of doing it was first to write out a list of the addresses of editors, magazines, and publishers, then to give this list to a taxi-cab chauffeur and then to travel in the cab by whatever lengthy routes the chauffeur wished to take. By selling a poem for five dollars she had but to add another five dollars to pay the taxi bill.

Aside from Mr. Crane, Nathalia has one other important source of the erudition which confounded the ladies from the *Eagle*. It is ten volumes of out-dated volumes of reference. She has two two-volume sets of the Standard Dictionary issued in 1895 and six out of eight volumes of Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia, likewise a publication of 1895. The two volumes running from the last of F to Mos in this series are missing, the result of which is, if skeptics care to look it up, that Nathalia's erudition is somewhat weak on matters beginning with G, H, I, J, K, and L.

Nathalia is not what is known as a great reader. A fragile, frail, elfin child, she is forced, not unwillingly, out of doors as often as may be. She does not object; she likes play, as a normal child does. Her reading is, however, specialized. She has read Kipling, Tennyson, most thoroughly his "Idylls of the King," and such novels as "Ivanhoe," but she finds vastly more to her taste in the cyclopedia, where lengthy essays on castles, ships and the pyramids hold her for hours. Such a child as the master-mind and subliminal giant described by the *Eagle* could not, of course, be the product of so haphazard an education; but Nathalia is no such monstrosity. Her intellectual scope and depth are knock-outs only to those who are floored by any manifestations of unusual intelligence at all. She is simply a curious child with a rudimentary grasp and a tremendous colloquial hold on a number of uncommon matters, matters which have caught her interest. She has, in addition, a flair for obsolete and ungodly words, a flair which leads her to collect and treasure them with the zeal of any fancier, and which forces her to press them into her writings with ostentation. Thirdly, she has an impressionable, sensitive, and tenacious intelligence, a mind which holds facts as tanglefoot holds flies. Beyond these comprehensible elements, she has one talent which is mysterious in her as it always is in considerable poets, and that is the talent to assemble her material, assimilating it, and, in the end, issuing it in the curves and colors of genuine fancy. The existence anywhere of that talent is a matter for marvelling, but since it has not, so far as I know, ever been isolated and analyzed, no matter where found, there doesn't seem to be any logical reason why it shouldn't exist in a child.

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HE SENTIMENTALISTS

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE Old Timer lives in a palace built in Kingston, New Mexico, for $25,000 in 1887 and meant to be the noblest among all the cast-iron-dog mansions of a city of 50,000. But Kingston, instead of becoming a metropolis, played out as a mining town in the early 90's, and now barely holds on to a population of 300, mostly Mexicans.

The mansion is not quite so frayed as Kingston's hopes, because when you spent $25,000 on a house in 1887 you got what would not fray easily. Nevertheless, its Gothic towers and spires, the weather vanes on its brick stable's cupolas, and the hangings of its once lavish ball-room—which a hundred old prospectors are entitled to use as a dormitory any night they choose to pay the Old Timer a visit—would register as having seen better days, even to the sight of an old dog suffering from cataracts.

In an atmosphere so surcharged with vanished grandeur and expectations indefinitely deferred, it is not unnatural that, as the Old Timer hugs the vast base-burner in the parlor on Winter nights, he falls to telling guests with a mournful Celtic cadence, that "prawspectin' is dead an' gone to hell." But as sure as he eats his three eggs for breakfast next morning he goes out prospecting again!

The last time I heard his melancholy lament was, in fact, right in the middle of a prospecting trip. True, the Old Timer insisted that it was nothing of the kind. We were just going up to New Mexico's latest alleged ore strike to watch, as he put it, "them cow-town high-school boys and them promoters in their golf pants and them broken-down candy-store clerks from El Paso" dash off into the wilderness after gold. His own journey, he declared at least a dozen times as we bumped over desert and mountain roads in the bright cold of a Southwestern Winter, was being undertaken solely to refresh his sense of humor.

"But prawspectin', son, you'll see no prawspectin'," he roared. He stopped the ancient Cadillac for further emphasis, as he does sometimes when oracular moods possess him, and banged its steering wheel with a hard hand so that the whole chassis rattled. "It's these automobiles has killed it. Bringing them soft guys into the mountains who're afraid to walk two miles!"

All the same he admitted that a few other old timers might be drawn into the camp by a curiosity similar to his own. And so it was. That night we foregathered in a broken-down cabin, exclusively remote from the pup-tents and motor-cars of the promoters, with a group of hairy ancients. Until the dish slops outside began to freeze in the morning cold, we consumed mountain white-mule straight from the hoof, and went on about how this miserable strike wasn't one-two-three to the pay gravel we knowed about in secret places back in the mountains if only them half-baked cawllege experts of the big mining companies had sense enough to buy a real claim when they seen one.

Then, after all, it did turn out to be a prospecting trip. With more than a pint of white mule in him, the Old Timer took a three hours' snooze on the ground in front of the cabin, wrapped against a near-

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zero temperature in a single, aged army blanket. Just before dawn, he packed off with a wizened and taciturn old pal of forty-five years' standing, named Dan—into the range on the left hand side of the main road, because as he explained, everybody else was working in the right range and the sight of "all them tin horn jewellers and high-school boys tryin' to pretend they're real sewer diggers" made him sick.

They carried a fairly heavy tool outfit and were generous about provisions. Just at dusk, they came back, more heavily laden than when they set out. Nothing but a few copper and lead traces, they explained. Not even worth staking claims for, so far away from water and civilization. Still, they'd had a fine time, and although the Old Timer weighs 230 pounds and will never see his sixty-fourth birthday again, and Dan is sixty-eight, they'd done twenty-eight miles. No, they weren't all in, not by a damn sight! Just to prove it, they sat up for hours after a supper of doughballs and white mule exchanging memories of Indian fights and town life in the early 80's.

It seems fair to say, then, that prospecting, despite the Old Timer's melancholy, is as alive as he and Dan are. It is as alive as the 20,000 old men like them—big, booming-voiced confidential old men, enormous as to boots and Stetsons; shy, shabby, wistful old men with white imperials or drooping moustaches of a more ornate era—who still flit back and forth between the remote gulches and the assay offices of Spokane, Reno, Denver, El Paso, and a hundred lesser towns where claims may be sold and grub-staking occasionally provided.

It is no slur on its vitality to say that prospecting is as alive as Tom Owen. It is less than a year since Tom—who enlisted in the Fifth Alabama Infantry in March, 1861, and has been justice of peace at Van Horn, Texas, since he was a mere boy of sixty-five—came into my office in El Paso on his way to Mexico. Thirty years ago, in a lonely cabin in the desert mountains of Northern Chihuahua, he found a skeleton with the skull crushed by a bullet. There was only a feeble placer yield thereabout. But a bit later on Tom heard of a miner who came out of that district shortly before his own visit with $11,000 in gold, and years afterward there was gossip among the Indians that an Americano who had struck it rich had killed his partner there and got out with both their diggings.

"Mebbe I won't keep my strength many more years," said old Tom cheerfully. "But while I got it, I want to go look for them placer beds and see if I didn't miss something when I was there last time."

But the Old Timer is right to this extent: few men young enough to be Tom Owen's grandson take up the old trade. There may be 20,000 prospectors left. That seems to be, on grounds probably more mystical than statistical, the figure generally accepted among the known survivors. But if there are 20,000 today there must once have been 200,000 in the great days. What has become of the lost 180,000? Why did they go their way, leaving no heirs?

II

When I ask the Old Timer, he ignores the 20,000, and begins with the explanation that all the real ones are dead. But that answer doesn't satisfy even him. So is his grandmother dead, admits the Old Timer, and several billion nice tame-cat gentlemen since Abel. The old prospectors are dead, or getting pretty aged, but they are dead or aged with a difference. Under whatever circumstances their translations occur, they have a most unphilosophical custom of dying without composing their minds. They insist upon doing it with their gusto full upon them.

Here I do not refer to the case of George Daly, who on the very day the assay report was made on his famous Bridal Chamber silver strike in Lake Valley, New Mexico, dashed into the fighting lair of Geronimo's

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Apaches and expired full of comforting liquors and bullets. The Old Timer insists that Mr. Daly was a plain dam fool. "Him with the Bridal Chamber mine in his hands, ready to grind him out $3,000,000, and knowin', with his strong feelin' for wimmen, that there was dozens right in camp and hundreds back East just waitin' to help him spend it the way he liked—him gettin' so drunk that he just stepped out after a manner of speakin', and begged them lousy Indians, 'Kill me quick please!' " The Old Timer always snorts off into incoherence when he comes to this point in the narrative. He has no patience with such a reckless disposition of an epic opportunity.

It is, on the contrary, a tragedy of spending rights denied, not by foolhardiness, but by fate, which makes the most pathetic death-bed story in his annals. What he likes to tell is the tale of George Hartman. In the late 80's, Hartman, then just growing into middle age, made a $40,000 strike in Southern New Mexico. With the coin on his hip, he departed for the mysterious East with the most vivacious and charming of the professional ladies in a dozen mining camps. In six weeks—which was a comparatively short but not unprecedented time for getting rid of $40,000—he was back. He returned somewhat pale and flabby and quite penniless, but reporting an excellent vacation.

For the next generation, he toiled on into a stringy, hard old age, all over New Mexico, Arizona and Northern Mexico, never striking anything better than $8-a-day dirt, and seldom that. Finally, one Winter day during the present decade, he rode into a New Mexico county seat, visited the bank and the bootlegger, and next morning was found in his hotel room dying of a heart attack. An old comrade who sought him out to cheer his last hours, arrived just in time to hear this final gasp of piety: "God Almighty, but it's hell to cash in with $20,000!"

The friend thought the old man's mind was wandering. He started passing the hat among the boys for the funeral expenses. Then the local bank generously sent word that the late George Hartman had left an estate of $20,000, deposited the day before his death. He had struck it again—just too late to enjoy another roaring eastern trip!

If, however, Daly's death represents the summit of humor, and Hartman's the bottom of pathos, the prospecting fraternity admits that the passing of Horace O'Day was the happiest. Not that O'Day was his real name, or La Llave (The Key) the real name of the abandoned Spanish colonial bonanza he re-discovered in the grim mountain gorges between the Mexican States of Chihuahua and Sonora. My informant, who was prospecting in Mexico so long ago that he once saw the Emperor Maximilian, still has plans regarding that mine which he does not care to convey to the public.

They got track of it over glasses of confidential *aguadiente* with the Mexican padre of a two-hundred-mile-square parish. There were records of it in the church archives at Mexico City, the padre asserted. O'Day and my informant were flush with the produce of a recent placer bed. They hot-footed it for the capital, and spent a year and several thousand dollars cultivating the friendship of a highly placed ecclesiastic who knew his way around the archives. At last with the directions in their pockets and with the ecclesiastic guaranteed an interest, they set out northward.

Two months later, with an Indian guide, they stood at the entrance to a big shaft diving down obliquely into a sloping canyon wall above a dry river-bed. With dynamite they blasted away the sealing, and the gunk accumulated in a century of floods and sand storms. My friend rested at the entrance, while O'Day and the Indian went down to inspect the easy riches in the bowels of the mountain. Fifteen minutes passed. Once O'Day called back, "Wait till I tell you what's in here." Then came a sickening rip and crash of stone, a cloud of dust, a horrible sinking

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of the mine roof, and O'Day and the Indian joined the lost treasure. Lost treasure, indeed, for even in the first shock of the tragedy my friend realized that O'Day had carelessly carried into the mine in his wallet the very directions on which its discovery depended!

The survivor used up all his dynamite, wore out his tools and began to wear out his and the late O'Day's provisions trying to blast his way down into the sepulchre. It was no good. The worst of bad luck seemed to pursue him. His rot-proof sausage spoiled. His burros sickened and died of some strange malady. Other burros, other tools, other grub were hundreds of miles away. He went back while it was possible to go back outside the maw of a buzzard.

His money had all gone into cultivating his ecclesiastical friendships, so he had to go out and make another strike before he could finance a second expedition. It was years before he returned. Floods, sandstorms and possibly an earthquake or two had changed the face of nature. The adjacent Indians were hostile, dull or secretive. He could find no guides who admitted to knowing the country. He wandered about hopelessly and painfully for months, but never in that land of mountainously infinite complexity did he find the caved-in shaft again.

"But," he says after forty years, "O'Day, he saw what was in there, and then he never knew what hit him. That's the happy death for you."

III

But dying rich was never a habit among the old raw-hiders. The urge of riches unspent may have tormented an occasional cashing-in scene and amused the miners' wake that followed. But mostly—which may explain why the conventional custom of the prospectors is to die poor—that urge worked itself off in the full flush of life; a thick, luridly red flush, if anyone stopped to notice the color of the towns after the hero of a lucky strike had passed. And while the orgy was in progress, the self-respecting prospector permitted no check or hindrance from man or beast.

Thus one McEverst, with George Lovekin and Chris Watkins as partners, started working in the early 80's one of the richest claims in the celebrated Kingston district in New Mexico. One day they brought their first diggings down to the town of Hillsboro. Paid off, they were a few hundred dollars to the good. But liquor was high in Hillsboro, their friends numerous, and their visits to the local games of chance unfortunate. The shank of the evening had not passed when the trio found themselves in the disgraceful condition, for prospectors, of being out of funds and not yet satisfactorily tight. There followed a sharp disagreement about credit with an obtuse saloon-keeper. Violence was prevented by a nameless stranger who appeared at the psychological moment, and inquired how much it would cost to thoroughly inebriate Messrs. McEverst, Lovekin and Watkins. The trio withdrew for a consultation, and then announced, not without hauteur, that it could be done for $500.

"All right," said the stranger, "I'll give you $500 cash for that claim of yours."

It was done. Drinks were bought for the obliging stranger, and Messrs. McEverst, Lovekin and Watkins proceeded to their revels. Afterward, the claim yielded scores of thousands of dollars—to the obliging stranger!

Still, there is a pleasing sequel to the awakening. The three went back to the Kingston district and discovered another claim better than the first. They sold it for $100,000, and Mr. Watkins boasted in after life that on his share of the proceeds he managed to keep happy for three years. "But," he would add, "I had to buy a saloon so as to get it wholesale."

It would be unfair, however, to suggest that the prospector's spending impulse invariably vented itself in carnal pleasures. He was a lonely man living among his own

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kind and sex, and damming up his more tender emotions in deference to a traditionally hard and unkempt atmosphere. So it often happened that his new-found wealth was used to purchase a sentimental release. No doubt the flush miner's gallantries with fair camp-followers was a response to this yearning, rather than an evidence of delight in mere debauchery. Eager for romance, the prospector took such women as were immediately available while his brief affluence lasted.

But many times his gallantry was virtuous even to the limits of the Arthurian ethic. Not infrequently, indeed, some sensible and unromantic grandmother in a safe and sane town like Ashtabula, Ohio, has learned from excited lawyers that she was the heir to Bill Smith, late of Wild Cat, Colorado, by a will drafted in 1884 —only to discover upon investigation that Mr. Smith's bequest had been only a kindly thought of his childhood sweetheart during a period of affluence, and that he had possessed nothing to make a will about for forty years.

But not always was the sentimental side of the old-time prospector's splurge so ineffectual. More than a few such ancient sweethearts (to the great joy of their husbands) have been enriched by unexpected and bountiful drafts. Nor was the prospector's sentimentality always lavished upon women alone. At Kingston, at one period, the $3,000,000 Lady Franklin mine belonging to two lucky partners, T. C. Chapman and Mose—or Patched Pants—Thompson, apparently petered out. It could have been bought for a song, and Patched Pants Thompson, evidently a romantic given to self pity, sat weeping its fate. To him came Dan McGowan, a prospector out of luck and working at wages for the outfit. He had no love for his hard-boiled employers, and his intentions were to buy the Lady Franklin for a song, and thereafter live fatly upon the rich new vein which he had that day discovered in a far corner of the property, unknown to any other living soul.

But the boss's grief moved him against his cannier nature. So he blurted out the whole story of the new strike, and next week was fired. The incredible part is that he soon did it again. With renewed capital, the Lady Franklin acreage expanded. McGowan knew where another rich seam was located on a late addition, and nobody else knew it. He swore vengeance—the vengeance of a man who refuses to tell his neighbor good news. But he fell ill. His life was despaired of. He started East to die. On the train he felt his last hour approaching. He thought something virtuous about the uselessness of bearing grudges into the next land, and wrote and posted at a way station a letter to the Lady Franklin proprietors telling them all. Then, with the first breath of the lower altitudes, he began to recover. He was back in the West in time to see Chapman and Thompson open the new diggings. In fact, he is alive yet, with a favorite story about how he "spent half a million dollars being too damn decent."

Whether he spent it on his emotions, or on his fleshly appetites, or on stock in a rain-making corporation for the Mojave desert, or handed it over the card tables of Virginia City to some better poker player, the first plank in the prospector's platform was his insistence on his right to spend it in his own way. A certain Western metropolis had a serious bank failure late in the 80's. One week previously a prospector of old-fashioned notions had deposited there the $10,000 left over from the first celebration of a $20,000 mine-site sale. It was not a failure which appealed to local sympathies. The bank's assets were down to 15% of its liabilities. Several of its officers were threatened with indictment for having dissipated its funds on loans to their relatives. The president was the villain of an especially infuriating scandal, since more than a year before, too long back to prove against him a conspiracy to cheat the bankruptcy laws, he had deeded his $10,000 residence to his son. The youth was not a stockholder in

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the bank and so could not be sued for the property.

A few days after the crash, the bank president was sitting in his son's library when the prospector was announced. Instead of offering a cordial greeting to an old acquaintance, the visitor drew a .45 from its holster and levelled it at the retired magnate's head.

"You tried to hi-jack me out of $10,000," he said. "Now, you're going to deed over your $10,000 house to me and make it right."

The banker was noted for his persuasive suavity. He purred tactfully that his friend Jack surely wouldn't shoot him over a little disagreement that was bound to come out all right anyway.

"I'll blow you to hell in exactly two minutes," said Jack, with his eyes on the clock. "That's time enough for you to make out this deed."

"But I haven't the power to deed it to you," the banker pleaded. "This house belongs to my son."

"All right," said the prospector. "I'll give you ten minutes to bring him in."

But the son was in another part of the house, and the transaction was accomplished in less than five minutes. There were sincere acknowledgments of the prospector's threat to send both to hell if any trouble was made about it, and the deed was solemnly registered. Next day, Jack sold his new property for what he could get, and departed to run the gamut of pleasure in the Coast towns. He was through with institutions which might interfere with his spending urge.

IV

You find them now, the old-timers, sitting about an occasional campfire and exchanging accounts of travels more varied than those of deep-water sailors, and adventures more strange than those of explorers. Old Tom Owen, it appears, has a prejudice against British Guiana, because there a persuasive promoter once cut his wages. Another elderly gentleman is unable to muster up the proper American degree of wrath against the Soviet government because he remembers so pleasantly the kind of vodka they had in the Urals. Only the other day I had a discussion with a certain John Benning, whose proper address is simply the Western Hemisphere, concerning good eating.

"You ought to try one of those wild turkeys the way the head-hunting Indians of the upper Amazon cook 'em, all rolled up in a mud ball," he advised, as simply as if he were only suggesting a new restaurant. It developed that when he had a slight disagreement with his superiors at Cerro de Pasco shortly after his fiftieth birthday, he took his back pay and equipped himself for a year's solitary prospecting on the eastern slopes of the Andes. He found no stake worth mentioning, but the head-hunters were "the squarest Indians and the best cooks in South America."

Nearly every hard-grubbing gaffer who brags gustily today of how he made the joyous ladies of San Francisco or the bartenders of New Orleans over-work themselves for him in his days of affluence, can also, when pressed for his more moral achievements, relate how he spent an equal sum and equal energy trailing some myth of mother lodes or lost bonanzas into lands little less remote, and usually less profitable, than Poictesme. And if the gaffer is not there to tell it, the chances are that his wanderings after improbable prosperity will be sufficiently implied in the epitaph furnished him by friendly survivors: "He froze at Nome." . . . "He got bumped off in the Madero revolution." . . . "He got soused in Bolivia, and the altitude finished him." . . . "He went to the Transvaal and never sent us a line."

So perhaps the main reason for the profession's decline is that, in days when any up-and-coming sentimentalist can make a good living off the order of Kiwanis, with mere rhetoric, prospecting still remains slightly hazardous.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Criticism

ON ORIGINALITY

By John McClure

Scamander.—I have just read an excellent sarcastic criticism of a young poet. It seems he filched a rhythm. He will know better than to do it again.

Polycrates.—It is a pity we cannot have more emphasis on products and less on persons. Our criticism nowadays is concerned with poets rather than poetry. We ask, not "Is this poem good?" but "Is it original? Did the rogue steal it? Is it true to his character? Were this sort of thing better left unsaid? Is the rascal a true man? What seems to be his philosophy? Is he bilious or sanguine?" That is all galimathias. Imagine that we are considering a Greek vase or a Greek epigram. Does it matter to us if the artist stole the design? Does it matter to us if the poor devil was notorious for his absurdities and believed there were dragons in hell? Not at all. As we view the vase or the epigram, either it is beautiful or it is not beautiful, and that is all there is to it. Imagine, then, that we are considering a printed page written by a young man now living in Washington Square. The words before us speak for themselves. If the symbols are good and—if it be poetry—the rhythms are good, that is all that concerns us æsthetically. Does it matter to us in the slightest particular whether the young man is an ass, a thief, a fairy or an angel? The product alone, in the arts, properly interests us. To say that the artist filched it, God forgive him, or that the thought and emotion it symbolizes are unworthy of a gentleman or a wise man, is to leap from æsthetics into morality. Furthermore, if the work of art requires knowledge of the artist to make it intelligible, it is, to precisely that extent, an inferior product. Art is objective. The idea and emotion, or the harmonious form, are projected bodily into the outer world, where they must exist disassociated from the artist. Else, subject to his mortal infirmities, his work will die with him. The artist's product must be intelligible and acceptable not merely to the confidant, but to the stranger. Literature that requires an understanding of the author to be intelligible is gibberish overheard in a madhouse. "The Wanderer" is a great poem. We know nothing of its author. Maybe the work is a plagiarism. That would be shocking, yet the poem is good.

Scamander.—It would not be very healthy to plagiarize now.

Polycrates.—No. If you emulate the masters now you are a petty thief, and hanging is much too good for you. Yet it would be worth a fair price if we could return to objective criticism of art. All this emphasis on the ego is symptomatic of a vain and restless mind. Good art is self-sufficient. Every poem must some day stand on its own bottom like those in the Elizabethan song-books. It may be said without danger of contradiction that in all periods of feverish and magnificent artistic production artists were more interested in art than, as today, in being artists, more interested in good work than in original work. The Elizabethan song-writers were primarily interested in good songs. Many never signed their work. The Elizabethan dramatists were primarily interested in dramatic poetry. They stole their ingredients right and left, in the interest not of vainglory but of excellence. All this is shocking, and such rogues now-

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adays would be prosecuted. Yet their products were good. After all, is not an artist worthy of his name interested primarily in good art? It is only in decadent periods that the boards are cluttered with vainglorious clowns more interested in being artists than in producing art. And it is only in the dog-days of criticism that critics write not of art but of artists. I am speaking of fine art. In the study of human nature and the pursuit of philosophy (two pastimes I respect), the character of artists, as of all men, assumes importance of course. In this field of research we may dismiss a great poet or painter as a ridiculous prig, if he be such, or explore forever the illimitable wealth of his mind and heart, if he be a Shakespeare or a da Vinci. But we must remember that when we undertake the study of humanity we soon desert the field of art, finding material as rich and richer in the histories of princes and philosophers, dandies and scholastics, warriors and heroes, and all the lively adventurous souls who sought satisfaction in experience instead of in art. It is not in romances or poems, comedies or tragedies, marble or paint, that we learn to see life broadly and clearly in a reasonable light, but rather in the proverbs, in the recorded thoughts of the sages, and in the living commentary spelt out in the deeds of droll or noble men. Even the drama—a bastard commentary—is tricky, exaggerating the tragic and the comic into finality. Life itself never commits those errors, and peasants and sages are not deceived like the tragic and comic writers. Proverbs are frank. Man's romanticism, his hypocrisy and his fetiches of dramatic propriety have not imposed upon the communal authors of proverbs. There is salt and wisdom in old saws. Nevertheless, some edification can be drawn from the arts and from the lives of artists. The humanitarian study of poetry or painting is never fruitless. In the pursuit of philosophy any human being and any human endeavor is valuable. I know of no more fascinating subject for contemplation than the life and character of Shelley. Yet, I maintain that the life and character of Shelley have no proper connection with the fine art of poetry. The connection, if established by force, is gratuitous and signifies nothing.

SCAMANDER.—Is it not possible that the contemporary mode of criticism springs from a contemporary mode of life?

POLYCRATES.—Unquestionably. The feverish interest in the ego (one of the poisons of our present democracy) appears in conduct no less than in criticism. Men pride themselves on being original in art, independent in behavior. It is an honor to depart from the norm in any direction. In humanity's flowering periods an ideal norm, a type, has always been set as the goal toward which men strove. In Greece it was the citizen of the world; in Rome, the soldier; in Ireland, the hero; in medieval Europe, the knight; in modern England and colonial Virginia, the gentleman. Men prided themselves on their approach to the ideal. In so far as their original impulses conflicted with the type, they crushed them. The ideal type was, of course, æsthetic. Men recognized an art of conduct. The hero or the gentleman was, in fact, a work of art and a perfect example was admired above all originals. Art, remember, is superior to artists. The ideal of the soldier is more valuable than trap-shooting. The art of conduct is respected more than any original character, however droll he may be. A gentleman who made the appropriate gesture on the field of honor or elsewhere was never condemned for lack of originality: on the contrary he achieved his glory by conforming to type. A duellist who pirouetted at the count and fired under his arm got no credit for being a clever fellow. Conduct is good or bad according to its propriety. If a man be original within the bounds of the ideal—as were the Chevalier Bayard, Washington, Cœur de Lion, and the Irish heroes—so much the better. But originality serves only to enrich the harmony and propriety of human conduct. In art or life, it is a vain and feeble end in itself.

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Philosophy

WILLIAM JAMES

By Leo Stein

Among recent philosophers William James holds a place distinguished and apart, which may well prove permanent. His books, like the best literature, can bear re-reading, for he offers something more than a doctrine that is to be learned. What he has to say is never said completely in isolated theories or groups of theories, and the attempt so to understand him falsifies him. Most philosophy is an attempt to state precisely what is imprecisely conceived, with the consequence that the sharp contours which pretend to confine the matter are hardly more than fictions. The philosopher who stands within his lines defending them is generally as uncertain of their actual tracing as are those who attack them from without. He has, however, the conviction that they must be intelligible and somehow right. The assailants have the conviction that they are unintelligible and somehow wrong. The disputes follow on publication, and continue for all time if the philosopher is important enough to survive. There is not a single philosopher of whom it can be said today that one knows precisely and unequivocally what he meant.

It is the distinction of William James that he not only didn't know precisely what he meant but knew that he didn't know, and made no attempt to state it precisely. For him the concept never fully expressed any matter with which philosophy deals, since this needs to be indicated so that it may be appreciated, rather than defined so that it may be understood. Certainly there is a thread of understanding that runs through this matter, but this is comparatively thin, while the matter to be apprehended is thick. As a result there are few sharp edges, but this does not make the thought sloppy. Critics are constantly complaining, and often try to apply his statements in such a way that the matter should be completely held within the limits of the statements and not blend with apparently outlying matter. They do not seem to get hold of the fact that to do so falsifies James's meaning, and also falsifies the matter with which he is dealing. They have continually tried to make of James's rich saturated solution a group of crystals that could readily be handled and definitely measured. But to the last has James eluded them.

An instance of what I mean is the pragmatic truth of religion. James held that the working value of religion was evidence of its truth. What he could possibly mean by this statement puzzled many critics, who felt that here his good nature had passed all reasonable bounds. Really his good nature was not involved, but his intelligence was. He had in mind the concrete situation which he has described in the essay, "The Will to Believe." James meant that when religion is for some one a "live option," when it is practicable to believe, and advantageous, then it is well to do so, and the good results are evidence of the truth. But the critic wants to know what it is that is shown to be true. Is it shown to be true that religion is desirable, or that some religion is true, or that the Baptist religion, say, is true? What the critic actually wants is to discuss the presented situation in terms that the presented situation does not admit of.

To J. H. Newman, for instance, the choice was to be made between the Church of England and the Catholic Church. He could accept the dogmas of either, provided he could accept the Church. That is to say, the situation was a total one. Whatever the choice is to be, a certain amount goes together. The critic tries to apply scientific analysis. In science truth is a satisfactory concordance which results from the manipulation of such analysed material. Newman could apply such methods to the historical evidence,

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but his confirmatory satisfaction in the truth of Catholic dogma and Catholic life was a single and coherent fact. What is proven to be true is that which belongs, and to demand what it is in particular that belongs to an unanalysable situation, is to go begging for the unattainable. To avoid analysis when analysis is possible is to betray the intelligence, but to dogmatize about the results of an analysis that one cannot make is equally to betray the intelligence. It was James's vivid perception of situations that were actual that made him accept them without insisting that they answer questions which in the nature of things they couldn't answer.

It is this maintained contact with the facts of life that makes James' vivid, beautiful prose so easy to read and so difficult to understand. One feels its richness, and one ignores its kind of precision. In this respect it contrasts notably with that of Professor John Dewey. Dewey is hard to read but easy to understand. But to understand him, especially in his recent work, one shouldn't exactly read him. Dewey, in "Experience and Nature," for instance, writes abstractly with concrete situations in mind. Consequently if one reads and tries to understand him directly, one is held up by a blank wall of abstract propositions. On the other hand, if one reads alongside the text and makes of the book a kind of running commentary on things and events, the text becomes both intelligible and illuminating. Many disciples of Dewey find the Carus lectures hard to understand. This makes one think that their instrumentalism is more a matter of theory than of practice, and that they can understand their master more easily when he explains his theory than when he applies it. If this were not so they would not tend to lose themselves in the somewhat harsh procession of Dewey's sentences, but they would run lightly and gaily beside them, and abound in the sense of what they meant.

James' books are as far as possible from this. Here is no abstract philosopher who makes concrete connections and applications, but a man for whom concrete situations sprout into philosophy. No matter how abstract the argument may immediately seem, it is both nourished by particulars and sends out tentacles in all directions to grasp the particulars to which reference is implied. Any one who cuts the tentacles and tries to reduce the argument to the mere central core, in losing part of the meaning, loses the whole. James said in a letter written from Brazil in 1865, "No one can see further into a generalization than his own knowledge of details extends." Many people might say a thing of this kind and in a sort of ineffectual way believe it, but James believed it effectually. He really behaved as though to him it were true, and the special quality of his writing is largely due to this. The facts are present even when they are not mentioned, held in the menstruum of James' extraordinary style.

It is impossible to be rooted in the facts in all their concrete diverse richness and yet to write in terms of abstract precision, unless one's abstractions are to be of the most general kind. Then all the particulars can be implicated because the terms are so very inclusive. This is true of much mystical writing, where all particulars are taken up into some comprehensive, comprehending, but incomprehensible cosmic whole. James, however, was not a mystic—he was a man of science. It was his subject matter that made it impossible to pack the stuff into neat formulæ. The subject matter could not, like the subject matter of ordinary physics and chemistry, be completely expressed in words and numbers, or like the subject matter of geology or biology, be in part so expressed and in part be pointed at distinctly. The subject matter was not susceptible of a sufficiently exact analysis.

The only thing to do was to use the more tangible portions for establishing coigns of vantage from which the rest could be approached. James' ability to do this was of the rarest, but in general the critical

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reader is recalcitrant. He reads and admires, but still thinks that James is keeping something back. "Yes," he says, "that is very nice, but please tell me *exactly* what you mean." This reminds me that when Freeman in his history of the Norman Conquest had elaborated an account of the battle of Hastings with everything that he knew and everything that he could guess, some one who was writing an historical novel asked him about the weather of that memorable twenty-eighth of September, 1066. Apparently the ingenuous novelist supposed that one who knew so much must be keeping back something if he didn't tell all.

James was in fact telling all that he knew, but he seemed rather to disapprove of telling more than he knew. He was not afraid of the hazard, but he disliked the futility. This combination of fearlessness and prudence, of recklessness and caution, makes him so easy to understand if you go along with him, and so hard to understand if you turn up your coat collar and say, "Show me." It makes him more veracious than most, and different from the general run of those who derived from him. These belonged in the main to one or the other of two classes—the neo-realists and behaviorists who tried to make him exact, and the mystics who tried to make him inexact. James was less dogmatic, that is to say, more scientific, and did not lose from sight his actual subject matter.

Professor Dewey, in his review of James' "Pragmatism," said that the book is more likely to take a place as a philosophic classic than any other writing of our day. I believe that this will prove true of James' writings as a whole. Their balanced fullness, their concrete richness makes them possessive of something more than the mere germ of what has been more fragmentarily though more intensively developed since. But these developments serve to make James richer. Many paths trodden in our day lead out from his work and return to it again. The world which he perceived was a multitudinous one. He never lost the sense of the multitudinous thing, and yet never lost himself in it. So he became the richest interpreter of that of which he was so rich a part.

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CHANGING FASHIONS IN HISTORY

BY CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

Was it Napoleon or some wittier Frenchman who threw off the cryptic judgment: "What is history but a fiction agreed upon?" Whoever the author, his words contain a profound, though only partial, truth. The fiction exists not only in the traditional narrative of past events but also in the astigmatic vision of the historians themselves. The affliction is incurable, since it is innate in the relation existing between the students and their subject of study, the social torrent madly rushing they know not whence or whither. Creatures of their environment—children of the present, heirs of the past—they are tossed, like derelicts, hither and yon upon the stream of life. Their horizon is limited, and haphazard is their view of it. Surely Henry Adams was correct in declaring that social change appears unmoral, meaningless, and chaotic. So it must always appear unless historians can discover some high place upon which to raise themselves above the circumambient flux.

Real stability amidst the ever-changing has been desperately sought by brilliant scholars—but all in vain. Hence comes fiction. There has been developed a clever and apparently learned method of procedure by means of which historians succeed in deceiving themselves and in convincing others that their opinions concerning what has happened and what is happening conform to reality, that objective truth has been at least approximately secured. The mental operation is complicated and can only be acquired by a long and painful novitiate, but possibly it can be sketched in simple terms.

The first process is to cut off in imagination the piece of human experience that is to form the subject of investigation. This stretch of the social current, after being isolated from previous and subsequent developments, is still further simplified, lest the brain be paralyzed by receiving at one time too many sensations. To this end the historian casts aside as useless for his purpose much of the life he finds, the literary and philosophical, sometimes the religious, phenomena, the sickness and health of the people, their methods of business, in fact every activity which may distract his attention from observing the more serious events which in his eyes are alone worthy to be laid on the altar of Clio.

His amputations are drastic, since his sole object is to explain how the conditions which he thinks he finds existing at the close of his chosen period came into being. Possibly the mental operation in its entirety may be best illustrated by a concrete example and a simile. Say the Revolutionary War is the phenomenon to be explained and the forces which created it are to be discovered in the colonial experiences. Our scholarly man imagines himself stationed on the mountain top of the Revolution, whence he looks over a scene where personal and mass motives and inhibitions, private and public desires and fears, accidents to individuals and crises in the British Empire are twisted and intertwined like the flora of a tropical forest. The prospect appears disheartening. But wait: the historian produces his magical telescope; he places it to his eyes, which end depending upon his special

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interest. The transformation is miraculous. Only those phenomena that he finds of interest to himself are focussed in his tubular blinder.

But the process of self-deception is not yet completed. The events of the past are seen on parade, moving in succession before his eyes. They must be forced to assume the relation of cause and effect. The historian, not being able to accomplish this by any known method of logic, has recourse again to imagination, and ascribes to the forces which he thinks he understands a purposive power to will the ends he desires to explain. This process is called teleology, a word borrowed from that very scientific discipline, theology. In this manner a most satisfactory explanation is reached. The origin of the American Revolution is traced back to old England, whence were conveyed to Jamestown and Plymouth the disintegrating energies that in the course of their development were predestined to disrupt the British Empire. The historian has accomplished his end. All the history of the American colonies from its origin to the point of observation is centered around one line of purposive force pushing society towards the War of Independence.

After our seeker of the truth has thus expounded to his own satisfaction and for the edification of the masses his thoughts on the metamorphosis of colonies into States and States into a nation, he runs down the course of the social stream in search of another period of belligerency, for in his mind wars assume an exaggerated importance and constitute the major part of history and transform all the rest. On the top of the Civil War he places himself and gazes intently through his magical glass at what he takes to be a valley of the less important features lying beneath him. Again the system of eliminating his non-essentials and of magnifying and combining his selected happenings is applied. To him all lines of development end in the War between the States. The germs of disruption are discovered in the Federal Constitution, the Southerners are distorted into conspirators against the Union, the Mexican War is their artful contrivance.

At the present moment in the stream of time students are making their observations from the crest of the World War, and some of them are beginning to interpret the events of the last few decades in terms of that great conflict. The Spanish-American War is raised to the dignity of the pivot upon which public opinion turned. All unconsciously, you and I and all of us were, for years, bearers of the malign forces of a world's cataclysm. It may be so.

II

The foregoing has been the process by which the traditional interpretation of American history has been laid down. The point of view expressed very exactly the opinion of thirty or more years ago, for in the eyes of older generations wars appeared like dams obstructing somewhat the current of the social stream and therefore offering to observers a convenient place for studying the flow of events. Could an historical interpretation be confined to the generation that gave it birth, its limitations could be disregarded. Unfortunately, the obscurantisms of the past are blinders on the souls of men of today, and retard the clarification of their vision.

Particularly is this the case in the field of history, where authority and prestige exercise an unwarranted influence. Historians take too eagerly an oath of allegiance to tradition and make only sporadic and half-hearted efforts to shake off the shackles laid on them by their forerunners. It is certainly strange that the twists and turns of exposition, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of narratives, written by the generation of Sparks and Bancroft guide historical thought even today; and as for Francis Parkman, whose pages drip red with gore, his books contain the law and the prophets for practically every professor of history in the country.

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But historical astigmatism resulting from this bellicose view of the past is not the only distortion from which the accepted story of America's evolution suffers. The wars have been observed too exclusively from a narrow and limited geographical location. Birth and environment have been determining factors in selecting for the watch-tower the guilded dome of Massachusetts' capitol. Boston undoubtedly offers many advantages to the sightseer, but one would not select it for a point of vantage from which to examine the antics of the madding crowd of Charleston, South Carolina, or even the ups and downs of the political gang in Chicago, Illinois. Yet this is what has happened in the writing of American history, because a disproportionate number of our foremost historians—Sparks, Bancroft, Parkman, Fiske and Channing, to mention only a few—were born in New England, or at least received their training at Harvard or some other parochial institution of the Northeast. Massachusetts has been by them written large over every page of our national history.

I am not disposed to offer at this time any criticism of the telescope method of our observers of social dynamics. Some *modus operandi* is evidently necessary. The element of relativity in so-called historical truth can never be eliminated, for the character of their phenomena and their sources of information compel historians to employ some means of eliminating what may appear to be irrelevant forces and events. For this purpose the teleological view is natural, since it lies within the nature of the social flux. Yet it must not be overlooked that the perspective in which the historian sees the events and the meaning which he reads in them are dependent upon the location in the social flood whence he chooses to direct his observations. The myopia arising from a geographical monopoly is slowly being cured by the dispersion of interest in matters historic to all sections of the nation. New England, together with the Middle States, still exerts a predominating influence upon historical studies, and no doubt will continue to do so for generations, or at least so long as the graduate schools of the Northeast attract by their higher cultural standards and their greater facilities for research young men and women from all parts of the country. The rapid growth of the great State universities of the West, however, is bringing nearer the time when the long endured leadership will be questioned and finally contested with success.

Before the year 1914, upon which we shall hereafter base our historical calender, students of society were emancipating themselves from the war obsession, were broadening their outlook to embrace the whole gamut of social life, and were following the lead of the Germans in directing their research to explain civilization as a whole. A reaction against this diversion from the older school has already set in; and fife and drum, or rather bomb and gas, history is again in the ascendant. How long it will remain so, it is impossible to foretell.

But neither the evils inherent in a belligerent world view nor the blessings of its opposite, *Kultur-Geschichte*, constitute the subject of this essay. Our minds are occupied with the selection of the most available social mountain-top upon which to erect an imaginary observatory of American life. The problem of selection is made complex and intricate by the conflicting opinions entertained by various groups: economic determinists, political historians, sociologists, psychologists, modernists, and others representing every conceivable nuance of mental obliquity. Never again will historians find themselves so much in accord concerning the subject matter and the meaning of their science as were the students of fifty years ago. So mutually repellant are opinions today that one is inclined to seek refuge among the historical modernists whose sole interest in the past is its contribution to the present. They level their magical

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telescope, complacently, through their study windows and take note of only those forces that move directly towards their eyes, thus making a stringent application of the doctrine of relativity. They may be wise; but the result is necessarily limited to personal opinions on things in general, for no two scientists are in agreement concerning the constitution of the present; and as to a knowledge of the future so closely involved in its meaning, the advocates of this new departure in historical research, if I understand them, make no claim to the clairvoyance of an H. G. Wells. Pessimistic as I am about attaining to even approximate truth in history, I find it impossible to make myself over into a pragmatic historian, and so I must continue my search for a better spot on which to build my observatory than is offered by my desk and swivel chair.

III

It is quite evident that the aim of all researchers in dusty volumes and mouse-eaten manuscripts has been to discover the succession of events that have been apparently thrown off by the central current of American evolution. The older historians thought they had hit upon this in the catacylsms of war; the economic historians are certain that the struggle for existence and well-being in a given geographical area will afford the stream of human activities for which we seek. Others make different proposals. There is one intriguing point of view that has become the credo of a very active, though young, school of historians, and it is my guess—I am a Massachusetts Yankee—that in time its opinion will prevail. Unless I am deceived, there will take place in the near future a revolutionary change in the history fashions of America.

The greatest event that ever occurred in the New World, and indeed one of the most momentous in the history of humanity, was the settlement of the major part of the North American continent by people who spoke English. Some historians are declaring in categorical terms that in the peaceful conquest of the continent there can be found the true key to unlock the secret of our national growth and that, therefore, the story of our country should be woven around the westward movement. Instead of erecting an historical observatory amidst the destructive engines of war, they urge us to mount the high places of the continent, from where we may follow the progress of the constructive forces of planting and growing. We should concentrate our attention on men clearing the forests, locating towns and cities, and constructing means of transportation.

The history of the colonies has been too long obscured by the battles' smoke. A clearer understanding can be obtained from the top of the Appalachians. From here we may observe the activities of the human freight deposited upon the Atlantic shore by ships from the Old World. Hardly have new villages been built, when the first frontiersmen enter upon the long trail leading into the West. Slowly at first and then with accelerated steps they make their way through the forest. For a short period they pause at the foot of the mountains; but their numbers increase, the spirit of competition arises, the desire for wealth drives them, and soon a few undertake the hazardous climb. The wide expanses of the Ohio Valley lie spread before their eyes. Thousands now follow, each buoyed up by the hope of discovering some fertile meadow wherein to raise his home.

As observers we must ourselves hasten across the great inland valley of the Mississippi and take a station on some snow-capped peak of the Rockies, whence we may watch the triumphant march of an army of pioneers mustered from all the nations of the world. Not yet is the valley conquered, when the loud shout of gold echoes from hill to hill. The march becomes a mad charge. Wildly, heedlessly, the multitudes hurl themselves at the

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mountains; they scramble through the dangerous defiles and spread themselves over the sunny lands of California.

In his first observation from the novel and Western lookout the historian is bewildered by the confusion of the once orderly landscape; mountains shrunk to hills, hills to plains, strange peaks appearing on the horizon; events familiar from the days of childhood have undergone curious transformations and are arranged in a new perspective. The world of his tradition is metamorphosed; all is topsy-turvy. Many well-trained historians can discover no path of truth leading through this uncharted wilderness, and so they continue to follow the well-worn road surveyed by the Fathers. Their guide-books are still appearing from the press, even while younger and more imaginative pioneers are boldly blazing the trail of a radical interpretation.

Let us follow the guide of the younger men amidst the scenes of the strange landscape. First, it will be noticed that Massachusetts and her Puritans cease to cast their shadow over all events of the past. Evidently we are not in a world of Yankee manufacture. The founding of Plymouth and Boston is no longer magnified by local chauvinism and antiquarian zeal. They were only early examples of similar communities established by the English-speaking people at every stage of their advance westward. Age and priority cannot secure for them an exaggerated emphasis, since, for an understanding of the history of the American people, they are from many aspects less illustrative than others, for instance, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco.

The soul of the true America is not to be discovered among the New England hills, for the Yankees, shut off in a corner, were contemplating the perfection of their own conscience, while the miraculous birth of a new people was taking place to the south of them. The valleys of Pennsylvania and Virginia rocked the cradle, and the river banks and prairies of the Ohio guarded the days of childhood. More clearly than did the ancient scholastics do we see the genesis of this new nation: in its soul is mingled the psychic life of all the folks of the world, memories of the British Isles and of lands of a more gutteral speech and more æsthetic spirit; into its consciousness has been poured the thought of the highlands of Central Europe and of the lowlands to the east and south; into its brawn have entered the dusky races of Africa and Asia. All united have been the progenitors of this youthful people called American. Who can place on the scales the value of what any one of them has contributed?

IV

While gazing at the new picture of the past, we feel dropping from our eyes the scales of the institutional complex which half blinds the people and historians of all nations. Actual government is never identical with the communal graveyard wherein lie the stereotyped institutions. Most of the bonds cementing society are not to be found in the book of statutes; folk customs and habits are stronger than law. The soul of a people expresses itself outside of their constitution. One who has watched the pioneers staking out free land, making their own rules and regulations, creating a true democracy, shaking off the shackles imposed by the fathers, is in no danger of sharing the popular delusion that the American government, Athena-like, sprang full grown and unchangeable from the heads of certain Jovian wise men. Clearly the blessings and evils of America can be traced more justly to the Western frontier than to Philadelphia.

In their new perspective the wars, which have always been represented as high peaks, will be recognized with difficulty, for when placed in comparison with the conquest of a continent, they are reduced to truer proportions as mere incidents in a greater achievement—the building of a nation. The Revolution seems to rise

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hardly above the general level, being obscured by the transmuting energies molding contemporary society, the call of the prairies, the gestation of democracy, the transformation of customs and manners; all these would have acted just as powerfully, would have accomplished their end just as effectively, had the separation from the British Empire been postponed a few decades, or occurred without hate and bloodshed. The War of 1812 and that with Mexico were conceived in the West and were expressions of an imperialistic will. The Civil War was a struggle for supremacy between two economic sections: in its origin is apparent a weakness of democracy, which can find no cure for a national disease except by recourse to irrational emotions and the frenzy of popular madness, in this case with vast and incalculable damage to one of the contestants.

Certain aspects of our history sadly neglected by the earlier writers stand in the foreground like high hills, and over many of them hangs a haze, the breath of economic selfishness and dishonor. All the varied relations with the Indians, the fur-trade, the purchase of land, the consequent speculation, are striking features. To the historian with literary aspirations a description of the dreary national land policy will offer serious difficulties; but he will find his compensation in the romantic trek of the Mormons across the dry lands, in the picturesque rush for gold, and in accounts of the daring speculators in timber, cattle, mines, and railroads. The new subjects of interest are innumerable, and many of them are both intriguing and momentous.

Such is the appearance of the new fashion in history that will some day be found acceptable by the American people. In many places it is being already taught. Its point of view lies somewhere between that of the older school and that of the one advocated by the radical modernists. There is in it a genuine effort to maintain the judicial temper of the former, to interpret the past in its own terms; whereas there are concessions to the latter in the long view of evolution, in the recognition of continuity, in the just criticism of the oblique vision that is broken by arbitrary periods. The value of the new truth revealed by such a radical transformation of the national story must not be too greatly exaggerated. It may or may not approach close to reality. Who can say? There comes to my mind a pregnant sentence by Henry Adams in a reply to a would-be critic: "I have written too much history to have faith in it; and if anyone thinks I am wrong, I am inclined to agree with him." Without making the Western interpretation a matter of faith we can, I think, accept it, without mental stultification, as a novel guess in relativity, made by historians who have caught a different vision of the meaning of the past, as they drift, buffeted by shifting winds and tumultuous waves, towards an unchartered destiny.

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JOURNALISM BELOW THE POTOMAC

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

SOUTHERN journalism is now so near to perfection that the measure by which it has failed to attain the ideal is imperceptible to the naked eye. The Miami *Herald* last year published 42,000,000 lines of advertising. John Stewart Bryan, publisher of the Richmond *News-Leader*, is president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Not a Rotary Club south of the Potomac now fails to include within its sacred circle some officer of the local newspaper publishing company. A score of Southern journals have recently occupied, and as many more are building, offices that cost more than a quarter of a million dollars each. The average Southern newspaper publisher today is much more respectable than a merchant, some are even more so than a banker, and a few are almost as holy as the owner of a cotton-mill.

There is no arguing against facts. Southern journalism today has reached a pinnacle that not even the wildest romantics of twenty years ago expected it ever to attain. At the turn of the century and for some years thereafter the words newspaper man brought to the mind's eye of the Southerner a starveling creature, skinny, sinewy, ferocious, the very antithesis of the American ideal of material, moral and spiritual well-being. All that is changed now. The typical newspaper man of the New South has an aldermanic paunch and a multiplicity of chins. His taste in cigars is apt to be as fastidious as that of a Wall Street operator. His bootlegger is the one who caters to the mayor. He submits to the revilings of the pro at the golf club as meekly as do the presidents of the First National Bank and the spinning-mills. In short, he has attained a place in the American nobility. He has become a Peer of the Realm, a Business Man, and Bradstreet, our Western DeBrett, lists none sounder, fatter or greasier.

This applies, of course, only to men of seigniorial rank. As for the villeins, they have not altered perceptibly from what they always were and what newspaper villeins are the world over. They are, perhaps, somewhat more frequently sober than they used to be, and somewhat less seedy. But the proportion of them able to spell *maintenance* is about what it has been for generations; and today as it was in the Mauve Decade their words demonstrate flippant cynicism and their acts a pathetic eagerness to believe in the promises of a politician and the possibility of filling an inside straight. Their ranks are thickly strewn with wastrels, alcoholics, poets, philosophers, crusaders and other such riff-raff. But they are the rank and file, and their quality is worthy of attention only as it serves the purpose of the captains; and the captains are in the main perfect. They wheel their battalions into line with marvelous precision and give battle for the sacred cause of Service with all the enthusiasm of Passaic textile manufacturers.

And why not? The causes that have brought the Business Man to his most perfect flower in other sections are now operating upon journalism in the South. More than that, certain hindrances to his full development in other sections operate less effectively in the South. Almost for the first time since the Civil War, the

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South is now enjoying a full share of the nation's wave of prosperity. Newspaper publishing in the region has become profitable. By comparison with the rewards of the business twenty years ago, it has become immensely profitable. It has created some millionaires and a great number of five-figure incomes. Southern journalism would not interest a Henry Ford, but when a newspaper in a city of less than 50,000 population can turn in a net profit of $90,000 in a single year on an investment of a quarter of a million at the outside, it is not a bad business. The individual who can extract dividends of 36% from his plant has ample reason to claim recognition as a Business Man. Southern journals have done as well as that, not once but repeatedly, within the last decade. With a good deal less than $90,000 it is possible, in a small Southern city, to live in a style that reflects no discredit on the peerage. Scores of Southern newspaper men are doing it on $20,000 a year; some in the smaller places on $15,000.

Furthermore, the development of Southern newspaper men into Business Men has not been subjected to the cross strains that are present in some other sections. A newspaper man with his pockets full of money in the North is frequently tempted to make of himself, not a Business Man, but an Aristocrat, or even an Intellectual. James Gordon Bennett, for instance, drifted off in the one direction, and the third Samuel Bowles in the other. Neither would have presented good material to a modern Rotary Club. Neither had much desire to do the things that are required of the modern Business Man, if he would maintain his place in the hierarchy—such things as engaging in banana-eating contests at the luncheon club, singing booster songs, addressing high-school graduates, Bible classes, Dorcas societies and salesmen's conventions on the holiness of Service, playing golf at a dollar a hole, paying $90 a case for Scotch and roaring for Prohibition, and all the other dances, words and music that are part of the insignia of rank. Therefore Bennett went to Paris and Bowles to heaven, and both escaped.

But the Southern newspaper man has no such alternatives. Assuming that he is of a lively type, with a lust for power and an amiable weakness for *kudos*, he will not be attracted in the direction of Aristocracy, for it is withered to the root. The last conspicuous achievement of Southern Aristocracy was the precipitation of the Civil War, and while the psychology of defeat inhibited the South for a long time from realizing who it was that had caused its ruin, the realization penetrated at last and such prestige as Aristocracy had retained ebbed away.

As for the Intelligentsia, it doesn't exist and never has existed in the South as one of the ruling castes. The South has produced thinkers, but it has never honored them. Its heroes have ever been men of action, not men of reflection. Washington, the two Jacksons and Lee are its towering heroes. The intellect of Jefferson, indeed, was so gigantic that it impressed even the South, but Marshall it has held in slight esteem, and Wilson it venerates, not for his contribution to the theory of government, but because at the last he girded on the sword of the Lord and of Gideon and licked hell out of the Germans. The Intellectual in the South is merely an eccentric. His weight, in the estimation of the rulers, is scarcely that of a feather.

II

Therefore the Southerner who would sit in the seats of the mighty has one avenue of approach open to him, and only one. He must become a Business Man, for there is the kingdom and the power and the glory. It is no wonder, then, that the Southern journalist, when he is conspicuously successful, usually appears as the very flower of the modern business world, and conducts his newspaper in accordance with the requirements of his station in life.

Those requirements are rigid, but not

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at all complex. They are all founded on an American adaptation of the doctrine that *noblesse oblige*, and consist for the most part of a series of prohibitions. The newspaper that wishes to be a worthy representative of its Business Man publisher is not obligated to publish anything in particular except, perhaps, full market reports; but there are a great many things that it must not publish, at least without vigorous editorial denunciation. These things are such items as might tend to differentiate the publisher from other members of his caste. The mania of business is solidarity. Rotary and Kiwanis are the resultant of this urge for all sticking together. But in the nature of things a man who leads must get out in front; that is to say, he cannot stick to the crowd. Consequently, anything that would tend to make the publisher a leader would automatically cut him off from his crowd, and is not viewed with enthusiasm by a publisher who has become a Business Man.

It is not to be understood that the Chambers of Commerce exercise a direct censorship over the Southern press. It is a matter much more subtle and much more effective than that. When the proprietor of a newspaper has been thoroughly assimilated by the business community, when he becomes himself one of the Sanhedrin and helps direct the destinies of the Chamber of Commerce, he is far beyond the need of a censor. His own standing as a Business Man depends upon faithful reflection by his paper of the spirit of modern business, and he would feel disgraced if it reflected anything else.

If one of the villeins, for example, allows to go through the copy-desk a story from the public health officer showing that the typhoid rate has risen to a figure that is a disgrace to a civilized community, it does not require a visitation by a wrathful committee of realtors to set the Old Man on his ear. He will give a faithful imitation of a case of hydrophobia the minute his eye lights on the story, for he realizes as keenly as any realtor that the first duty of a Business Man is never to knock the town, and, beside, is not the mayor a fellow Rotarian? If the cotton-mill hands strike, nobody has to tell the newspaper proprietor what to do. He will start without cranking, for all his higher instincts persuade him that nobody but a foreign agitator paid with Soviet gold could have persuaded the mill-hands that the right length of a working day is ten hours instead of the eleven hallowed by tradition. If anyone writes a long article—longer, say, than the report of the day's transactions on the realty market—about a book by Dreiser or an exhibition of etchings by Pennell the proprietor recognizes the *faux pas* without being told, for blank ignorance of all that concerns the fine arts and an attitude of amused tolerance toward their practitioners is the accepted thing in the circles in which he lives, moves and has his being. The Business Man knows beyond peradventure that the arts are at best effeminate and at worst disreputable, and therefore are not to be treated seriously by a newspaper intended for red-blooded he-men who cherish their respectability as sedulously as a high-class burglar cherishes his gentlemanly front.

The rigid elimination of everything that might excite fear, or wonder, or æsthetic pleasure makes the Southern newspapers uninteresting, of course, but what sort of Business Man would pose as a public entertainer, anyhow? Southern newspapers may be, in the main, as dull reading as so many insurance policies, but what of that? They bring in the cash.

Yet no review of their situation can be candid unless it includes some notation of the obstacles that stand between the Southern press and the absolute attainment of its ideal. Not all Southern newspapers are perfect, and some of them that seem nearly so occasionally fall from grace. Right in the Empire State itself, the Empire State in which business is most nearly Jehovah, Jove and Lord, even in Georgia, there are a few newspapers that are far from conforming to the

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standard. In Columbus, for example, there is a newspaper man so hopelessly out of step that even the Pulitzer Prize Committee has heard of him. This committee, which betrays a regrettable tendency to bestow its awards, not on sound business sheets but on chronic hell-raisers, picked for the 1925 prize the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*. This newspaper is edited by a son of Joel Chandler Harris, out of whom it would have been hard indeed to make a Business Man; so perhaps Julian Harris was afflicted by inheritance with a contempt for ruling standards. At any rate, the *Enquirer-Sun* has for years been as a voice crying in the wilderness, and a particularly raucous voice, at that. The *Enquirer-Sun* is out of sympathy with practically every item of the regimen prescribed for Georgia by the ruling *Dreibund* of politics, religion and business. It has nothing but unpleasant words for darkness anywhere—whether the darkness in which the Ku Klux wields blacksnake whip and tar-bucket in the name of morality, or the darkness of the nigger in politics, or of feudalistic business whose methodology is that of the Dark Ages.

And Harris is not the only one. Niggerish politics and Ku Kluxism apparently do not sit well on the stomach of another Georgia sheet of prominence, the Macon *Telegraph*. The *Telegraph* also has a weakness for the arts and sciences, and discusses books and music occasionally. So, of course, do the lordly newspapers of Atlanta, but not at all in the same manner. The *Telegraph* frequently discusses them intelligently. True, the paper made a strong bid for Georgia respectability when it laid on Laurence Stallings, who was born in Macon, a curse by comparison with which the curse of Bishop Ernulphus in "Tristram Shandy" seems eulogistic. Stallings, it appears, had referred in print to a Negro novelist as Mister. But cursing a Southern white man who called a Negro Mister is not in itself enough to gain merit for a Georgia newspaper, and the Macon *Telegraph* still lies under suspicion of undue fondness for the Intellectual.

Farther south there are also lapses that cannot be explained away. The Montgomery *Advertiser*, for example, maintains Grover C. Hall and is polite to Sara Haardt,—certainly not the sort of persons of whom the Chamber of Commerce would heartily approve. The New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, perhaps with some taint of Lafcadio Hearn still in its system, keeps John McClure on its pay-roll; but it compensated for that recently when, in endowing a chair of journalism at Tulane University, it solemnly called to the attention of the university authorities the danger of allowing any person of radical rendencies to occupy that chair. Between the *Advertiser* and the *Times-Picayune*, however, lucky chance has sandwiched the Jackson, Mississippi, *News*. The Gulf Coast is safe.

Of Florida, it is enough to say that the Miami *Herald*, as noted above, carried 42,000,000 lines of advertising in one year. If any further description of the state of journalism there is needed, it is supplied by the additional fact that most of the 42,000,000 lines were real-estate ads. At present, the chief end of Florida journalism is to explain that the boom is not really busted. Until that matter is cleared up, it would hardly be fair to expect the State press to show interest in anything else.

In Memphis, Tennessee, the *Commercial-Appeal* fought the Ku Klux Klan so well that it, too, received the accolade of the Pulitzer award. But since then Dayton has risen to international fame. The modicum of intellectual force that any State press need exhibit to prevent a Scopes trial, the reader may estimate at his leisure. Tennessee has not that much.

In South Carolina exists almost the last faint trace of the old aristocratic prestige. It is almost gone now, but within the memory of living men it was strong enough to exert a dominating influence upon the Columbia *State*, which upheld the tradition so strongly and effectively that a Lieutenant-Governor elected by the wool-

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hat boys felt called upon to shoot the editor. The *State* still clings more or less to its ancient ideas, but its futility is perhaps best demonstrated by the fact that no high State official has lately considered its editor worth murdering. The conspicuously non-conformist newspaper in South Carolina at present is the *Record*, also of Columbia, whose editor, Charlton Wright, seems determined to maintain his intellectual independence of all shibboleths whatsoever, with the exception, of course, of sacred Democracy, rejection of which would be journalistic suicide in South Carolina.

III

Bourgeois North Carolina has not acknowledged an aristocrat since 1585, when it swallowed up Sir Walter Raleigh's colony. Nevertheless, it has a newspaper tradition of its own, dating from Joseph P. Caldwell's editorship of the Charlotte *Observer*. Caldwell injected into North Carolina journalism the singular notion that Republicans are as much entitled to a fair hearing as other human beings, and in 1896 he said that William J. Bryan was not fit to be President of the United States. In Caldwell courage, pride and honesty overshadowed the higher qualities of salesmanship, so he died relatively a failure. He had little except the respectful admiration of all honest men in the State and the venomous hatred of all knaves and fools.

But he left a tradition. Somehow he gripped the imaginations of Tar Heel newspaper men, and that grip has not yet been completely shaken off. His own newspaper, indeed, has recovered entirely, although others have not. The Charlotte *Observer*, in connection with the Saklatvala case, uttered an encomium of Nervous Nellie that is alone enough to free it completely of any attainder that Caldwell might have worked. It read, in part:

> Senator Borah proclaims against the order barring the communist leader from the United States on the ground that it is a violation of the law of "free speech." . . . Secretary Kellogg takes the better American view that if free speech means the privilege of the American stump to agitators and plotters against the government, he is opposed to free speech. . . . There seems to be at least one public official at Washington alert to his duty.

Somewhere in North Carolina, however, there has always been one newspaper—usually more—that clung to the tradition of Caldwell. Of late years the most conspicuous of them has been the Greensboro *Daily News*, edited by a pupil of Caldwell named Earle Godbey. Godbey is no crusader. He believes in few things, but peace is one of the few. However, he has the faculty of being intensely annoyed by nonsense in any form, and Fundamentalists, Ku Klux and politicians he apparently regards as the three most annoying sources of nonsense. Consequently, his paper enjoys among right-thinkers the reputation of an atheistical, non-Nordic, semi-Republican sheet, and is the radiant delight of the wrong-headed.

Then there is Josephus Daniels. Mr. Wilson's Secretary of the Navy has been the butt of more ridicule than any other high official of this century, but somehow he has survived. His newspaper, the Raleigh *News and Observer*, has done more deplorable things than any other sheet in the State, yet it, too, survives. Twenty years ago it did to John Spencer Bassett, the historian, what the Macon *Telegraph* later did to Laurence Stallings, because Bassett, then a North Carolina college professor, called Booker Washington the greatest man, except Lee, born in the South within a century. More recently, it proposed to settle a disputed point in Revolutionary history by popular vote. It rolls a soft-boiled eye at the Ku Klux and the Fundamentalists. It professes high respect for Thomas Jefferson, but obviously doubts that he intended the Bill of Rights to apply to Republicans, bootleggers, college professors and Socialists.

None of these things, of course, would constitute a blemish on the flower of Southern journalism, but the *News and*

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Observer does more. It has spoken disrespectfully of the American Tobacco Company, the Southern Railway, and even of the Textile Manufacturers' Association. It has discovered crooks within the Democratic party and has denounced them as vigorously as if they had been Republicans. It cannot be bought and it cannot be bullied, except, perhaps, by the Democratic executive committee. It has weird opinions, but they are its own opinions and it maintains them because they are its own and not because it is paid to maintain them or afraid not to maintain them. It is too honest and too bold to qualify as an acolyte in the temple of modern business.

But if North Carolina is shaky, the Old Dominion is as solid as Jackson at the battle of Bull Run. A man named Jaffé, editing the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, has, indeed, apparently fallen out of the ranks to substitute for the goose-step a war-dance by the side of the road. But Norfolk is on the extreme edge of the continent, and if Jaffé grows too obstreperous he can easily be shoved off. No, there is no serious trouble in Virginia.

IV

Viewed as a whole, the situation in the South thus seems to be sufficiently reassuring, even with the exceptions noted. And yet a doubt lingers. The more contumacious newspapers somehow have something that seems to be missing among the perfect flowers of modern business. For one thing, the best of the villeins clamor to get on their pay-rolls. Without paying higher wages than other papers, they can pick and choose, and whenever they snap their fingers at a smart young reporter, he comes running. Some of them, moreover, are gaining a dangerous prestige. Advertisers are slowly acquiring the notion that theirs is a quality circulation, and if that impression should become widely established it might compel the adoption of their methods by others.

That seems to be a long way off as yet, but it is possible. At present, Southern journalism is in the main controlled by the sublime slogan of business: "Give the public what it wants." The Southern public, as a whole, has not in this generation tasted leadership by the press, and so it does not want it—as yet. It is content with the grist of the Associated Press dispatches in the news columns. It is content with an editorial page made up of thundering denunciations of the Republican party and of Antichrist, variously personified in Clarence Darrow, the Pope, Harry Emerson Fosdick and the Elders of Zion, balanced by maudlin eulogies of the Southern climate, the Confederacy, cotton manufacturers, and successful realtors. It is content with features including book reviews by estimable maiden ladies who accept Miss Rutherford as a historian inspired of God and infallible and who think Dreiser uncalled-for, music criticism by the most oppressed of the cubs, dramatic criticism by the third assistant advertising manager (he who handles the theater accounts), and, for the rest, canned stuff from the syndicates and the comic strips.

But if the Southern public once tasted journalistic leadership? If it were once given the notion that newspaper work might be made a shrewd and honest criticism of life? In some Southern newspapers, as I have said, it is already being shown a little of the battle of ideas, the hard, vigorous, exhilarating clash of contending intelligences in the great world beyond the county line, as that battle is interpreted by keen, clear minds. Will it learn to like the dose, and begin to demand it of the newspapers that are now serving it a stale, suety hash of the news of last night, the politics of the last century, and the theology of the last Crusade? It is a disturbing thought.

But all that is mere speculation. The fact is that Southern journalism is now so near to perfection that the measure by which it has failed to attain the ideal is imperceptible to the naked eye.

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THREE NEW ENGLAND LIBRARIES

BY DANE YORKE

NEW ENGLAND has many prides of origin and leadership. She claims as her fruit the town-meeting (with its outgrowth of representative government), the public school, the foundations of an American literature, and the position —granted her by many—of having been the earliest fountain-head of American progress and thought. There is also a pride in the fact that the free public library, if not originating in New England, was certainly sponsored there very early. To this day it is still true, so far as my observation goes, that the average New England town, large or small, possesses a public library of greater size than the town of equal population elsewhere. A commendable thing, this last, for there is no question that the public library has had a vital part in American life and growth. Its place as a tool of self-education is undisputed; it plainly aids the ambitious intellect (both young and old) in striving for better knowledge of what others have done and are doing in the world.

The New England libraries that I have examined are all remarkable for their genuine wealth of genealogical and antiquarian material. They are better equipped in that field than those of any other section in which I have ever lived or visited. So long as my interest was confined to early Americana I was very well satisfied with them and congratulated myself on having found them. But when, as happened after a while, I came up from the dust of antiquity and turned to present-day America, attempting with the libraries' help to survey the work recently done by the principal American writers, I found that there was a very different story to tell. The gaps and inequalities of representation, the seemingly persistent and pointed omissions of certain significant writers, and the inordinately heavy showings of others not so important were, to say the least, very striking and very odd. I began to hear of the library's duty in "safeguarding morals"; of books that were "unpleasant"; of others that were "all right for grown-ups," but "we can't have them in the library." I began, too, to notice covert whisperings over books being taken out or returned, between the virgins of the shelves and their sisters of the public. And once I overheard a hearty encomium on a departed librarian that ran, "She was certainly fine that way. She *always* warned the young people against the books they shouldn't read, and she wouldn't let them go out, either."

After my attention was drawn to the subject I was careful not to take my own tastes as a basis for appraisal. I looked rather for the things in the libraries themselves or in the community life that were likely to arouse interest in American work and cause a turning to the library for material to satisfy that interest. At the time I was in a town of 25,000 population, with a free library of some seventy years standing, possessing over 20,000 volumes and with an annual circulation in excess of 51,000. I know, of course, that in some other sections a town of that size is looked upon as insignificant, but New England is markedly a region of small towns, and this one happens to rank eleventh in point of population among all the towns in four out of the six States comprising the

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province. Its significance therefore is much greater than its population would otherwise indicate.

In that town the high-school commencement had just been held and I was struck by the forward-looking aspect of the programme. It was built around the following orations:

"Henry Ford—Wizard of the New Business."
"Albert Einstein—Prophet of the New Science."
"Edgar Lee Masters—Herald of the New Poetry."

Unfortunately, I did not hear these orations delivered, nor could I obtain a copy of the one in which I was especially interested: that on the new poetry. However, I knew the dependence of the student upon the public library in such cases, and I checked the poetry section there to see what that boy could have found. In addition to the periodical, *Contemporary Verse*, on file in the reading-room, the total exhibit of what might be called new poetry was the following:

Edgar Lee Masters: "The Spoon River Anthology."
Edna St. Vincent Millay: "Aria da Capo," "Distressing Dialogues," and "Harp Weavers."
Amy Lowell: "Con Grande's Castle."
Whitman: Complete prose and verse.
Robert Frost: "North of Boston" and "New Hampshire."
E. A. Robinson: Complete works.

That was all. The library had Edgar Guest, Margaret Sangster, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and others of that ilk, but not a line of Carl Sandburg or Vachel Lindsay! Nor even a line of Emily Dickinson!

That incident led me to make up a list of American prose writers as they came to mind, without any attempt to be inclusive or with any opinion as to their relative importance or meaning. Against each name I entered the number of titles of each writer's works that that library offered. I give them in order:

Women	*Titles*
Frances Hodgson Burnett	32
Rose Nouchette Cary	25
Mary Roberts Rinehart	22
Kathleen Norris	17
Edith Wharton	17
Mary Johnston	14
Dorothy Canfield	12
Ellen Glasgow	12
Agnes Repplier	10
Gertrude Atherton	9
Edna Ferber	9
Anne Sedgwick	8
May Sinclair	8
Zona Gale	7
Willa Cather (Including "A Lost Lady")	5
Fannie Hurst ("Just Around The Corner")	1
Ethel M. Kelley	None

Men	*Titles*
Zane Grey	27
Joseph Lincoln	25
Booth Tarkington	21
James Oliver Curwood	21
Edgar Rice Burroughs	13
Harold Bell Wright	12
Henry James	10
Peter B. Kyne	7
Sinclair Lewis	6
Joseph Hergesheimer	4
Edgar Lee Masters (both novels)	2
Frank Norris	2
Harvey O'Higgins ("Julie Cane" and "Distinguished Americans")	2
F. Scott Fitzgerald ("This Side of Paradise")	1
Stephen Crane ("The Red Badge of Courage")	1
Charles Norris ("Bread")	1
Upton Sinclair ("The Jungle")	1

With the women it is, of course, obvious that difference in output played some part. But with the men it seems equally apparent that in almost every case significance and low representation went hand in hand. Among those 20,000 volumes there was not a single book by, nor a single index reference to, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Floyd Dell, Ben Hecht, or even Ring Lardner! There were 21 volumes by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, six by John Galsworthy, seven by P. G. Wodehouse, six by A. S. M. Hutchinson, four by Philip Gibbs, and four by Blasco Ibáñez, but there was not a single volume by D'Annunzio, Flaubert, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley or Paul Morand. And although Thomas Hardy was represented by some fifteen titles, there was not a copy of "Jude the Obscure." Among dramatists, Ibsen was complete, Hauptmann had representation,

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Shaw was given place with five plays (including "Back to Methusaleh" and "Saint Joan"), and Drinkwater exhibited "Abraham Lincoln." But there was not a line by Eugene O'Neill. Nor, for that matter, by Lord Dunsany.

In biography there were easily one thousand volumes on the shelves, including the autobiographies of Edward Bok and Henry Morgenthau, the Memoirs of the Hon. William Jennings Bryan and (somewhat curiously) Ludwig Lewisohn's "Upstream." But Beer's "Stephen Crane," Sherwood Anderson's "A Story Teller's Story," Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life," Alfred Kreymborg's "Troubadour" and Harry Kemp's "Tramping on Life" were all lacking. And while they had Keyserling's "Travel Diary," and Havelock Ellis's "Dance of Life" and Wiggam's "New Decalogue of Science" and "Fruit of the Family Tree" there was not a line by John B. Watson or by Henri Bergson or Bertrand Russell, or Freud, or Jung—or even Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings."

II

The objection may be raised here that I happened to strike a poorly balanced library and one quite unrepresentative. But I did not stop with that one library; I aligned it with two others, one smaller (of 8,000 volumes in a town of 3,000) and one larger (of 90,000 volumes in a city of 100,000, one of the leading centers of New England.) The conditions I found were curiously similar; the omissions and unbalanced representations were practically identical.

Each one of these libraries had in its reading room the *Forum* for March, 1926, containing an article by Carl Van Doren ("Those Who Run May Read") reviewing the progress of American letters for the past forty years. In this excellent article Van Doren named nine works that were, in his opinion, to be regarded as landmarks of recent American writing. From a library standpoint it did not appear, with the possible exception of "Jurgen," to be in any way a radical list, so it seemed reasonable to expect that any one visiting those libraries and reading the article should be able to satisfy from their shelves the interest it aroused. Between them they had a total of over 120,000 volumes, to which they were adding at the rate of 4,000 a year. Yet the local student whose curiosity had been stirred up by Van Doren's list could have found the books only as the following table shows:

	Library No. 1	Library No. 2	Library No. 3
"Jurgen"	No	No	No
"Main Street"	Yes	Yes	Yes
"Winesburg, Ohio"	No	No	No
"Java Head"	No	Yes	Yes
"My Antonia"	No	No	Yes
"Moon Calf"	No	No	No
"Miss Lulu Bett"	Yes	Yes	Yes
"This Side of Paradise"	No	Yes	No
"The Emperor Jones"	No	No	Yes

As will be noted, only one library (the largest) had more than half (five out of nine) of the books on the list. Had the seeker had the opportunity and patience to search through all three he could still have got only six. James Branch Cabell, Sherwood Anderson and Floyd Dell were wholly missing. Only two of the nine works, "Main Street" and "Miss Lulu Bett," were to be found in all three libraries. The list was made, I presume, before the publication of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." But even so, its inclusion would have only run up the total of works *not* to be found.

Again it may be objected that one critical article does not offer a fair criterion. But the facts I have recited happened to be strictly in line with a very noticeable condition that I found. For it was striking how top-heavy all those libraries were in what might be called the materials of stimulus—in works of criticism, of valuation and appraisal. They actually outnumbered the originals, both books and writers, which they discussed!

For example, in the library of 90,000 volumes I found that the card index listed five critical discussions of Flaubert, but

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not a single line of Flaubert's own work. Similarly, James Branch Cabell was the subject of one essay, but of his work there was only one short story ("Porcelain Cups"), and it had crept in simply through its inclusion in an annual short story collection. F. Scott Fitzgerald was discussed in another critical work, but the library hadn't a single volume of his longer fiction—simply two short stories, and those, again, merely through the chance that they had been gathered into an annual collection. Carl Sandburg had inspired three appraisals, all very carefully indexed, but the appetite thereby aroused for the man's own work had to be satisfied with his "Rootabaga Stories" and "Cornhuskers." Two valuations of Sherwood Anderson were reinforced only by his "A Story Teller's Story" and three short stories, infiltrating, as usual, by means of annual anthologies. For what purpose is interest aroused if not to be satisfied? Of what value are talks about the rose (or the cabbage) when the flower itself cannot be seen or known at first hand?

This very point of appraisal representation brings up the strangest condition of all. Theodore Dreiser hadn't a single volume among the 120,000 on the shelves of those three libraries. Nor, even in the largest of them, where practically every other American writer was represented by at least a critical review, was there a single card bearing his name. Actually, if the only source of knowledge was the well-kept indices of those libraries, it would be possible to believe and maintain that Dreiser had never lived. It was more than strange; it was obviously deliberate. For any one at all familiar with the current journals and volumes of critical opinion knows that Dreiser has figured in them certainly as often as Anderson, or Fitzgerald, or Cabell, or Sandburg. I can understand such deficiencies as finding nowhere any reference in the indices to Behavorism (unless you count a card in one reading "Behavior—see Etiquette"). But Dreiser . . . ! Is the man anathema? Is it possible that his name must not even be mentioned in the vestal records of those sacred shelves?

I have had sufficient contact with other New England libraries to know that the three described offer a fair cross section of all, and are by no means to be considered as simply individual laggards. I am making no indictment of New England. Our American hinterland of thought and letters is by no means a matter of geography. But while in the Ozarks, or in Mississippi, or in Dayton, Tenn. such things as I have described might be dismissed properly with a shrug and a cynical "But what could you expect?" it still seems to me that New England, with its wealth of literary tradition and pride of intellectual leadership, is one section where cow State conditions might be reasonably expected to be somewhat ameliorated. The fact that such conditions *do* exist there sets off in bold relief the handicaps imposed upon the hinterland intelligence elsewhere.

III

I have no theory as to the cause of the things I found. It is obvious that the preponderance of works of discussion, to the marked exclusion of the originals discussed, was not part of the plan upon which the libraries operated in their splendid sections devoted to early Americana. These sections abounded in original narratives, documents and maps, and rightly so. Nor could expense be a material factor. Each could afford fifty and more titles by the authors of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Not As Other Girls," and even six and seven volumes of P. G. Wodehouse, as against, in only one library at that, a single volume of Ring Lardner, to take an example within the bounds of unquestioned "morality." Censorship—these books "for grown-ups that we can't have in the library"—may have figured in the omission of certain works by Anderson, Cabell, Dreiser, Dell and

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others. But surely it did not apply to everything written by these men nor to the exclusion of Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." Nor did it seem to account for the inconsistencies of representation found in Van Doren's list of landmark works, particularly the ignoring, in two out of three, of "The Emperor Jones" and "My Antonía." Even sectionalism isn't the answer, for Amy Lowell suffered in comparison with Edna St Vincent Millay, and both were deplorably behind Edgar Guest, who in the largest library had found lodgment to the tune of eight volumes of his glad pipings.

The allure of distance may have had something to do with it. Over and over the librarians tried to interest me in Philip Gibbs when I inquired for American works that they did not have. One of the libraries, possessing nothing whatever of Sandburg or Lindsay, had three volumes each of Noyes and Masefield, two of William Watson and even Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire." But that was somewhat offset by Flaubert, Gauthier, D'Annunzio, Joyce, D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley being totally unobtainable anywhere. Again, a club-paper complex may account for the preponderance of works of discussion. That falls in line, too, with the fact that while men predominated in the reading rooms it was women who were to be chiefly found browsing among the bookshelves. Do our libraries now mainly reflect the taste and patronage of a feminine public, or, perhaps more accurately, the prejudices of their female staffs? And does the fact explain the better representation of women writers over men, both being American? On that point consider the inclusion, in all three of my libraries, of Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady" and the exclusion of Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt," and Anderson's "Dark Laughter."

I don't know the answer. I only know that I found in New England, oldest, proudest and (or so claimed) most thoughtful of our provinces, a true literary hinterland—a land behind. How full those crowded shelves were of books on Americanization! And how deficient in the real Americanization!

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ABRAHAM CAHAN

BY LEON WEXELSTEIN

THEY call him Ab Cahan, which is the way he signs his name in Yiddish—nearly a quarter of a million of them, readers of the *Forward*, published in New York, Chicago, and other cities. The *Forward* (*Vorwärts*) is the most influential and widely-circulated Yiddish daily in America, and he is its editor-in-chief. He is the same Cahan who, a decade ago, wrote "The Rise of David Levinsky," that incomparable novel of Jewish life, and who thirty years ago wrote "Yekl," which also caused a stir in its day. In English he signs his name Abraham Cahan, and as such it often appears when and where enduring books are spoken of.

Out of the sweatshops and factories and dingy stores they come forth at evening, snatching the *Forward* as they hurry to the booths of the subway. Hosts of weary minds, worn bodies, aching limbs,—getting their taste of the bustle and drive of a new country. Most of them baffled at the sight of the English-written papers. But all of them keenly alive, curious, eager for news concerning this puzzling America, narrated in a fashion comprehensible to them. Nor is it news alone that they are seeking. They want, too, something to fill the spiritual void which living in America somehow creates; something to sustain the gleam of hope without which their famished souls would soon find life unendurable in this new and hostile environment. So, thirstily, they scan the columns of the *Forward* as the subway train jolts and jars its way beneath the gaudy metropolis.

At first, no doubt, the paper was confusing to them. The make-up was so vastly unlike that to which they were used at home. Those streaming heads and piles of subheads! And the rapid and clear style! So different from *die Zeitungen* in the old country, timid with their modest type and leisurely disquisitions and philosophic ease. But after a few perusals the make-up became familiar, and they even got used to the interference of the advertisements, of which their home papers were so free.—In time they learned how to find the news in the *Forward*, and the editorials and articles. By and by their distrust and dislike of the grotesque manners of America turned to condescension, and then even to admiration.

Now and then Ab Cahan writes an editorial. But only on vital occasions. An editorial board attends to the usual comments on the news of the day. Last June when Meyer London, the Socialist leader and his life-long friend, died suddenly, he rushed to the office at four in the morning to prepare an editorial. The instance is typical not only of his devotion to the *Forward* but also of his quality as a newspaper-man. Cahan is a very competent reporter—the sort whose gaze never falters in recording all the essential points of a scene, and who, moreover, can tell his story plainly, clearly and vividly. Herein lies one of the cardinal reasons for his enormous popularity. The plain Yiddish folks understand him; they know what he is talking about; reading him, they never feel that they are being talked at.

Last year, he toured Europe and Palestine. The *Forward* carried his stories. He depicted historic places—Pompeii, Venice and so on—in a language so simple and yet

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so colorful that for a while all of the East Side was agog with the discussion of what until then had been unprecedented topics. The highbrows, too, found those articles engrossing and illuminating. They were compact with information, and yet they were as charming as fairy tales.

The *raison d'être* of the *Forward* is to be found in the labor movement and the Socialist movement. It would be almost accurate to say, that, on the East Side, they are inseparable. In the trade unions, and in Workmen's Circles, the *Forward* is not spoken of as "it" or "they," but as "we." Such, too, is its relation to the Socialist party, which it not only supports editorially, but to which it contributes substantial sums of money. The interests of the three are welded in a common effort to advance the welfare of the worker and to help establish the Socialist state. Thus the *Forward*, the party, and the unions are interchangeable terms. The problems that affect one affect all. The progress made by one means progress to the rest.

The bulk of Cahan's readers, composed chiefly of humble workers, follow him implicitly, but there exists, too, a minority which questions and disputes and tears asunder. The latter assails him mercilessly at times, but even its members recognize in him a first-rate logician and a shrewd judge of life and events. They are not blind to the fact that the Forward Association, which controls the *Forward*, has been electing him editor-in-chief continuously for a quarter of a century. Ab Cahan's insight and energy, indeed, are primarily responsible for the rise of the paper's circulation from 6,000 in 1902, when, for the second time he came to edit it, to nearly 225,00 at present. A singular achievement in the annals of journalism!

Cahan's formative years were passed in Russia. He was born in Vilna on July 7, 1860, the son of a Hebrew teacher. After public school (or its Russian equivalent), he became aware of a burning zest for knowledge, so he resolved to prepare himself for the Teachers' Institute at Vilna, from which he graduated. Then his real troubles began. Alert and sensitive to what was going on about him, he soon turned a receptive ear to the radical reforms advocated in secret revolutionary circles. Such circles, created by the young Russian intellectuals—the *intelligentsia*—were at the time sprouting rapidly all over the land, but they had to maintain an underground, secret existence. They were made up, to a great extent, of college students or recent graduates, who, with the fervor of youth, blared vociferously, though, alas, quite impotently, against the Czar and his henchmen. It was toward the end of the régime of Alexander II, and a few years before the advent of Alexander III. The hand of monarchy stood unrelenting, stifling wantonly all liberal thinkers. And the outlook was as cheerless as the reality itself. In this atmosphere Cahan soon lost his interest in pedagogy and became growingly active as an agitator. But whatever else was faulty in Russia at the time, it apparently did not affect the system of spies. In time they got wind of Cahan, and, luckily, he got wind of their chase after him. He fled. A few months later he landed in the United States. That was in 1882, and he was twenty-two years old.

II

A whole score of years went by before he took into his hands the destiny of the *Forward*,—a score of years which, one recognizes in retrospect, were of enormous importance in the making of the man. It was in this interim that, first, he learned something about the Yiddish press; second, he obtained a close knowledge of labor and Socialist conditions in America, and of life in America; third, he received an invaluable training in American journalism, and fourth, he acquired a deeper interest in the little things which constitute the life of common folks, so many of whom were later to become readers of his paper. The sequence of events which brought all this about was as follows: In 1885 he became

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the editor of a weekly *Arbeiter Zeitung*, whose business manager at the time was Morris Hillquit. Later, about 1893, this organ changed into the *Abend Blatt*, a daily, with which, too, Cahan, was associated. In 1891 he went to England to write and lecture. In 1896 the tactics of the late Daniel De Leon, leader of the Socialist Labor party, in antagonizing the trade unions, brought the Socialist movement to a parting of the ways. A year later, together with Meyer London, Dr. Isaac A. Hourwich, and others, Cahan coöperated in organizing the Social Democratic party and in launching the *Forward* as its organ. The same year he published "Yekl," and a year later he became editor of the newly-founded *Forward*. He abandoned it after a twelve-month, and the paper lingered on until 1902, when a delegation came to plead with him to reassume full charge of it and do what he pleased with it. He was then appointed editor-in-chief, and has remained in that post ever since.

Cahan's interest in literature is due, in a large measure, to the indelible imprint his early reading of Russian literature made upon him. This interest flared up anew about a dozen years after his arrival in the United States. Eagerly he began to re-read the Russian classics; to take note how the masters dealt with life; to weigh his own conclusions against theirs; to watch closely how they made use of language to convey life vividly to the printed page. Without quite being conscious of it, he was becoming an author; he was, in fact, standing on the threshold of literary fame, not in Yiddish but in American *belles lettres*. Among the laudatory reviews with which "Yekl" was greeted was one by William Dean Howells, who devoted a large space in the *World* to proclaim the advent of a new literary figure. Then followed "The Imported Bridegroom" and "The White Terror and the Red." Save for the last, they were all concerned with Jewish life in America.

In this span of time—between 1885 and 1896—Cahan also wrote short stories for such magazines as the *Century*, *Scribner's* and the *Cosmopolitan*. His popularity with the American public was rising, and editors began to send him requests for stories. He realized he had to write as they asked him. He knew the clash had come. For a time he kept it up wearily, but finally he threw off the grind, and turned toward the easier income of daily journalism. He spent a year on the *Forward* (his first association), and then plunged into American journalism. Then ensued four rambling years between 1898 and 1902, starting on the *Commercial Advertiser* (later the *Globe*), whose city editor at the time was Lincoln Steffens. For a while his thirst for the American scene shut out everything else. He was enchanted by the life that was unfolding itself before him; he was delighted by the contacts his newspaper connection yielded him; above all, he never ceased to be interested in the way an American newspaper was served to its public. Both on the *Commercial Advertiser* and on the *Sun*, which he joined later, he distinguished himself not only for his eagle eye and keen ear, but also for his fecund pen. His stories, especially depicting East Side life, earned him an enviable reputation for accurate and picturesque reporting. So late as 1915 he was war correspondent for the *Globe* and its syndicate, and his articles on the leading personages of Central Europe were brilliant samples of comprehensive and vivid journalism.

III

It was the year 1902. The *Forward* was barely keeping afloat. Its circulation was between 6,000 and 7,000. And its respiration was faint, as would be that of any newspaper virtually without advertising and with very little public response. It was languishing with a dubious prospect for recovery. No one seemed able to cure its ills, for no one knew what they were. So a delegation of the Forward Association was sent to Ab Cahan to ask him to assume leadership. They told him how the paper was doing;

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that they could not get any readers, and that, frankly, they did not know how to go about getting them.

Cahan reflected for a moment. He recalled his experiences on the American press. He pictured to his mind the joys and sorrows and aspirations of the Yiddish folk as he knew them. And he exclaimed, as a group of baffled Socialists stood listening to him, "Infuse life into it! Infuse life into it! That is what you need! Yours is not a living daily which mirrors the beat of life, but a dry outpouring of abuse upon the capitalists, day in and day out. In the first place, some folks have other interests outside of Karl Marx and capitalism, and in the second place even the workers, concerned with Socialism, don't understand you because your tongue is not their tongue. Stop talking at them! Talk *with* them!"

So they placed him at the helm. He became the chief, with a free hand to do anything he deemed necessary. And he lost no time in doing it. His immediate campaign was directed along two distinct fronts and the result of victory on each was the same —it brought circulation. On the one front, he made it plain at once that the *Forward*, founded and controlled by the Socialists, was not only a newspaper for the workers, but an integral part of their fight for the betterment of their class. The editorials and feature articles which preached at the mass as if from a pedestal of wisdom ceased at once. Instead, there appeared perfectly human pieces, written as simply and lucidly as possible, telling the folks what it was all about.

Hundreds of thousands of Jewish workers in the needle trades were then waging a war for the elimination of the sweatshop. The *Forward* did not merely tell them that according to the principles of Karl Marx there ought to be no sweatshops; it marshalled all its resources and went into the thick of the battle, fighting side by side with the unions. Members of its editorial staff sat beside the union leaders and counselled in common as to what to do and what not to do. In its columns the unions printed their demands and advertised their meetings. In the very building in which it was printed they lodged their quarters. The *Forward* was theirs—and they were the *Forward*. When the sweatshops began to close they were jubilant. It went without saying that the *Forward* had done it, just as it went without saying that they had done it themselves. It was the victory of one large family, knitted together by a vital need.

So thousands were now reading the paper. It had become indispensable to them. They read it because they found in it an expression of their own longings and strivings. And out of the smoke of battle there always loomed the figure of fiery, dynamic Cahan. He was ubiquitous. His articles told the comrades, in that straight-from-the-shoulder style of his, what he thought of this, that and the other thing. Many meetings he attended in person, to thunder forth his views with the same vigor and zest that one feels breathing forth from his stories. Needless to say, he was not always received cordially. The minority, alluded to before, battered him at every opportunity. But—and this curious thing is known to every Jewish *Arbeiter*—he was always listened to. You can disagree with him. You can even detest him. But you listen to him. The spell cast by his well-modulated voice and those fine locks of gray hair and those gleaming eyes is something no gathering, however turbulent, can resist. His popularity carried with it, inevitably, a jump in circulation for the *Forward*. Those who were with him read him because he was putting words in their mouths. Those who were against him read him, presumably, to fight him. But—they read him. They read the *Forward*.

On the other front of his well-laid-out campaign, which made the paper what it is today, Cahan fixed his attention on the purely-human, non-political side of the problem. It was here that he could best apply the experience he had gained on

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the *Advertiser* and the *Sun*. He knew that whatever were their political beliefs, those two American papers palpitated with life. And by comparison what a soporific was the *Forward!* Were the Yiddish folks different from Americans? Perhaps. But surely no one buys a newspaper to be bored! So the *Forward* changed its physiognomy, both in make-up and in contents. Indeed, the term make-up might be used here in the sense in which women employ it. For like a woman who only needs an appropriate gown and little touches here and there to make her beautiful, so the *Forward*, donning a new dress, became popular overnight. And the fact that intrinsically it grew better as much as it did outwardly added enthusiasm to this approval. The American make-up, the type lay-out and the headlines of the American press went a long way toward making the paper easier to read. It brought into relief the important news and left in the shadow the minor events. It helped to guide a large and inarticulate and groping mass of readers to what really mattered in the day's news.

Cahan hired reporters who were told that they were writing not for a select few but for the rank and file. Literary delicacies, frills and poetry were to be left behind. On the other hand, he enlisted the services of noted literary figures, able correspondents throughout the world, who of course were given the license that their talents warranted. Then he did some radical things with his own pen. He set out to write features which, on their face, were unbecoming to the gravity of a Socialist paper, engaged in the stern cause of saving the worker—features which touched on the issues of the workaday world in which dwells the average Jewish family. These stories at once precipitated havoc. The bewildered Socialist comrades ran in and told him his articles had nothing whatever to do with Socialism. He listened to them, argued with them, tried to persuade them. One of his first features was concerned with the Jewish boys who attended the College of the City of New York. He extolled the poor parents who labored hard and long to enable their boys to get an education. This, he said, was characteristic of Jewish parents.

Then he wrote an article on intermarriage, which bore on the news that an Italian boy had just married a Jewish girl. Then one on handkerchiefs. Just handkerchiefs. It devolved on Jewish mothers, was the burden of it, to provide their boys and girls with handkerchiefs. Again the comrades plied him with questions. "What in the name of heaven has Socialism to do with handkerchiefs?" they demanded. Serenely, Cahan replied, "And since when has Socialism been opposed to clean noses?" Above all, he kept pounding into the minds of his readers the fact that Americans were perfectly human, just as he had tried to impress on American minds that Jews were perfectly human. Constantly he admonished Jewish mothers to steer clear of any fright that their children might become Americanized. There was nothing to fear, he said, for it was a good thing.

Then he hit upon a scheme which probably did more to raise the *Forward* to its present status in popularity than any other single act after the general reforming of the paper. He called his new invention, in Yiddish, "A Bintel Breef," which means "A Bundle of Letters." Roughly, it is similar to the lovelorn columns in English press, but only roughly. The savor of its contents is peculiarly Yiddish. The questions discussed arise, in the main, out of the conflicts of a new generation reared in one land and an old generation reared in another. It is the perennial father-and-son battle with a vengeance. For the customary gulf, in this instance, is made wider by the utterly unlike backgrounds of Russia and America. A mother writes to the editor and begs for advice. She relates that her young daughter, born in America, behaves thus and thus; that she, the mother, thinks the conduct is reprehensible; that she, the

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mother, born and raised in Russia, never heard of such things in her maidenhood in the old country; now, please, Mr. Editor, tell me what I should do; is my daughter in the right, or am I? I shall certainly appreciate your advice.

Or the young daughter writes. Her parents, she complains, are old-fashioned. They have queer ways of doing things. They don't understand. This causes trouble, quarrels, chagrin. She intends to do this and this. Please, Mr. Editor, tell me am I right, or what shall I do? Also, there are letters from fathers, and sons, and uncles, and aunts. From those in love; those in desolation; those with ambitions; those with grudges; those with smiles; those seeking relations long gone astray. A month ago, a young man came to the office of the *Forward* and told his story. He said he was raised by an Italian family since childhood. He had an Italian name. He spoke Italian—and English. But someone had said he was the child of a Jewish mother. The news disturbed him vastly. He set out in quest of his mother. It was of no avail. So he asked the *Forward* to help him. The *Forward* did, and a day later, he had found his mother through "A Bintel Breef." There was great jubilation, and even the American newspapers deemed the news worthy of lifting.

And so, in densely printed columns, running into thousands of words, hearts are laid bare, longings exposed, experiences told with disarming candor—and all of them wind up with the plea, "please, Mr. Editor, advise me what to do." And the editor, or whoever he appoints for the task, does advise—indeed, with painstaking diligence and with such wisdom as has been his fortune to garner. None of the curt, casual answers of the American dailies!

In 1912 a series of strikes filled the air. As usual the *Forward* and Ab Cahan were in the very midst of them. He led the strikers, he instructed them, he reasoned with them, he simplified for them the position of the employers and what they were offering. At times he urged the rejection of such offers. At other times he urged acceptance. It was acceptance he was urging when an angry mob made its way to the building of the *Forward* and sent missiles flying through its windows. Dauntless, Cahan ran to face it. Soon the commotion was stilled as his envious spell seized the throng. He was speaking, putting every ounce of his strength into the message he meant to deliver, when something within him snapped.

He was rushed to a hospital and operated upon immediately. For a while his life was in the balance. But, happily, the operation was a successful one. Then, as often happens in the period of convalescence of a busy man, his roving thoughts stumbled upon a long-neglected wish. It was to finish the novel which had been shaping itself in his mind for years. Thus was born "The Rise of David Levinsky," one of the outstanding novels in modern American literature. To date, it is his best. It was written in a *pianissimo* period of his life, at a distance from the stench of printer's ink and the roar of the presses.

IV

Contrary to a prevalent opinion "The Rise of David Levinsky" is not autobiographical, save that it depicts a few scenes of nature which Cahan himself knew. Cahan has never been a cloakmaker, like Levinsky. He was brought up in Russia in none of the orthodox, sternly religious fashion of the childhood and youth of Levinsky. And though he has known, of course, many women, neither Matilda nor Dora nor Miss Tevkin, who make the life of Levinsky so eventful, are portraits of actual human beings Cahan himself has encountered.

The salient matter of his story, in his own view, is the wide chasm between Levinsky's aspiration and his achievement. By temperament a scholar and an intellectual, he succumbs, unfortunately, to the clamor around him, and plunges head-

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long into money-making, only to find that at his goal stands a gaping vacuum. His long absence from the scenes into which, by nature, he would fit, adds to the distress of his predicament. The long years of the chase after the dollar have failed to reconcile him with the tastes and views of the stratum in which money-making is preeminent, but they have served to estrange him from the intellectual group. So Levinsky's heart bleeds with the bitter thought of belonging nowhere. He is strung between the North Pole and the South Pole. The subtitle of his story is "Episodes of a Lonely Life." Cahan has also written a number of books in Yiddish, mainly of an educational character. In harmony with the thought which guided his transformation of the *Forward*, the thought of aiding the vast and fumbling Yiddish masses to get some purpose into their lives, he produced a history of the United States for those unequal to English. The history is printed in several volumes and is extensively read.

In July he was sixty-six years old. But the man is as eager as a youth, as curious, as alert, as progressive. The years have turned his hair gray but they have failed to make even a dent in the buoyancy of his spirit. Physically, too, he seems as hearty as ever. As always, he keeps his hand on the pulse of things, standing ready to make such detours as life commands. He reads, he writes, he attends the theatre and concerts, and, on occasions, he speaks. The *Forward* is now sailing easily with nearly 225,000 readers, and an annual profit of over a quarter of a million dollars, but he refuses to stand in smug contemplation of his achieved triumph. Rather, sensing the new era with its new tendencies, he steers his ship to meet them and face them squarely. The new immigration laws have reduced the immigration of Jews to a negligible quantity. The younger generation is reared in English. The end is obvious, and Cahan proceeds accordingly. He inaugurates a rotogravure section, with sublines in both Yiddish and English. He creates a Sunday English section, which almost immediately goes into vogue with the younger Yiddish element. Gradually he enacts the transition which, gradually, too, is enacted by the living American reality. He keeps pace.

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REMINISCENCES OF TEXAS DIVINES

BY OWEN P. WHITE

In a good many ways Texas has made progress. We have, for example, got rid of Pat Neff as Governor. And even before we took that forward step we had learned to make our own liquor; we had bred the horns off, and the beefsteaks on, our cattle; we had laid many miles of good roads; we had erected thousands of schoolhouses; we had run the Indians out of the country; and we had encouraged our bad men to slaughter one another. Generally speaking, we have so developed ourselves, down there under the illustrious banner of the Lone Star, that the State today leads the Union in many ways. But religion, unfortunately, isn't one of them. We haven't been able to do anything with our native, corn-fed clergy. They are the same, yesterday, today and forever.

I can look back into my childhood and recall sacred scenes and sermons that I saw and heard, and then I can step around the corner in almost any town in Texas today, sneak into the local basilica, drop into a back pew, and see and hear the same things again. It's incredible but it's true. For the Texas stockmen and cotton-planters, though they have made fortunes by adopting modern methods of breeding stock and tilling the soil, are still perfectly satisfied to consume and pay for an obsolete, moth-eaten, long-exploded brand of voodooism that is "sold" to them by ecclesiastics who, save in one respect, are no more intelligent than they are themselves. The dominies are simply sharper.

Think for a minute of what would happen to a salesman who should invade Texas and try to sell to its housewives an old-fashioned line of tallow dips, such as were in use in the days of Stephen F. Austin. The fellow would be run out of the State. He might even be tarred and feathered. For in Texas today nearly every farmhouse and headquarters ranch is equipped with an electric plant, or a gas system, for illuminating purposes. Yet when it comes to selling the people a light to lighten the Gentiles the preachers have no trouble at all in making them pay a high price for the oldest and moldiest parts of the Old Testament.

By what seems to be almost instinct the Texans prefer the implacable Jehovah to the benign God. They adore the harsh doctrine which calls for an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. They lust for the punishment of the other fellow. Such being their attitude, their pastors, many of whom are Rotarians whose motto is Satisfactory Service, are perhaps not to be blamed if they endeavor to deliver a hot line of goods. Thus it happens that a Texas evangelist can always wax more enthusiastic over the discovery of one honest and unrepentant sinner, to whom he can point as an illustrious example on the way to hell, than over the hypocritical hundred who prostrate themselves before his high altar and assert hysterically that they are saved.

A good many years ago a bow-legged Baptist revivalist, who had managed to worm his way into prominence by having the immortal Brann refer to him editorially as "an infinitesimal pismire who worries me by perpetually crawling up my pants-leg," came to El Paso and held a long series of meetings. El Paso was at that time—it is yet, for that matter, regardless

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of what the city boosters and the Ministerial Alliance say to the contrary—quite an attractively tough town, and the harvest that this man of God reaped was rich and large. In fact, he pretty nearly ruined El Paso society. Everybody went to his meetings, just as they would have gone to a Wizard Oil Show or to a free performance at the Coliseum Variety House. I went myself; it was my first revival. What I remember of it chiefly is that the whole burden of the holy man's remarks was punishment, punishment, and then more punishment. The world was filled, it appeared, with sin and nothing else. So were we. Damnation was our inevitable lot. He jumped with both feet, both fists, and a great flow of illiterate language upon us and upon all our amusements. Did the people resent his billingsgate? Not at all. They fell for him in such numbers that after his first week his dipping-tank became the busiest spot in town.

I can see them yet—the young girls, I mean, some of whom will undoubtedly read this and grin sheepishly—, with their hair slicked back, dressed in white robes, and walking down into the water and getting ducked. And I can still hear that preacher as he made them swear to give up their harmless parties and playthings—and called the attention of their innocent minds to the joyful life which was being led by a poor, abandoned class of women in the lower end of the town, to whom he referred with most horrible scorn and contempt.

II

When this man got to going good he held some meetings for men only. I went to one and I'll never forget it. I have never been the same since. It was held in the old Myar Opera House—a sanctuary of the devil which, the preacher said, was rendered holy for the time being because he was using it for God's purposes. The place was packed to the doors. There was a prayer or two, a hymn or two, and then a sermon. At least, he called it a sermon. It was, in fact, merely a recital of page after page and chapter after chapter from Rabelais, the Decameron and the Contes Drolatiques, culled out by the person and worked over to suit the taste of his customers. It suited *me* all right. I enjoyed it. Never anywhere, not even in the worst bar-rooms I have sinfully frequented, or in the most select of Pullman smoker groups, have I ever listened to as varied and as choice a collection of pornographic anecdotes. The preacher taught me things about women that I had never heard of before—things extremely scandalous and surprising. Naturally, I was not the only beneficiary. All the other boys in town were there too, and in a few weeks that sermon for men only began to show results. When the revivalist left town, the girls and a few of the boys remained faithful, for a week or two, to their pledges not to dance, play cards, and so on, and then human nature reasserted itself with a bang. We began to mingle again, to take walks in the moonlight, to shake our feet and enjoy being young. But there was a change and it was very simple: it was now all right for the boys to talk to the girls about the things the preacher had talked to them about, and the boys did it. It was likewise all right for the girls to listen, and some of them listened. Before I heard that man preach I wouldn't have dared to suggest to any El Paso girl of my acquaintance that she even so much as had a leg, but after he left the first thing I wanted to do was to find out. I was just an average boy. The others reacted just as I did and were, I think, just as grateful as I to the man who had called our attention to the merits of a book entitled "Only a Boy" and advised us *not* to read it.

My encounter with this preacher took place when I was quite young. Years later there came to El Paso a high-powered, go-getting exhorter by the name of Jones. Upon his arrival he was, of course, welcomed by all the good Methodists and Baptists of the town. The sanctified broth-

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ers and sisters greeted him at the train, patted him on the back, told him what a hell of a fellow he was, fried all their best chickens for him, and flocked in nightly droves to his tabernacle to hear him take a fall out of the devil. Well, that man preached in the town for weeks, and carried away slightly more or less than a box car full of money, and yet never once during all that time did he say a word that savored of anything except eternal damnation for the entire community. And the community paid him for doing it! El Pasoans actually paid him in hard cash for saying that "a letter addressed to hell would be delivered in El Paso,"—and then made him a personal present of an extra collection! He asserted that he couldn't walk down the streets without meeting girls in every block who looked invitingly at his magnificent physique. Yet he got away with it—in Texas!—and went away jingling with money. Wherever this Jones goes he cracks the same joke about the local mail service; in every town he makes the same libellous remarks about the local girls—and everywhere he gets well paid for roaring from his pulpit what the local editor would get lynched for even hinting at in his paper.

The resident clergy use the same stuff. Some of them even carry their low view of the native female morality into their private communications. One day not so very long ago I met one of the most prominent preachers of one of the largest towns in Texas on one of his own streets. He said: "Come on, I'll buy a drink."

"Sure," I answered. "I know where we can get good rye at fifty cents a slug. I'll lead the way."

"Oh, no, no. I didn't mean that," said the preacher. "I meant coca-cola."

It was a hot day, so I went to the soda-fountain and while there seated I asked this man of God if he had ever been drunk. He said emphatically that he hadn't and I then proceeded: "And yet you presume to hold yourself out as a model of abstemiousness when you don't know anything about the other fellow's side of the question! If you'd only been gloriously full for a week at a time, and enjoyed it, as I have, you'd know what it really means to resist temptation."

The good man looked down at a spotless waistcoat, which showed not a wrinkle over a well filled paunch, and replied solemnly: "I *do* know what it means to resist temptation. I resist it every day in my studio."

I knew just what he meant. A few days before, two young women had told me that the girls of that holy man's congregation didn't break their necks getting to his "studio," even upon invitation, because he was said to be ardently given to the intimate pastime of arm-pinching.

III

Down in one of the largest of the East Texas cities there is a shrine, or a tabernacle, or a midway plaisance, or something, I don't know what they call it, which, according to the pastoral boast of the proprietor, the Rev. J. Frank Norris, who lately killed a man in the church, is a place wherein 8000 children receive instruction every Sunday morning.

But what kind of instruction? Women who have taken their children out of that Sunday-school have told me about it and this is what they say: Their children were taught to *fear* God and *hate* the Devil! So it is all over Texas. To the children in all the Baptist and Methodist Sunday-schools the Prince of Heaven and the Prince of Hell are represented as equally abhorrent personages. Christ, in fact, is merely the devil's policeman—a uniformed enforcement officer who catches them in the commission of a sin, grabs them by the seat of the pantaloons and slaps them down on the red-hot griddle.

According to some of the Texas theologians Christ is even armed. I don't know whether He is supposed to carry a squirrel-rifle, a bow and arrow, or a nigger shooter, but at any rate He must have some kind of

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weapon that is suitable for work at long range. I say this because of an experience I once had when I got up and walked out of a revival just when the preacher had on a full head of steam and was going his best. He saw me, with another young man, rise from my seat, step into the aisle, and start for the exit. The flow of his remarks stopped immediately; he paused for a moment to give full effect to what was coming, and then bawled out: "Behold the sinners! The vengeance of the Lord is upon them and they will be shot in the back before they reach the door!" But if the Lord, or any of His representatives, shot at us that day they missed. All that we actually experienced was a sort of vague, creepy sensation of uneasiness between our shoulder-blades, arising from the thought that maybe the preacher himself might throw something.

The Texas Fundamentalists are so thoroughly wedded to the thought of a bellicose and merciless Jehovah that it would be very bad business for the clergy of the State to talk to them about a more kindly God. Why change the system when to do so might mean an abrupt damming up of the stream of shekels which is now flowing with undisturbed serenity into the coffers of the evangelical churches? The Texas preachers, indeed, are usually astute business men, and since the Volstead Act has so increased the cost of living, they show quite as high a regard for the shekels as any of their communicants.

Gallivanting around somewhere in Texas at the present time—at least, he was gallivanting around down there a short while ago—is a large, healthy, heavy-set, Methodist divine. For several years before I ever laid eyes on him I had heard much talk of his prowess—he almost sent several good lawyers that I knew to the poor-house by playing poker with them—but the more I heard the less I wanted to see him. Finally, I couldn't help myself. A friend of mine thoughtlessly passed away and as the bereaved widow selected this much talked of personage to conduct the funeral orgies I had both the sight and the sound of him literally thrust upon me. When I saw him I was greatly and agreeably surprised. I had always visualized him as a rather tall, slender, high-browed fanatic, with all the distasteful mannerisms and ways of his trade. But he wasn't like that at all. He was rotund, jolly looking and very well dressed, and when he got to his feet to say what he had to say over the shell of my friend he said it very simply and decently and sat down.

That pleased me very much and I made inquiry as to his past life. Strange to say, what I was told coincided exactly with the surmise I had formed the instant I saw him. When he rose to speak at the funeral I whispered to a friend: "He looks exactly like an old time bartender, or faro-dealer." And in civil life, so I was informed, before he gave up honorable labor for the fleshpots of Methodism, those were the identical professions he had followed. When I met him he was in charge of one of the best paying pulpits in Texas, but he didn't lose sight of his former usefulness. One of his stunts was to operate a gambling-room at a church carnival, selling checks to all of the sportily religious and winning them back again, to the glory of the Lord, through the worldly medium of roulette, monte and stud poker. He did this in the name of God and got away with it, but just a short time thereafter, when the Shriners in a nearby town tried to do likewise, the law swooped down upon them and pinched the whole bespangled bunch for gambling.

This ambassador of Christ, as I have said, is still at large. But some time ago he gave up the lucrative church above referred to because, right under his nose—in fact, occupying his own pulpit—he saw a brother of the faith get away with more swag for a six weeks' series of revivals than the congregation was paying him for six months' hard labor in the vineyard. In other words, as soon as this reformed gambler saw a real expert at his new trade rifle the deck in a new way, he made a

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new lay-out for himself, switched his own game, and went after that of the other fellow. My last information in regard to him is that the Lord has blessed him and he is doing well. I am told that he is laying up treasure for himself and I hope he is. For from what I saw of him I came to like him, and as the church ran him out of business originally it is now only fair that it should take care of him in a style befitting his former talents and magnificence.

Neither have I anything to say against a certain aged Baptist mullah who, only a year or so ago, interested himself actively in restoring some very efficient and notorious bootleggers to their proper place in Texas society. They were three brothers, and they were up for the butchery of two Prohibition officers. They were tried twice. The conclusion of the first trial, wherein the alleged criminals were defended only by their lawyers, was a hung jury, and the awful news caused a terrific uproar in Christian circles. So the bloodthirsty Baptists proposed that they be hanged anyhow, but they were not hanged, and when they faced the jury for the second time it was with a new light of hope in their eyes and a new countenance in the court-room. The new countenance was that of a white-haired, white-whiskered Baptist ecclesiastic, an uncle of the bootleggers. He had been dug up by the family from somewhere down at the forks of the creek and brought to town for the festivities. His appearance quickly upset the balance of justice. During the long hours of the trial he sat with tears dimming his eyes and his lips moving in prayer, close by the side of the two bootleggers. He patted them soothingly on their persecuted backs, he looked appealingly at the judge, and his watery and beseeching glances constantly swept the faces of the jurymen. And he won! The jury returned an immediate verdict of not guilty and the next day the best lawyer in the State, the best in my opinion, said to me: "Well, if you want to kill anybody, hop to it, and hire a Baptist preacher."

IV

I do not want it to be inferred from anything I have said that I have never known any good Texas preachers. I have known a number of them, but in most instances they would have been better men, in my opinion, if they had been in some other line of business. I knew one, for example, who would have made an excellent comic lecturer; another would have done himself credit anywhere as a piano player; a third, now on the revival stage, would have been a wow as a meat-cutter; while a fourth is actually doing well in the dual rôle of driver of an oil-truck by day, and pastor to a flock of Seventh Day Adventists at night.

On several occasions I have dropped in at the evening hullabaloo which this truck-driver conducts, and in all sincerity and honesty I can say that I have always got my money's worth. He is a large man, and fat, and in Summer he sweats profusely and is as violently addicted to the palm-leaf habit as the late prophet of Dayton, Tenn. He preaches the pure and undefiled doctrine of eternal damnation as it is laid down in the Book, and after he has done his stuff he calls upon his congregation to do theirs. The congregation is always responsive. Every time I have attended divine worship in his tabernacle a hatchet-faced girl of about eighteen has played the piano and led the singing, while an ascetic looking lady of fifty or thereabouts has acted as chief elocutionary assistant to the truck-driver. They are all good, every one of them. One night that I remember a member of the congregation arose and said, "I was a sinner at nine, praise God." The preacher exclaimed "Thank you, Jesus," and from all over the house came the sound of joyous groans and hallelujahs. After a while the hatchet-faced girl tore into the piano with a terrific frenzy, beating jazz time frantically with her foot, and the congregation cut loose with a hymn. Just at this juncture the back door flew open and in rushed an

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indignant citizen. In less than twenty seconds the truck-driver, or preacher, having been hit with a ten-inch monkey-wrench, was draped across his pulpit in a semiconscious state, two or three male worshippers who had risen valiantly at the advent of the stranger were stretched *hors de combat* upon the floor, and every woman who could get to one had her head out of a window and was yelling for the police. It was a fine night and I wouldn't have missed it for a cigar-box full of Federal Reserve notes.

The next day, after the Judge had finished fining the indignant citizen twenty dollars, I took him in hand and interrogated him. His complaint was that he lived next door to the tabernacle and hadn't had a good night's rest in three weeks. Unless he moved out of the neighborhood he didn't get one during the next three weeks either, for, as I took occasion to observe, there was not the slightest abatement in the racket. The truck-driver continued to serve the Lord with yells in spite of everything.

In conclusion, I have in mind one more Texas divine. He came from Tennessee. He was a good man and I loved him. So did everyone who knew him. When he died there were as many gamblers, saloon-keepers, lawyers, prize-fighters and other such scoundrels at his funeral as there were members of his own flock. But this clergyman was an Episcopalian, and in writing the foregoing article I have not had his sect very strongly in mind. The Episcopalians, when sober, are not very comical. Moreover, they are far too intelligent to cut much ice in Texas.

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THE HOME OF MARK TWAIN

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

THIS is how Mark Twain, in "Life on the Mississippi," described his native village, Hannibal, Mo., as it was when he was a boy:

> After all these years I can picture that old time to myself now, just as it was then; the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a Summer's morning; the streets empty or pretty nearly so; one or two clerks sitting in front of the Water street stores, with their splint-bottomed chairs tilted back against the walls, chins on breasts, hats slouched over their faces, asleep—with shingle shavings enough around to show what broke them down; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing along the sidewalk, doing a good business in watermelon rinds and seeds; two or three lonely little freight piles scattered about the levee; a pile of skids on the slope of the stone-paved wharf, and the fragrant town drunkard asleep in the shadow of them; two or three wood-flats at the head of the wharf but nobody to listen to the peaceful lapping of the wavelets against them; the great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun; the dense forest away on the other side; the point above the town, and the point below, bounding the river glimpse and turning it into a sort of sea, and withal a very still and brilliant and lonely one.

And this is what he wrote, returning in 1883, under contract to write his book:

> The people of Hannibal are not more changed than is the town. It is no longer a village; it is a city, with a mayor, and a council, and water-works, and probably a debt. It has fifteen thousand people, is a thriving and energetic place, and is paved like the rest of the West and South. . . . The customary half-dozen railways center in Hannibal now, and there is a new depot, which cost a hundred thousand dollars. In my time the town had no specialty, and no commercial grandeur; the daily packet landed a passenger and bought a catfish, and took away another passenger and a hatful of freight; but now a huge commerce in lumber has grown up, and large miscellaneous commerce is one of the results. A deal of money changes hands there now.

The full benefits of this ennobling change have been realized in the Hannibal of today. Nothing remains of the white and shining village but the pen-name of its greatest son—but that abounds everywhere. Rotary has taken over Hannibal, and emblazoned Mark's name indelibly on every facet of the city. There has been such a rivalry for the use of it, in fact, that one can tell the older and more successful establishments by their possession of it. There are a Mark Twain Candy Parlor, a Mark Twain Rent-a-Ford Service, a Mark Twain Tire-Repair Shop, a Mark Twain Beauty Shop, a Mark Twain Shoe-Shining Parlor, a Mark Twain Hotel and so on *ad infinitum*. But there is one line, to use the phrase of the Rotarian, a very ancient line, in which no entrepreneur has preëmpted the sacred name. The town supports three bordellos; they still bear the commonplace appellations of Flora's, Bessie's and Dollie's. Periodically, at the demand of an ambitious revivalist, the owners and inmates are called before the local courts of justice. Fines of $100 are levied on the former and of $25 on the latter. Thus in the course of every year Hannibal's tax rate is appreciably reduced. As a consequence the town is tolerant; the block in which the three melancholy establishments are grouped is spoken of resignedly as "down on Bird street." The farmer youths for miles around come into town for the purpose of going "down on Bird street."

Bird street is at the end of the main street and but a few steps from the Mark Twain Home, which is, of course, the very shrine and fount of civic pride. The adjacent section is always spoken of as "the older part of town." Its plain and simple fronts, for the most part of wood,

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are in marked contrast to the gaudier, newer structures that range along the river for a half dozen blocks and stretch back along another street to the town's crowning glory, the baroque temple of the cinema, the Orpheum. The Mark Twain Home is perhaps the most modest building in town. It is of the box-with-a-lid-on type of architecture, narrow, and painted gray. Its only distinguishing mark is a globular light, similar to those which once graced saloon entrances, bearing the legend "Mark Twain Home," and put there by the town's wealthiest citizen, who is responsible as well for the preservation of the house.

Within is a hodge-podge of relics of the great man. Every citizen of Hannibal has gone to his attic and brought forth a chair on which Mark once sat, or a glass from which he once drank. The front room, into which one steps directly from the street, has about it an air of moldering decay, filled as it is with a conglomerate array of junk. Albert Bigelow Paine has contributed many of the pieces. In a mummy-like case, lit by a glaring overhead bulb, is a white coat, slightly moth-eaten. "This is a coat that he wore many times, one of the many that belonged to his white suits," says a letter from Mr. Paine, pinned to the sleeve. There is an ancient typewriter on which the great man's words are supposed to have been recorded as he uttered them, and a sagging wicker chair, suspended from the wall. A letter from Mr. Paine explains that "the chair was a favorite one of Mark Twain's and the picture shows him sitting in it." The caretaker, who combines as well the offices of guide, biographer, panegyrist, and critic, assures the visitor that the chair is worth at least $5,000, but adds hastily that it is not for sale. About the walls are dimming photographs, illustrations, caricatures, cartoons, and clippings from magazines and newspapers; a large bronze plaque; and a gilt cast of Mark Twain's hand. A squat base-burner stove dominates the middle of the room; with its ornate nickel-plate work it strikes a discordant note. The plaque deserves especial mention. It is in the nature of a dedicatory monument for the house and bears a profile in bas-relief of Mark Twain; but most precious is the inscription:

> Mark Twain's life teaches that poverty is an incentive rather than a bar; and that any boy, however humble his surroundings, may by honesty and industry accomplish great things.

The caretaker, not without a sense of the dramatic, concludes a rambling dissertation with, "Now let me show you his daughter." The startled visitor expects to see at least a waxen image; a mere photograph is disappointing. The rest of the dissertation which this faithful guide lavishes upon the stranger is illuminating and significant as to the attitude of the town. "Oh, yes, we have lords and millionaires, and everybody," she assures one. Lord Frazer's name seems to have been particularly impressive to the Hannibalians, for every visitor is informed that he once put foot across the sacred threshold. "And from all over the world—England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Belgium, and all the other countries." The tourist parties that come trooping through during the Summer consist often of whole families from the neighboring counties. They are duly impressed and go peering about, talking in hushed and awed tones, perhaps a little foggy as to who this Mark Twain was, but certain that there is cause for homage. During the Winter the visitors are for the most part traveling men or others forced by bad train schedules to idle away a few hours in Hannibal.

II

There is another shrine to which all visitors are taken. That is the memorable cave that figures so importantly in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." It is called the Becky Thatcher-Tom Sawyer cave by the town. Once, perhaps, it had all the mysterious charm which Mark Twain ascribes to it. But the owner of the bluffs

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which it honeycombs was a shrewd man, and so he put up a gate at the entrance and charged an admission fee of fifty cents, and the cave became an institution, second in importance only to the Mark Twain Home. Now it is rapidly disappearing, even as an institution, for a cement plant is slowly consuming its winding reaches. The rock through which it penetrates is needed for the stuff that goes to make sky-scrapers and hog-pens. The frequent explosions, necessary to blasting away the rock, now make exploration hazardous. But more obvious and more complete than the destruction of this shrine is the desecration of the old river front.

Double railroad tracks now run along the bank. Approaching the town, they sprawl out into ugly yards, dotted here and there with blackened, shack-like buildings. Near the yards are several factories, each pouring out a stench of smoke and gas. Their chimneys rear up, almost above the bluffs that surround the town. From the highest bluff, called Riverview Park, one is able to look out over the irregular rectangular ugliness which is now Hannibal. But one must go far from town and park to feel anything of the still, slow mood of the river—that deep, mysterious fragrance that is to be found in "Huckleberry Finn."

The levee, brick-paved, is now weed-grown, refuse-strewn, deserted. Even the river here seems a little tamed, restrained, put into its correct and orthodox place by government order and appropriation. The only boats seen now, with rare exceptions, are small pleasure boats, mud scows, and government barges. There is a packet between Cape Girardeau and St. Louis, and a boat making special trips for tourists to the lower river, but so far as I know no others carrying passengers. There are, of course, the excursion boats, which the town always turns out to see on the occasional nights when they put into Hannibal. The levee is then crowded with cars, the occupants craning to watch the gang-plank up which the excursionists stream; colored lights play upon the white, jig-saw scroll work bulk; motor horns are answered from the boat's calliope; and after a time, with much heavy and important puffing, the boat is turned out into the stream. Its cruise is brief—merely to some convenient anchorage where the young may ply themselves amorously upon the upper deck, reserved for that purpose, or exhaust each other with cavortings in the "ballroom," to which virtually the entire lower deck is given up. The boat returns at midnight to a darkened town. This is Mark Twain's description of the arrival of a steamboat in *his* day:

> Presently a film of smoke appears above one of these remote points; instantly a Negro drayman, famous for his quick eye and prodigious voice, lifts up the cry, "S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin'!!" and the scene changes! The town drunkard stirs, the clerks wake up, a furious clatter of drays follows, every house and store pours out a human contribution, and all in a twinkling the dead town is alive and moving. Drays, carts, men, boys, all go hurrying from many quarters to a common center, the wharf.

The good Rotarian of today is inclined to be a bit condescending toward Mark's Hannibal. He smiles over this picture, conscious, of course, of the infinite superiority of the present, but tolerant of the past. "It was a big event then, wasn't it?" he says. "Now-a-days fast Burlington trains go through here every hour—limiteds, expresses, and no one bats an eyelash. A steamboat doesn't mean anything around here any more. Why, we'd all be out playing golf if it came in the afternoon." But the Rotarian is optimistic for the future of the river. A St. Louis corporation has in view a plan by which traffic may be revived. The prospectus of this corporation shows a picture of flat, scow-like boats, having in tow long strings of objects closely resembling freight cars or sausages. "The river may boom yet," the Rotarian says hopefully.

He is equally hopeful for Hannibal. The town, he assures everyone, is definitely on the make. An evidence is the great increase in the number of forward-looking luncheon clubs. Rotary now has to compete with

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the Lions and Kiwanis. But Rotary still has one mark of superiority to which the upstarts may never aspire. The saucer-like badges of its men of vision are adorned with large pictures of Mark. These badges hang in a funereal little case just outside the door of the dining-room of the Mark Twain Hotel. There are Tom, and Mike, and Abe, and Hank, and below each emblazoned name is a blurry reproduction of one of the favorite photographs of Hannibal's Rotary hero. When the boys bustle in at noon and don their badges with much back-slapping, handshaking, and guffawing, and Clara, the headwaitress, puts "Ain't We Got Fun" on the new panatrope, one can be assured that the go-ahead atmosphere has been established. Outside the dining-room door, too, are encased the name plates of the Lions, but they are mere blue and gold affairs, having not the magic symbol. But Mark comes in for a truly generous glorification when the Chamber of Commerce holds an orgy. As the local gazette says next day, "Many citizens spoke in honor of Mark Twain." Not only do they speak in honor of him, but they speak about him. Anyone who had even a bowing acquaintance with him is called upon to perform before the programme descends to "Today and Tomorrow in Hannibal."

III

Most noted of those who recount anecdotes of the great man is Mrs. Laura Hawkins Frazier, who, according to local legend, is the veritable Becky Thatcher. She speaks before the radio and at public gatherings; she is interviewed and has her picture in the rotogravure sections of the St. Louis and Kansas City papers. Her anecdotes follow with great fidelity those once told by Mark himself. But she is almost the only survivor of all those who could once press a claim to intimacy with him. The original list included everyone who had been within a radius of one hundred miles of Hannibal between the years 1840 and 1870. Another surviving "former playmate" is Norval L. Brady, who was reported at the last annual banquet as saying that "had not the Civil War intervened, the humorist might never have developed his genius." In addition to former playmates the town was once populated by "characters," and the offspring of "characters," but those who can now present valid claims for places in this category are likewise diminishing in number. For the characters in "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" were no mythical creations of the author, but flesh and blood people, who, in many instances in later years, went by their fictional names rather than by those which they had acquired at baptism. This was true of Injun Joe, but he seemed rather to feel that the name implied a slur, and so you used it at your own risk, although ordinarily he was quite harmless. There were prototypes, too, of Huck, and of his father. Aunt Polly, the town has it, was Mrs. Clemens.

It would tax a novelist's powers of imagination beyond endurance to find so diverse a set of characters in Hannibal today. There remain only a few stubborn-bearded old men, particularly river men, who resist manfully the modern improvements that dominate the present day. Their attitude toward the town's hero is curiously different from that of the rest of the citizenry. "Mark Twain hell!" they bark sharply when questioned. "He didn't know anything about the river." I find this opinion strongly supported by all the old river men with whom I have ever talked. Captain Sam Smith, of the *Waterways Journal*, assures me that it is probable that Mark never was actually trusted to take the wheel of a steamboat alone.

With the growth of the town and the coming of Prohibition, there is no longer a single claimant for the ancient and honorable title of Town Drunkard, long held by a noble line of guzzlers, including Huck's father. There are four or five drunks who appear in police court regularly, usually on Monday, after a week-end orgy on

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moonshine. They are, however, a respectable, God-fearing lot who promptly pay their fines and go about their honest endeavors, in shabby contrast to Huck's gorgeous pa. The work of the movies, Rotary, the publications of Mr. MacFadden, and the Sunday newspapers, together with the radio, golf, and faster and more comfortable communication between St. Louis and Chicago, has been so efficacious that the inhabitants of Hannibal are no longer to be distinguished from those of a hundred similar towns. And were it not for the ghost of Mark the town itself could not be distinguished from the others.

But Mark's ghost is there, and so Hannibal is different. There is probably not a single residence, store, or public building in the town that does not contain some representation of its only eminent son. These representatives range from the likeness on the hotel stationery to the Millet portrait in the public library. In addition there are many statues and busts, of which the library boasts several. The full-length figure in Riverview Park, on the spot where the original is supposed to have spent many hours gazing long and soulfully at the river, is perhaps the most imposing. There are enlarged photographs in all the stores and restaurants. Even the characters are being immortalized; Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer have been done in bronze.

In time, it is easy to foresee, Mark will be formally canonized by Rotary and Hannibal will develop an industry in effigies. Think of the legends that will grow up about this second Saint Mark! Perhaps when the centuries have done their work, he will be identified with the sublime founder of Rotary, and become the patron saint of that great order. But before that can come to pass, the school of theologians which inevitably follows in the wake of a new messiah will have no small task of censorship, for there are many of Mark's epistles surviving which, if ever read or understood, would sorely irk Rotary. I think, for example, of his agonized groan when he was laboriously attempting to turn his sentimental journey into profit in "Life on the Mississippi":

> The weather turned cold, and we had to rush home, while I still lacked thirty thousand words. I had been sick and got delayed. I am going to write all day and two-thirds of the night until the thing is done or break down on it. The spur and burden of the contract are intolerable to me. I can endure the irritation of it no longer. I went to work at nine o'clock yesterday morning and went to bed an hour after midnight. Result of the day (mainly stolen from books, though credit given) 9,500 words, so I reduced my burden by one-third in one day. It was five days' work in one. I have nothing more to borrow or steal; the rest must all be written. It is ten days' work, and unless something breaks it will be finished in five.

One does not care to imagine that fifth day.

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MARCHAUNT ADVENTURERS: MODEL 1926

BY HENRY TETLOW

A FRIEND who earns his bread by the practice of one of the fine arts once told me that when he retired he hoped to go into business. Through the study of "Babbitt" and kindred philosophical works he had reached the conviction that most of the entertainment in contemporary life lies embedded in modern business and its peculiar institutions and *mores*. This is, of course, only partly true. Not all business is entertaining, and no business is entertaining all the time. There are vast arid stretches on the industrial map, "full of a lack of ideas" and diversion. One who contemplates business as an avocation should, as the market investigators say, conduct a careful survey before making his choice. It is with some idea of contributing to such a survey that I have assembled these casual notes on foreign trade, which, of all branches and phases of business, is the one I would recommend most readily to my aforementioned friend or to any reader vexed by similar yearnings. In all-around and sustained interest it easily dominates the commercial field. At the least, it keeps its grip on the imagination; at best, it is replete with kicks and yells.

When I was a child, one of the thrills up-attic was a little lacquered chest which had held tea, the gift of a Chinese diplomat to my grandmother. That chest became the symbol of my desire: for years I yearned to visit the vasty and mysterious East that had produced it. Then one day, watching a shipment of Madagascar vetivert being unpacked, I was struck with the hollowness of such an aspiration in these prosaic times. Vetivert is a fluid, dark and sticky—the aromatic juice of a Far Eastern grass-root. The thrifty Madagasgoynes pack it, not as the romantic imagination might suppose, in quaint earthen pots or curious copper vessels, corked and sealed with scarlet silk, but in discarded gasoline tins from Bayonne, N. J., empty champagne bottles, and a variety of containers that went out to the East charged with internationally advertised, "non-secret preparations."

The fate of Madagascar is the fate of all the world. High-voltage Occidental salesmanship has wrought international havoc. I no longer aspire to the Celestial Kingdom. Probably there are no more tea-chests in China to-day like the one up-attic. Still more probably, the only teas you can find out there now are those packed and branded by the big Scotch-Irish tea man whose adventures as a yachtsman have for years given his merchandise a valuable front page publicity. Two decades ago we who touched the fringes of foreign trade however remotely got our best and biggest thrills from our importations. To-day—ask Sir Thomas himself—the thrill is, so to speak, on the other foot. Foreign goods have become vulgarized, at least in America: they are the commonplaces of the masses, the sport of the five-and-ten cent stores. The import trade is no longer for the initiate. Those who seek exclusiveness in their commercial thrills must perforce turn to exporting.

For an important factor in the satisfaction that flows out of the foreign trade is the feeling that not everyone is in the know. Here exporting is plainly superior to importing. Few importers do a world-

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wide business: in the main they simply take things as they come, without reflecting on whence they came, or how, in detail, they got here. The exporter's transactions, on the other hand, may extend to every hole and corner of the earth: not seldom to places he has never heard of otherwise. "Where in the world is so-and-so?" is more than a rhetorical question to him. And before he packs his goods he must know by what various and often appalling means they will get there. Will they be dropped overside into a lighter standing off a tropical and barbaric beach, or will they be set gently down on a concrete dock by an electric crane? May they be shipped in bulky parcels for transport by rail, or must they be prepared to travel mule-back? To what extent will they be exposed to the hazards of the elements and to custom-house thievery, both legal and illicit? Will it be possible to determine beforehand which will be the cheapest route of transportation?

By the time the exporter and his much-enduring freight-broker have answered all these questions and more, they begin to believe that nature, the elements, the governments of the world and all the common carriers by land and sea are leagued in a vast conspiracy to deprive them of their livelihoods. Governments present the worst difficulties, for in their case the exporter is threatened with double jeopardy: the legitimate one of legislative vagaries covering such matters as import tariffs and other taxes, postal rates, anti-dumping laws and pure food and drug regulations; and the even more numerous and vexatious ones arising from dishonesty, thievery and maladministration. Sometimes, of course, a seeming difficulty can be turned to good account. My own goods, for instance, lend themselves to advertising by sampling, so in the case of one country where thefts in the postal customs-office are common and notorious, we sent in hundreds of packages of samples by parcels-post. Invariably from fifteen to twenty-five per cent of the samples would be stolen by the postal inspectors—but the stolen samples were not wasted, for almost instantly they reached the consuming public in that country and so accomplished their mission at no cost for local distribution!

II

The grips, signs and passwords of the order of exporters hold for most of us the mystic charm that lodge work has for better men. It is delightfully flattering to discover how few of the laity understand the machinery by which exported goods are paid for; how few can read any intelligible meaning into such a phrase as C. I. F. Penang 90 days S/D D/A 2/30 days S/D. Still fewer, I suspect, could find Penang on the map, in spite of the late vogue of South Sea erotica. For Penang is not unlike the clock in the nursery tale which, when it struck eleven, meant two: to find it you must look on the map for a place called Georgetown.

Another source of joy to the exporter lies in contemplating the progress of his own sleazy, quality-plus products across the Seven Seas to the lands of far away and long ago; or by camel caravan along the ages-old trade routes out of Aden to some "rose red city half as old as time." For out of this contemplation is born a realization which is sweet balm to the exporter's sweating commercial soul: that without the solid city trader, without the Five Towns, nay even without the wooden nutmeg, there never could have been a concept of Imperialism fit for a Kipling to deify or a Sumner to damn.

Then there are the daily pleasing riddles and mysteries of the routine. Why should it cost sixty cents to ship a certain quantity of goods from here to London, about 3,000 miles, yet only sixty-five cents to send the same goods five times as far—to Melbourne or Sydney? Why should the rate from New York to Durban be the same as from New York to Cape Town? Why do the experts insist that South America (they mean both South and Central America) is our best

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market, when the plain fact is that the British Empire is miles ahead of it? I often wonder, indeed, what is going to happen to the British Isles when they have at last lost all their colonial trade to Germany and the United States. How many presumably well-informed people suspect that Manchester, of all places in the world, is a big market for American textiles? And why does the insurance company whose home office is one block from my factory pay a pilferage claim in London weeks before it will pay the same claim here?

Pilferage is one of the necessary evils of the foreign trade. Somewhere on every trade route your goods are sure to be broken into and small lots stolen. Just what stevedores do with face powder is one of my private enigmas. As to the settlement of claims, the insurance company will pay quicker in England than in America because the British merchant is, for a mathematical certainty, more honest than his American cousin. Most Americans will doubt this, for the Britisher is also a better buyer, and the American, especially if he is in what we tradesmen call the selling end, is apt to confuse close buying with trickery and chicanery. But in point of fact it is easier for a seller to be dishonest than a buyer. A Belgian customer once summed up the current differences between nationalities something like this: "If I buy goods from a German I will certainly get them and they will be exactly like the samples from which I ordered. If I buy from an Englishman I will either get goods exactly like the sample or I will get nothing. If I buy from an American I will certainly get something, but whether it will be up to the sample or not is doubtful. If I buy from a Japanese I will certainly get something and it will certainly not be up to the sample."

I think this is a little unfair to the Japanese; I think we are all too hard on them. From the exporter's standpoint they are just like any other nationality. While the importer should not invariably rely on them, yet should he not be mindful that they are in their commercial infancy? Would not a little charity well become the representative of a nation just emerging from a nonage that produced such eminent Yankee articles of commerce as sanded sugar and wooden nutmegs? I think it would. Parenthetically, I do not recall any notice being taken by our public men or press of one result of the Exclusion Act aimed by our West Coast brethren at the Japanese a few years ago. I refer, of course, to the determined boycott of American goods in Japan. Any benefit that may have accrued to the Pacific States by the passage of that act—and that any has accrued is indeed debatable—has been more than offset by the sturdy resentment of our little brown brothers at home.

Perhaps the greatest hardship the exporter has suffered from this boycott has been the tapering off of his daily allowance of Japanese business English. This, of course, does not mean that all the joy has been taken out of foreign commercial correspondence. We still have the Anglo-Indian post, to which I shall revert later, and from time to time we are refreshed by some luscious *gâteau* as the following circular letter from a Brazilian go-getter:

THIS CIRCULAR MUST NO BE THROWN IN THE BASKET OF PAPER!

Dear Sirs:

I have the pleasure to inform you that I have just opened in this city, in my own name a escriptation, whic will do business in the general line Commissions and Representations of the industrial products of your country. I improve this opportunity to offer you my modest services and shall be extremely gratified if you will seo fit to favour me with the catalogues ans lists of current prices, ans discounts of your important commercial establisiment, to whic I shall take pleasure to giving a cospicuous place in the archive whic I am initiating.

All the products of motor-cars, machinery, arms, bijuterie-phantasy, tools, yarn, band, news machintosh are interested in my Exposition of Samples, I have for my account two diligents travellers, who go to the interior of the State and the limotrphy territories. Don't loose the chance of having a good agent to introduce your articles in the territory of the rich and prosperous Brasil, its length exceed half league of Europe.

Write at once in any language and you will immediatly be attended.

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Write in any language, but do not fall into the common error of addressing in Spanish one whose national language is Portuguese, because he will not like it!

Why, indeed, this passion for the language of the native? Why do the experts insist that it is useless to try to do business in Spanish America except in Spanish? Americans are notoriously bad linguists: why not stick to English, a language of which they have at least the rudiments? In every case it is quite probable that the exporter's agent knows as much English as his principle; or if he doesn't yet, then he is learning fast, and is grateful for every opportunity to practice.

III

A great lot of bunk has been spread over South and Central America. We still have many things to learn about the Latin Americans, and one of them is not to believe those experts who "have been all through that country." The real business of these self-constituted professors is not with Latin America but with their own confiding countrymen. Here, indeed, it is still absurdly easy to hypnotize earnest purveyors of Service into okeying unlimited expense accounts for foreign travel, buying space in spurious foreign trade journals, directories and annuals, and paying out money for service (lower case) which can be had gratis from the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. In this matter of the language of the native, for instance, the three commercial men I know who have been most successful in Latin America started down there without one word of Spanish or Portuguese between them. The commercial varieties of French, German and English, indeed, are almost as common in South and Central America as Spanish. Which, as we bagmen say, reminds me of a story.

One day last Winter I was walking down Chestnut street in Philadelphia with a customer from Central America. We were trying to converse in French, because my Spanish is bad and my friend had only business English. The statue of Robert Morris had just been set up in front of the customs house and was still wrapped in great swathes of black burlap. I explained that it was not in mourning, but that it was simply awaiting unveiling, and that Robert Morris was the man who financed the Revolution.

"Ah!" the Central American exclaimed, with wide, innocent eyes, "Quelle révolution?"

Spanish Americans, I fear, take a kind of Nepenthean delight in their own little weaknesses and foibles. Not long after the Robert Morris incident, a certain South American government, having borrowed from one of its own banks beyond the bank's legal limit, forthwith, and with a fine indignation, closed the bank. The affair was hailed as a rather pretty joke in foreign trade and agency circles. That appeared to be the only way to take it. Our drafts may never be paid, but let us make sure of our laugh!

In the same somewhat wry way the alert exporter can wring entertainment from the East Indians, those fabulously wealthy people. (For all East Indians seem to be "rich beyond the dreams of average." They deal in huge sums. Their numerical system has unit names for numbers which we describe awkwardly in terms of hundreds of thousands or millions). The East Indian will sacrifice everything, including his own commission, rather than lose a sale. His prices and terms are never twice alike. He will spend postage and four pages of letter-head to explain that rather than take $3.12 commission on the enclosed order he is contenting himself with $2.34 because he "would not want your good selves to think that the business had been lost through our greed."

The most remarkable by-product of the British occupation of India is surely Indian business English. It is "copious, baroque, and encrusted with pleasing and unexpected tricks of ornamentation." One

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who handles it every day can only marvel at the restraint of Kipling's transcriptions. Competition is tremendously keen in India, and every mail is certain to bring the palpitantly expectant exporter a batch of unsolicited correspondence, of which the following is a fair specimen:

> Dear Sirs:
>
> May we have the honour to bring to your kind notice the proposal as a means of business introduction whit your goodself . . . and if there be no inconvenience or annoyance, we hope you shall kindly spare a little time to consider how far we are justified to raise the question, dwelling upon whitch we beg leave to state that we have mind to deal with your goods in and outside the area of . . . Calcutta, we shall see every merchant of the locality to make a . . . widespread of your goods and with the help of the various samples of your stock, we hope and guarentee to furnish you with a good . . . number of indent orders.
>
> However if your good ansideration be quite in agreement to us and if you please think our openion as a good one the way of the progress of business, we hope you shall kindly spare a little time to be highly obliged with an early intimation weather we can push on woth the question.
>
> Trusting to hear from you favourably—etc.

That is a simple request for appointment as a commission agent in Calcutta. An uncrowded profession—available to Englishmen who have lost their colonial markets —should be that of teaching "those niggers," as they genially dub their Aryan subjects, the language of their own dear King.

A commission agent is one who undertakes to sell your goods for you to the wholesale and retail distributors of his locality. In return he receives, instead of a salary, a fixed percentage of "the net price received by us for all goods delivered and paid for in your territory." That is the theory. In practice it often occurs that the agent spends half his time securing new clients, and the other half in writing letters to explain that conditions are highly peculiar and unfavorable in his country: that the people will buy attractive packages regardless of contents, price, or country of origin. However, they prefer high-priced French goods to cheap American goods, although the French packages are not so attractive as yours. But the French goods have the call because the French make a big propaganda and their prices are very low: so low, in fact, that unless we are prepared to offer our goods at something below their base cost we had better not try to develop the market at all. And so on.

American exporters, of course, do sometimes have to struggle with discriminatory tariffs. But so do other nationals: tariff inequalities probably balance out ultimately. Let us consider, instead, one of our best national illusions, fostered by such fellows as I have described: that any country in the world — particularly Germany — can produce anything cheaper than we can. The fact is that the number of instances in which even Germany can beat us on base cost are so few as to be exceptional. What ails the American is that he insists on spending more for advertising and selling his goods, and vastly more on his sumptuous and intricate but actually largely useless administrative overhead, and that he will not content himself with as narrow a margin of profit.

I know a Norwegian, a man of advanced technical education and command of three languages, excluding the Scandinavian, who represented a European firm in Rio for a consideration of not more than $2,000 a year. An American with no education and no command of languages, including English, in the same city and the same relative position, lords it over an imposing office and staff that cost his company at least as much as himself; that is, at least six times the Norwegian's salary. It is hard to compare the progress of the two firms. I cannot say precisely as to the European. As to the American, I do not know exactly how it defines progress, but its earnings are a matter of public record, and the record, in spite of large sales, is bad.

But we are beginning to learn that the foreign markets are amazingly alike everywhere, and that outside the United States price always rules. We have only to limit other costs with the same ingenuity we apply to producing costs, and the type of foreign sales agent I have indicated will

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disappear. Even now we need not take his plaints too seriously. Even now he is fighting a losing battle against Mr. Hoover and the hosts of the Department of Commerce. For whatever one may think of Mr. Hoover as a publicist, one must consider him for a place in any all-American Cabinet on the strength of his performance with the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, or at least of that part of the Bureau that is foreign.

He has put the fear of God and their jobs into the commercial attachés of our embassies and legations. Through them and other devious, undivulged channels he collects his facts. The ordinary bureaucrat would stop there: if anybody wants the facts, let him come get 'em. Not so Mr. Hoover. His bureau insists that every manufacturer who may conceivably have any use for them shall get them and use them. The *industriel* who ignores the bureau's service does so with the guiltiness of a school boy bluffing his way through Commercial Geography. In consequence, American exporters know more about foreign markets, traders and methods to-day than was ever dreamed of in their pre-war philosophy.

And what they don't know, they know the bureau or one of its district offices will be glad to tell them. When, recently, I got a long, whimpering letter from a South American agent who had been hanging on without giving satisfaction, it was my privilege and pleasure to quote to him the facts about importations into his country gleaned by Mr. Hoover's spies, viz: that whereas it was indeed true that France was shipping more than all the rest of Europe into that country, yet the United States was sending in nine times as much as France. Far from being hamstrung by "cheap European competition," my agent was being victimized by my own dearly beloved countrymen and competitors. And when I cast about me for a new agent, there were Mr. Hoover's minions at my elbow, with more names than could be gotten from a dozen private sources.

IV

But life for the exporter, despite these aids, is not all cricket and marbles. So long as he sticks to his desk and the homeland he may have his little pleasures. But a certain doom awaits him. For there comes a time inevitably, though it may not be until he has made his competence and decided to knock off for a while, when the impulse to walk abroad can no longer be denied. He just *has* to see some of the strange, romantic lands he has been shipping goods to all these years.

Before the war he could travel abroad and get his fill. In the Spring of 1914 one could walk clear across Central Europe, from Cologne to Innsbruck, and over the Brenner Pass into Italy without once meeting an American automobile, hearing American music or smoking American tobacco. On one occasion, immured in Lausanne through the failure of certain agencies to supply me with funds, I wept when a three-piece orchestra played "The Radium Dance," gave three cheers for a Packard touring-car that had been commandeered by the State, and had hysterics at the discovery of a dozen tins of mouldy Prince Albert tobacco found 'way out of their course. But, if the exporter travels abroad to-day, he is doomed to the same disappointments that confront every other American. He finds Paris a 100% American town. He visits "his people" in London, and must hark to the sorrowful story of the woes and rats that have infested India House since "your Old Colony Club fellows" installed a dining-room on the top floor. He jumps to Stockholm, and is met at the station by a yellow taxi. He tries the Dolomites, and is smothered in the dust of teeming flivvers. In a quiet Swiss town his nerves are jangled by the racket of American typewriters in the office across the way. He learns with amazement and regret that Glasgow whiskey is no better than that supplied by his home-town bootician, and costs about the same. Central Power beer he distinguishes from his

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native high-power bootleg beer only by its metallic flavor and its inspirational failure. Vienna, he sees, is not unlike Chicago, with its unsubstantiated vauntings of theatrical eminence, its Loop and its stockyards, only there are more English speaking people there than in Chicago. In the acute stages of nostalgia the baffled Marco Polo dreams about the moonshine on the Wabash, and mutters fitfully in his sleep of the back room at Jake's. He longs for those Hungarian cafés on the upper East Side where the jazz is at least larded with an occasional piece of good music. He sees that all that part of the world which has not been transplanted to the United States has yielded to the blight of that Americanization of which he, the marchaunt adventurer, is the very harbinger and carrier.

Is there, indeed, no spot unsmirched by the curse of our canned civilization? One stiff-necked stronghold unbowed to the assaults and wiles of Sales and Services? With a last effort he betakes himself out of the beaten track to an ancient city far from the mad path of industrial enterprise. Contented at last, he strolls through the high narrow streets in the serene moonlight. No phonographs smite his battered tympani; no flivvers clog his winding way; no typewriters click and dingle in the silent night. The world is within, hidden behind those grim walls. A soft breeze stirs the silken curtain at a darkened window. It is too high for him to peep in, but the breeze is kindly. It brings him the faint gurgle of the hookah, the bland aroma of Eastern tobacco, the softness of gentle voices murmuring in sweet strange tongues. And over all, over the damp odor of the street, over the tobacco, over the voices and the gurgling pipe, what—? The ravishing faint fragrance of some exotic Oriental perfume? By no means. Above all comes the harsh, strident, breath-taking stench of the very cheap American perfume they sprayed him with, that time he walked through the five-and-ten cent store the day he left home!

Try to get away from these United States!

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Music of Birds.—Perhaps the most persistent of legends is the theory that the noises of birds, commonly called singing, are musical. The notion has been born solely out of the sentimentality of love-smitten and befuddled numskulls. In such instances as a few first-rate musicians, *e.g.*, Beethoven, have employed bird sounds in their compositions, they have done so only in humorous, aye, in semi-derisory, terms. The best way in which to detect the utter absence of anything genuinely musical in a bird's chirpings is, curiously enough, since the method seems to have escaped persons almost entirely, to listen closely to them. If what issues from a bird's throat is melodious, then what issues from a nanny-goat's is a song by Schubert. The so-called singing of a bird, appraised by a man with a practised musical ear, is precisely of a piece with the sounds produced by an ungreased wheelbarrow axle. There is five times more genuine loveliness of tone in a river barge whistle, and ten times more in a soup spoon struck against a china spittoon.

The Beer Drinker.—One of the commonest arguments against Prohibition is that, with the taking away of beer, a relatively harmless tipple, erstwhile beer guzzlers have been driven to the imbibing of vastly more deleterious drinks, such as whiskey, gin, etc. While disinclined to give the Prohibitionists any comfort and support, even indirectly, I yet denounce the argument, with its subtle inferences, as buncombe. The genuine beer-bibber, that is, the man trained by birth, experience, taste, piety and culture to malt as opposed to the fellow to whom beer is simply a casually acquired taste, is a beer-drinker first, last and always, and, if he can't get beer, has no more use for the more puissant Schnapps than a German has for *crème de cacao*. In moments of desolation and despair, he may, true enough, seek solace in whiskey or gin, but his face takes on a wry squint when he downs it; he doesn't like it; it is a sorry makeshift; and nothing will ever get him to like it. If there has ever been a real beer drinker who became a whiskey souse or a gin swiller, his name is unknown to the Munich or Hoboken police. When the authentic *Bierbruder* can't get his *Seidel*, he may call upon the God of his fathers to strike Pussyfoot Johnson, Volstead, and Wheeler dead, but you will never find him addressing his prayers to the same God for Sandy Macdonald, Dewar, Haig and Haig, or Mr. Gordon.

Christianity in the Far East.—The Anglo-Saxon campaign to bring light to the heathen Orient, pursued with ferocity for years, has been the subject of much debate pro and con. We have had figures showing the number of infidel Chinese who have been converted to Christianity and still other figures showing the number who, directly after they have been converted and have got free Bibles printed on stock thin enough to make excellent cigarette paper, have gone back to Buddha and rice wine. We have had the reports of missionaries as to the number of Chinamen who have given up native opium and the reports of others as to the number who, having given it up, have taken up imported hasheesh instead. We have learned from Y. M. C. A. officials the number of Chinese gentlemen who have substituted

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handball and a course in book-keeping for fan-tan, and from transplanted San Francisco bordello *régisseurs* the number who have, in turn, given up handball and book-keeping for automatic pianos with nickel slots and former burlesque girls.

From such reports, pleasantly contradictory as they are, we can gain no just idea as to the exact degree in which the Anglo-Saxon has succeeded in civilizing the Chinese. But we can, I believe, gain a very fetching idea from the very best source from which such an idea may be obtained, to wit, from a study of the advertisements of Anglo-Saxon merchants which appear in the Chinese journals, which reflect the inculcated tastes of the modern Chinese, and which show more or less precisely the specific nature of the phenomena with which the cause of Western civilization has been furthered. I have before me eight Chinese gazettes, all rich in advertisements of Christian wares which have, inferentially, found favor among the erstwhile heathen Orientals. These advertisements are of the following instruments of Anglo-Saxon evangelical Kultur: 1. the Orthophonic Victrola; 2. the Yale lock; 3. U. B. Beer, "always pure, always sparkling, always fresh"; 4. spare parts for Citroen cars; 5. Mustard and Company's filing cabinets; 6. Moyer, Powell and Company's voiles and Summer dress goods; 7. Sullivan's carpets and M. Levy's patent cigarette cases; 8. the Union Insurance Society's insurance policies for motor cars; 9. Hirschbrunner and Company, Gent's Tailors; 10. the Whitelaw three-part bedstead; 11. the "Handie" folding scissors; 12. the "Openeezie" penknife; 13. the "Quick-strop" razor strop; 14. the "Bungalow" toilet set; 15. B.V.D.'s; 16. Pommery and Greno champagne, Caldbeck, MacGregor and Company, Ltd., Agents; 17. Colorite American straw hats; 18. the Pathé-Baby motion picture camera; 19. the "One" Egyptian cigarette; 20. Paris sunshades; 21. Scott's cheroots; 22. "Baby's Own Tablets" for infantile indigestion, constipation, colic, diarrhœa, simple fever, worms and teething pains; 23. Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres in "The Sheik," and Conrad Nagel and May McAvoy in "Grumpy"; 24. Socony oils; 25. Michelin tires; 26. Addressograph machines; 27. French assorted chocolates; 28. "Maroulis" Cavalla cigarettes; 29. D. A. Painter and Company's roll-top desks; 30. Sims and Company's window shades; 31. Miss Punnett's (lounge of Grand Hotel des Wagons Lits) pearl and crystal necklaces and tanned, sanitary furs; 32. E. Clemann's wrist-watches and loving cups; 33. "Pinkettes" for halitosis; 34. Crystal Table Waters; 35. Miller Cord Tires; 36. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the complexion; 37. Johnny Walker whiskey; 38. "Wearwell" cashmere socks; 39. the "Resteezy" bed; 40. Ranolite baby carriages; 41. "Valyu" cruets; 42. How to learn the saxophone in six lessons; 43. Brambury's "Excelsis" hair restorer; 44. Goldfarb and Company's Nose-Straightener; 45. the Strand abdominal reducing belt; 46. Fit-Well sport coats; 47. the Indestructible collar-button; 48. the novels of Sax Rohmer; 49. Economy radio sets; 50. Dewar's Scotch whiskey; 51. Mexican Sun-ray diamonds; 52. Imperial eyelash liquid dressing; and 53. the Successo bust-developer.

Glory hallelujah! Amen.

The National Anathema.—Whatever the backwardness of the Republic in the other fine arts, its sovereignty in the matter of cussing is incontestable. The progress that has been made in this department of research during the last fifteen or twenty years must be the envy and despair of the European and Asiatic nations. Although exact figures are not at hand, it is safe to say that never has swearing been brought to such a height of perfection as in the United States at the present day.

With rare ingenuity, aided and abetted by inventions in the vernacular, the American has developed his vocabulary of imprecation to a point where it boasts at least a dozen synonyms for every circum-

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scribed and hence rapidly become impotent cuss expression of the foreigner. The Englishman, for example, when a taxi driver cozens him out of twopence or when a débutante upsets her Yorkshire pudding upon his boiled shirt, is limited to a "bloody" or a "blarsted." The German, in a relative situation, is able to relieve his feelings only with a *Donnerwetter* or a *Gott verdammte*, and the Frenchman with a *bibiche* or the *mot de Cambron*. Consider, on the other hand, the high virtuosity of the Americano. The repertoire for such an occasion includes at least forty different and distinct dismaying verbal pasties, ranging all the way from the obvious invocations of the Deity and injunctions of a biological and procreative nature to allusions to color and race, zoölogical genealogy, the antonym for *caput equum*, vermin, sexual irregularity, moral obliquity, and affinity with the cockroach. Taking a single example, consider the Frenchman and the American in the presence of the soul-satisfying necessity of bestowing objurgation upon a fellow whose stupidity is offensive and unbearable. When the Frenchman, also calling upon the vernacular, has issued an *andouille*, a *boule*, a *gniaf*, a *godichon*, a *gogo*, a *hure* or a *tuile*—a sizeable arsenal, God knows!—he is through; all that is left for him to do, if his feelings are not yet relieved, is either to spit upon the fellow, which is very impolite, or go out and get drunk. The American, on the contrary, even if he be of inefficient salivary glands and a teetotaler, has enough verbal powder at his command to blow the poor fellow up completely. He begins with "bonehead" and proceeds, *seriatim*, through the 122 synonyms for "bonehead," such as "mushhead," "thick-head," "marble-top, "stone-head," "cement-nut," "cobble-bean," "ivory-pate," etc., etc.; he goes then to "jackass" and proceeds, *seriatim*, through its fifty-six cuss synonyms such as "mule," "mutt," "sap," "boob," "simp," "goopher," "goat," etc., etc.; he now has recourse to no less than 365 phrases like "the cat's rheumatism," "the rhinoceros' ear-muffs" and "the snake's gall-stones"; he turns, after a deep inhalation, to animadversions—numbering 137—upon the fellow's moral derelictions as the cause of his present weak-mindedness; he moves thereafter to a wholesale derogation in terms of twenty-eight separate and distinct species of insects; and then finally brings up with a fortissimo flourish of observations upon the fellow's dubious birth, defective physical cleanliness and relationship to various specimens of offal.

In any given situation, the American, when it comes to a matter of the *mot brut*, is a walking Roget. Put him up against a foreigner, the Italian included, and the latter is in the position of a duellist armed with a wooden hat-pin. The native slang has been instrumental in providing the citizen of These States with a battery of cuss guns that has no equal in the modern civilized word. But slang has not been the sole source. The American, ever first in progress, has given the matter of cussing as much serious attention as he has given the more mechanical devices of daily physical comfort. He has performed endless laboratory experiments with the established cuss words and expressions and has made a dozen grow where only one grew before. Some Americans, indeed, have made a study of the subject their life's work. There is a man in Chicago, for example, an estimable and talented pedant, who has over a period of twenty-five years devoted himself to the compilation of a dictionary of synonyms for the fundamental motif-terms of swearing. There is another in Seattle who has spent an equal period in research work relative to the verbal inventions of American longshoremen, cowboys, sailors and Y.M.C.A. secretaries. One of these days we shall have a standard reference work on the subject. Better than anything else will it provide the world with an illuminating portrait of *Homo Americanus* on the daily war-path.

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THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Literature and Drama

THE contempt exhibited by literary men for drama on the ground that drama, because of the intrinsic nature of the theatre, cannot be literature is analogous to a contempt that architects might affect for music on the ground that it cannot be made out of bricks. Aside from the painfully obvious fact that great drama actually is literature, and great literature, the literary gentlemen conveniently overlook the second and even more painfully obvious fact that the circumstance that drama may not necessarily be literature is no more valid criticism of it as art than the circumstance that literature need not necessarily be dramatic is valid criticism against literature as art.

Of all artists, literary men are the most self-sufficient, snobbish and, generally, the least catholic and critically sagacious. Whimsical fellows, they look scornfully upon a dramatist who must perforce resort to such ignoble and inartistic devices as the condensing of a character's lifetime into an arbitrary two hours while they themselves enjoy all of two hundred pages, which take two hours to read, for the same purpose. They laugh at the arbitrary demands of the stage in the matter of curtain falls, while they agreeably forget the arbitrary demands of the novel in the matter of chapters or similar necessary furloughs for the reading eye. They speak from a superior vantage point of bad actors, and overlook bad typesetters, bad proof-readers, bad binders. They think of theatre audiences, and double up as with a colic; but they do not recall that nine out of every ten persons who read their own work are similar bounders and mushheads.

This attitude toward the drama on the part of literary men may easily be explained. It derives from their own inability to write drama when they try their hands at it and a subsequent attempt to apologize to themselves for that failure with the reassuring remonstrance that drama must be a very low art form, else they would be able to master it. It seems to be the literary craftsman's idea that drama is child's play, something to be taken up, largely as a joke, when his own more serious and important and difficult work is done. He does not realize that the two arts are as far apart as sculpture and painting. Thus, an Arnold Bennett observes loftily that any proficient *littérateur* can write a good play with one of his hands tied behind his back and his eyes blindfolded—and turns out such stuff as "Polite Farces," "Cupid and Common Sense," "What the Public Wants," "The Honeymoon," "The Great Adventure," "Sacred and Profane Love" and "Milestones." The best that Frank Harris can manage is a "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," which is to his literary canon what "Papa Loves Mama" is to "Andromache." Huneker, a champion of literature at the expense of the poor drama, tried to write a play called "Chopin" with sad results, and Sinclair Lewis is the author of "Hobohemia" and another opus that shall be enveloped in a polite silence. Dreiser would doubtless be loath to have anyone speak of his "Hand of the Potter" in the same breath with "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt" and other of his novels; and H. G. Wells is responsible in part for "The Wonderful Visit." George Moore, a great scoffer at drama and one who has looked on it as being of a piece with making mud-pies, when he condescendingly tried his

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skill at it succeeded in producing only a "Coming of Gabrielle." Heinrich Mann's literary talent gives birth to a "Die Grosse Liebe"; and Gustav Frennsen's to a "Sönke Erichsen." What Knut Hamsun's play is like, I don't know; I haven't read it; but I hear that it is ineffably sour. Henry James' attempt to make a play out of his novel "Daisy Miller" is still a dolorous memory, as is his "Guy Domville," and Joseph Conrad's "One Day More" is, considering Conrad, pathetic. David Graham Phillips, after much sincere trying, could manage only "The Worth of a Woman"; and Hergesheimer, after two separate attempts, appears to have given up. The short comedies and farces of William Dean Howells are of puny dramatic merit; Bret Harte's "Two Men of Sandy Bar" is drivel; and Robert Louis Stevenson's and W. E. Henley's attempts, "Deacon Brodie" and "Admiral Guinea," are equally drivel. No need to multiply the list; dozens upon dozens of additional instances will readily occur to you, both of yesterday and today. The legitimate exceptions are few. Galsworthy, for example, is by his own confession a dramatist first and a novelist second: the dramatic form is closest to his heart. So with Maugham, though his plays are far beneath the quality of his novels. Thomas Hardy lately tried to make a dramatization of his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and failed to make one that was anywhere nearly so good as the antecedent one made by a more experienced theatrician.

The difference between a novel and a drama is the difference between music read and music played. The novelist peoples the imagination with ghosts; the dramatist peoples the eye and ear with living, moving forms and voices. This difference the literary man turned playwright seldom perceives, and as a result the drama that he fashions often too greatly neglects the eye and ear in favor of an over-taxed (and under-supplied) theatrical imagination. I speak here, of course, of the literary man who approaches the dramatic form seriously and not merely as a means to hornswoggle the box-office out of a bit of change. In the average play of the literary man, one can, in one's mind's eye, see the book leaves turning with the movements of the stage characters. One feels that the characters are reading their lines rather than speaking them. The dramatic personages move less in terms of sentences than in terms of paragraphs. They are less types than typography. A shoemaker should stick to his last. The composer of "Parsifal" is ill at ease in "Religion und Kunst"; the painter of the "Cenacolo" is lost when he wooes the art of the composer; the author of "Romeo and Juliet" sloshes around uncomfortably in Ben Jonson's sock and buskin; the confector of the "Essays of Elia" only brings down a deserved booing upon himself when he confects a "Mr. H."

The Theatre's Need

FIVE or six years ago, there appeared in an Italian periodical an article, by a writer whose name has unfortunately passed from my memory, which urged against the present-day theatre the fact that it lacked all bounce and gaiety. Not the stage of the theatre, which now and then disclosed something to lift the miserable human psyche into the celestial regions of amusement, but the theatre itself, which seldom disclosed anything of the kind. The theatre, the writer pointed out, was generally a dark, damp and forbidding house, as unsuggestive, physically, of gaiety as a Milanese embalmer. What it needed was something to convert it from its present austere and chilled condition into a place that wore at least a string of beads and a few vine leaves in its hair.

There are, of course, occasions when the theatre is properly of such an austere mien, say, when fine dramatic art occupies its stage. But for one such occasion, the writer truthfully observed, there are a hundred when an austere air is no more suited to it than it would be to a hot-dog stand. In the

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theatre as we engage it in the world today, we find that a particular playhouse often discloses a platform that, in a single season, is held successively by tragedy, comedy, melodrama, pantomime, farce, musical comedy and what not. There are exceptions, to be sure; there are certain theatres that resolutely dedicate their stages to a specific form of drama; but, in the main, one encounters stages that, as units, are given over indiscriminately to Shakespeare one day and Mephistophelian-looking gentlemen who pull rabbits out of silk hats the next, to problem dramas one week and the next to Hindu gentlemen who can have pins stuck into their epidermises without feeling them, and to "Iphigenia at Aulis" one month and to a colored song and dance show the month after. Surely, a theatre that houses a farce in which a fat man hides under the bed to avoid the ingénue's irate Uncle Adolph should look and actually be a bit different from a theatre that houses a tragedy in which all the leading characters have inherited lewd *Spirochæta* and blow their brains out. It caters to people in an entirely different mood; but, though it caters to such people, it fails to cater to that mood. The Comédie Française or the Deutsches-Theater or the Hampden in New York are all right as they are; their physical atmosphere is appropriate to their stage traffic. But the majority of theatres to the left and right of them in their respective cities and similar theatres in Vienna, Madrid, Rome, London and Chicago four times out of every five no more reflect their proper natures than so many profusely fly-specked mirrors. Thus, today, seeing a music show in a theatre where, only the week before, one has seen "John Gabriel Borkman" is much like asking one to watch Marilyn Miller dance at Woodlawn Cemetery, and expecting one to enjoy it.

Discussing specifically the subject of vaudeville theatres, the Italian writer pointed out the complete absurdity of playhouses resembling in every detail dramatic theatres yet offering to their audiences such violently discrepant and utterly discordant things as trained geese, red-nosed comedians in green pants, soft-shoe dancers and virtuosi of the banjo. Such theatres most assuredly should mirror their stages and should themselves inculcate in their audiences at least a measure of the mood which the platform didoes were designed and seek to inculcate. It was the writer's suggestion, for example, that the vaudeville auditorium chairs should be of the trick variety, that at intervals the ushers should sneak up behind the fat, bald men in the audience and tickle their pates with feathers, that as the older and more sedate ladies of the audience entered the door they should have "Please kick me" signs stuck onto their bustles, and that the house should be sprayed along toward the middle of the performance with some kind of powder that would make everybody sneeze. These may not be exactly our Italian friend's suggestions—my memory is not too accurate on the point—but they hint at the general contour of his recommendations. Exaggerated though they are, they indicate to a degree just what is lacking in the vaudeville dumps and what, by virtue of this lack, is gradually putting the vaudeville business in limbo. Go into any first-class American vaudeville theatre today and you will catch sight of a house full of faces that, whatever the nature of the stage performance, are in the main as long and sour as the faces at a performance of "The Cenci." It is only along toward 10:15, if the bill is a sufficiently amusing one, that the management succeeds in making the audience melt even partly and give way to its funny-bone. The theatre itself has stood in the way in the meantime; it has taken the audience the intervening hours to surmount and conquer the heavy mood which the playhouse itself has superimposed upon it.

The changes that certain revue and music show producers have made in their theatres in recent years, together with the devices

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that have been exercised by various purveyors of other forms of light entertainment, show clearly that our impresarios are beginning to be aware of the truth of the new theatre theory. The runway, installed in revue houses, to bring gaiety from behind the footlights into the midst of the audience; the broad stage aprons whereon dancers and clowns cavort in close proximity to the customers; the use of the aisles for chorus numbers; the monkeyshines of "plants" in the boxes; the gorillas that run up and down the aisles pursued by a dozen actors dressed as policemen; the distribution of "plants" among the audience to give the latter the feeling of sharing in the stage traffic; such things as illuminated auditorium side-walls and cages of canaries which Reinhardt put into his Berlin Kammerspiele; such theatres as the Redoutensaal of Vienna; such tricks as smelling up the house with various kinds of perfume, a device of music show producers to "get over" their flower songs; the use of incense in Oriental plays, the fumes of which spread over the auditorium; the chorus custom of playing ball with the members of the audience and of entering into similar intimate amusement relations with the trade in the seats—all such things are an indication that something has long been lacking in the theatres themselves and that the lack is being gradually appreciated. In due time, it will be rectified completely. And the moment it is thus rectified, we shall see the dawn of a newly prosperous theatrical day. The French saw the need, in part, years ago and their music halls, at least, have been converted into physically relevant and appropriate houses. The Shuberts, in their Winter Garden and Casino de Paris, and Carroll in his theatre, have astutely followed the French lead, with the result that their theatres resemble more closely what revue theatres should be than any other such houses in New York.

But there are theatres other than revue houses that call for a change. A theatre in which a loud, low farce, for instance, is being played should be a theatre that itself has something of the loud, low farce's spirit. As a usual thing, at least in America, however, it no more cultivates the farcical spirit in its sitters than a dentist's chair cultivates the spirit of romance. What is needed on such occasions is a house that vouchsafes a sense of fun the moment one enters it. The ticket-taker should be dressed up as a "What-Is-It?" and should trip up each patron as he crosses the threshold, the house manager should stand in the lobby and pass out loaded cigars, the ushers should wear sleigh-bells and the programmes should be on long rubber bands which would cause them to snap back out of the customers' hands, the backs of the chairs should have trick mirrors on them, the chairs themselves should every once in a while collapse and land their occupants on the floor, the gallery patrons should be supplied with confetti, there should be toy balloons for the butter and egg men and their sweet ones, the candy on sale in the rear aisle should be filled with red pepper, the stairs leading to the smoking-room and ladies' parlor should be collapsible, the arms of the chairs should be connected with an electric current, which should be turned on at appropriate moments during the course of the evening, and everyone should, upon entering the theatre, be given a colored paper hat, a set of false whiskers, a pair of cardboard ears, a boutonnière that squirts water, a few rotten tomatoes, and a tack to place on his neighbor's seat. And what is true of the farce theatre is true of the melodrama theatre and each of the other relatively unimportant yet presently absurdly dignified and overly serious theatres. Each of these should, in its different way, be treated as treatment has been suggested for the farce theatre. For example, the mystery melodrama theatre should have a bizarre and spooky illumination, the ushers should be dressed as ghosts or burglars and should shoot off pistols as they show the patrons to their

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seats, the lavatory should be entered through a sliding panel, there should be secretly manipulated trap-doors under the seats through which the patrons' hats might periodically be made to disappear from under their chairs and then again to reappear, the box-office attendants should wear black masks, sudden terrifying screams should issue during the entr'-actes from the ladies' room, and Mr. J. Ranken Towse should be mysteriously kidnapped by the house-manager sometime during the first act.

As I have said, one of these days our managers will wake up to the situation and theatregoing will then become almost as much of a sport and pleasure as bull-fighting or lynching.

The Minor Theatre

I AM frequently brought to task by certain otherwise edifying and sagacious critical professors for an intermittent taste which takes me, with an obvious and apparently lamentable relish, to the lower forms of theatrical amusement. For this taste, I am denounced as a trivial and flippant fellow, one to whom the grandeurs of Ibsen, Strindberg, *et al.*, must, for all his pretence to the contrary, remain esoteric and unappreciated. Surely, runs the bull of excommunication, anyone who can find enjoyment in burlesque shows, French farces, hoofers, slapsticks and music hall skits in which a gentleman with a deplorable hang-over gets into bed with a Chinaman under the impression that the Chinaman is Gaby Deslys, must be not only something of an ass *per se*, but a customer anæsthetic to the good, the true and the beautiful in dramatic art.

Of course, anyone who has practised criticism professionally for a considerable space of time recognizes that such other critics are simply at the old trick of giving a public pundit-show, that they really know very much better, and that they themselves, in one way or another, are periodically guilty of equally low, and privately welcome, tastes. Take Walkley, for example, surely a cultivated and eminently estimable dramatic critic, if ever there was one. In the May number of *Vanity Fair*, I find him, immaculate in top hat and *pince-nez*, conducting himself thus professorially for the benefit of the conventions: "Plays of serious thought demand serious thinking about them. No adequate criticism is possible of, say, 'The Master Builder,' without equivalent brain-work. You can treat it superficially. You may say you prefer a Manhattan cocktail to it. You may declare it too frumpishly Scandinavian for your taste. But that is not criticism . . ." Having duly taken a bow at the applause, I then find him, in critical *négligé*, coming out in the very next issue of the same periodical—the June number—with this somewhat confounding confession: "People flocked to Ibsen's plays (at the beginning) not for the fun of the thing, not to enjoy the art of drama, but as a solemn rite, to discern a 'message' . . . I (also) took service and slung much ink at . . . the opposite party. My excuse is that I was young, or youngish. But I was never an Ibsenite . . . and after 'The Master Builder' I broke away from the 'master' . . . 'What a crew!' you used to mutter to yourself as you came into an audience of Ibsenites gloating over Miss Elizabeth Robins' thick-soled boots and alpenstock as she bade her old architect mount his tower in 'The Master Builder' . . . Yes, and 'What a crew!' you were often tempted to say over the queer, uncouth, ill-bred people on the stage—the gentlemen who wore frock coats (of course, with pot-hats, they *would*) on the most inappropriate occasion, the touzled, disputatious women . . . the whole tagrag and bobtail . . ." And then,—after a few regulation professorial pats on Henrik's back—thus, by way of a grand summing up and finale, the engagingly truthful Arthur Bingham: "But, to be frank, Ibsen is a little too grim, too hyperborean for my personal taste. Give me the *joie de vivre* and the Ziegfeld 'Follies' every time!" The

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exclamation mark is Mr. Walkley's own.

But Walkley is not alone in his honesty. There are others who, in their off moments from the occasionally necessary professor-doctor show, similarly betray the intermittent depravity of their personal fancies. Shaw has frankly confessed that he gets a reprehensible amount of enjoyment out of Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd moving pictures. The late William Archer told me confidentially one night over a mug of Bass that Florence Mills and her troupe of colored hoofers and slapstick smokes were, so far as he was concerned, a gift from the gods. Thomas Hardy, on the rare occasions he comes down to London, invariably picks out, for the elevation of his psyche, a music hall show wherein he can see one zany swat another across the nose with a London *Times*. The late James Huneker, as all his intimates knew, and as he on more than one occasion openly confessed in print, couldn't have been dragged into an Ibsen performance by a team of even brewery-wagon horses, where the mere news of a new pantaloon who chewed tobacco standing on his head and could shoot the wad with unerring aim into his watch-pocket was enough to make him call up his meritorious spouse *instanter* and inform her that he had to stay in town that evening for a very important conference with the Scribners. Georg Brandes has a private penchant for the Danish equivalent of "Who was that lady I seen you on the street with yesterday?" and, at least up to a few years ago, was a secret patron of any show that contained it. St. John Ervine, one of the most talented of the present-day English dramatic critics, who charmingly makes no bones about what amuses him, has seen "Lady, Be Good" almost as often as H. G. Wells. John Palmer's essay on George Robey was one of the best things he ever contributed to the *Saturday Review*. Alfred Kerr, when he was over here, after the usual and necessary formalities, betook him to "The Cat and the Canary" and enthusiastically reported that he found "die Spukregie meisterhaft," and then to the coon show, "Shuffle Along," of which he freely says, in his book, "New York und London," "Es war mein stärkster Theaterabend in Amerika. Fünfmal könnt' ich das hintereinander hören und sehen!"

"Great statesmen," says Schlegel, in his discussion of the part of the clowns in Shakespeare, "and even ecclesiastics, did not consider it beneath their dignity to recruit and solace themselves after important business with the conversation of their fools; the celebrated Sir Thomas More had his fool painted along with himself by Holbein. . . . The dismissal of the fool has been extolled as a proof of refinement; and our honest forefathers have been pitied for taking delight in such a coarse and farcical amusement. For my part, I am rather disposed to believe that the practice was dropped from the difficulty in finding fools able to do full justice to their parts; on the other hand, reason, with all its conceit of itself, has become too timid to tolerate such bold irony; it is always careful lest the mantle of its gravity should be disturbed in any of its folds; and rather than allow a privileged place to folly beside itself, it has unconsciously assumed the part of the ridiculous; but, alas! a heavy and cheerless ridicule." ("Since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a greater show."—"*As You Like It*," *Act I, Scene 2*.) "It may even be said that almost everywhere where there is happiness, there is found pleasure in nonsense," wrote Nietzsche. "Joy is timid," observed Anatole France, "and does not like festivals." . . . The mind, like the body, also needs its holidays. Imagine living in a world populated exclusively by profound philosophers. Imagine, in another direction, a world designed not by a fallible God, but by a relatively infallible Michelangelo, absolutely symmetrical, undeviatingly beautiful, without imperfection, utterly intolerable. Imagine a world in which all the birds sang Bach, in which the sky was always like Monet's, in which the flowers

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knew no weeds, and in which human beings, all of them, moved with the eurythmic grace of Mordkins and Pavlowas. Imagine, in conclusion, a stage occupied everlastingly with the "Medea," "King Lear," "Little Eyolf," "The Father," "Gabriel Schilling's Flight" and "Herod."

The man of sound taste and of sound appreciation of fine art revels in an occasional departure from æsthetics and in a Gothic spree. Such an artistic anæsthesia serves the same purpose as do, in another direction, alcohol and tobacco. A Galsworthy and a Chesterton read detective stories when their higher tastes take their coats off and go on the loose, as a Richard Strauss slides down behind a *Seidel* and gives his ear to Broadway jazz. Mr. Paul Elmer More may deny convincingly that he can get the slightest amusement out of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but James Stephens, Dreiser, Hergesheimer and Sherwood Anderson admit that they can get a lot. When Max Reinhardt landed here a couple of years ago, he sneaked away from his host, who insisted upon taking him to an art production of one sort or another, and went to the "Follies." Augustus John, while in America, was a periodic, if covert, customer of Minskys' Winter Garden, where no chorus girl weighs under two hundred pounds. Aldous Huxley, after a trip half way 'round the world, made a bee line from the West Eighteenth street dock to "Cradle Snatchers." When Dunsany was last in America, I took him to a performance at the Plymouth of Gorki's "Nachtasyl," and he hasn't forgiven me yet. What he had wanted to see was the show down at the Olympic. Ernest Newman spent a half dozen evenings last year in New York listening to George Gershwin's jazz. The late Percival Pollard's tribute to Herr Lautensack is known to perusers of his "Masks and Minstrels." Go back among the years. Hazlitt, in "Lectures on the English Comic Writers and Miscellaneous Essays," confesses his occasional excursion from sacrosanct taste in his delight over such an episode in "The Wonder" of Mrs. Centilvre as that wherein Don Felix, pretending to be drunk, forces his way out of Don Manuel's house by pretending that his marriage contract is a pocket-pistol, to the terror and confusion of the gentleman who would restrain him. "It," chuckles Hazlitt, "is one of the richest treats the stage affords!" Goethe's recourse to Sir Walter Scott and the peculiar belief that, because Scott amused him so in his off moments, Scott was therefore a great artist, is too well known to need rehearsal. And Richard Wagner listened with unfeigned pleasure to beer-garden tenors.

The hypocrisy of the professors in the matter of an occasional dose of good, juicy, low stuff and the sabbatical stimulation it provides to professorship of taste and judgment grown temporarily a bit weary of itself, is to be appreciated by a moment's glance at theatrical and dramatic chronology. Time has hallowed these very sabbatical stimulations of the past and thus made a nose at such critics as today deplore a taste for their modern counterparts. There is as much cheap, low, slapstick stuff in Aristophanes as there is in an Al Reeves' burlesque show, yet the bathos of distance has brought the professors to regard it as art. Shakespeare employed insanity to give his audiences some low, burlesque chortles exactly as C. M. S. McLellan has done in "The Belle of New York", or as the Messrs. Dickey and Goddard have done in "The Misleading Lady," or as Sam Mann does in the vaudeville halls, and his crazy characters are today regarded by the professors as appropriate subjects for prolonged and serious clinical and metaphysical study. Ibsen wrote "The Wild Duck" to give the more intelligent critics a laughing day off from what had come to be regarded as Ibsenism, and the idiotic professors of today go to it as if it were their best girls' funeral.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Immortal Democrat

JEFFERSON, by Albert Jay Nock. $2.75. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 340 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

THIS book has a fine surface: it is the work of a subtle and highly dexterous craftsman. What publicist among us, indeed, writes better than Nock? His editorials during the three brief years of the *Freeman* set a mark that no other man of his trade has ever quite managed to reach. They were well-informed and sometimes even learned, but there was never the slightest trace of pedantry in them. In even the least of them there were sound writing and solid structure. Nock has an excellent ear. Thinking in English, he thinks in charming rhythms. There is never any cacophony in his sentences, as there is never any muddling in his ideas. One may reject his doctrines as evil and against God, but one never finds any flaws in his actual syllogisms. In the present volume he is completely at home. Jefferson has been his Baal since his nonage, and he is soaked in Jeffersoniana as the late Dr. Harding was soaked in the idealism of the Elks.

What emerges here is in no sense a formal biography, nor even a political history. It is, rather, an elaborate psychological study of the man—an attempt to search out the origins of his chief ideas, to discern and delimit the forms that they finally took in his mind, and to estimate them in the light of the problems to which they were applied, and of the experience that has accumulated in the century since Jefferson's death. In brief, the book is a sort of critical analysis of Jeffersonism, done with constant sympathy and yet with a sharp outlook for fallacy and folly. It is accurate, it is shrewd, it is well ordered, and above all it is charming. I know of no other book on Jefferson that penetrates so persuasively to the essential substance of the man. There are no weak spots in it, and no false notes. It is overwhelmingly convincing as polemic and it is unfailingly caressing as work of art. Let the syndics of the Pulitzer Prize Fund now insult Nock by offering him their glittering diamond belt for moral and patriotic biography, at present held, I believe, by Edward W. Bok.

It goes without saying that much of his attention is directed toward clearing off the vast mountain of doctrinaire rubbish that has risen above Jefferson's bones. In that hell where politicians go the Sage of Monticello, I daresay, has suffered far more than most. Imagine his ghost contemplating Bryan, Alton B. Parker, Jimmie Cox, Al Smith, Jimmie Walker, W. G. McAdoo, Cole Blease, Ma and Pa Ferguson, John W. Davis, Tom Taggart, even Woodrow Wilson and Grover Cleveland! It is, indeed, one of the fine ironies of history that the party which professes to follow him has been led almost exclusively, for a hundred years, by leaders wholly unable to grasp the elements of his political philosophy. It stands as far from him today as the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals stands from Christ. That is to say, it stands as far off as it is humanly possible to get. Its titular leader, I suppose, is still Davis: he led it to disaster, but nevertheless, in its last great battle, he led it. Well, this Davis is the perfect embodiment of everything that Jefferson distrusted and disliked. He is precisely the sort of man whose oblique doings, in the years between 1810 and 1825, tortured old Tom with his dreams of monocrats. The rest are even

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worse: McAdoo and his Ku Kluxers, Al Smith and his Tammany gorillas, the Southern State bosses and their tatterdemalion hordes of boozy Prohibitionists. In the whole outfit there is but one man, I suspect, who would get any politeness from Jefferson, imagining him come back to earth. That man, by a coincidence that is surely not strange, is in bad odor in the party—in fact, in formal exile from it. He was excommunicated by the late Woodrow; in the Cox convention he was denied a seat; in the Davis convention he took no part. But he remains nearer to Jefferson than all the rest. He is James A. Reed, of Missouri.

Of the Jeffersonian system Mr. Nock offers a clear and comprehensive account, disentangling it from the trivialities that party history has thrown about it. The essence of it, he says, is to be found in what would be called, today, Jefferson's class consciousness. He divided all mankind into two classes, the producers and the exploiters, and he was for the former first, last and all the time. But there is no consolation in the fact for the Marxians who now rage in the world, for to Jefferson producers meant far more than mere handworkers. A manufacturer, if he made some useful thing, was also a producer; so was a large landowner, if only he worked his land; Jefferson regarded himself as a producer, and his friend Jimmie Madison as another. Living in our own time, no doubt, he would put Henry Ford in that category; Henry, in fact, puts himself there, and with no little show of reason. The only genuine non-producer, in the Jefferson lexicon, was the speculator—that is to say, the banker, the promoter, the usurer, the jobber. It was against this class that he launched all his most awful thunderbolts of invective; it was this class that he sought to upset and destroy in the ferocious and memorable campaign of 1800. His failure was colossal. Driving that class out of the executive offices and making life very warm for it in the halls of legislation, he only shoved it into the courts, and there it has survived gloriously ever since, gradually extending and consolidating its power. Since Marshall's day the courts have suffered many vicissitudes and entertained many heresies, but in one department, at least, they have kept the faith heroically: they have always protected the virtuous and patriotic bondholder.

Jefferson has come down in legend as the most adroit of all the early American politicians—that is, after Sam Adams. He is credited with having conjured up, almost out of the air, the party which still disgraces him. He is accused of almost fabulous feats of demagogy. I see little evidence for all this in his actual history. He was, in fact, far less the practical politician than the political philosopher. Office seems to have had few attractions for him, and he was quite devoid of the sense of party regularity. His so-called demagogy turns out, on inspection, to have been simply a realistic statement of fundamental democratic theory. There is little in even his most startling pronouncements that is not implicit in the Bill of Rights. He was far less the foe of the Federalists than of government in general. He believed that it tended inevitably to become corrupt—that it was the common enemy of all well-disposed, industrious and decent men. The less there was of it, the better he liked it, and the more he trusted it. Well, that was a century ago, and wild doctrines from the barricades were still in the air. Government has now gone far beyond anything dreamed of in Jefferson's day. It has taken on a vast mass of new duties and responsibilities; it has spread out its powers until they penetrate to every act of the citizen, however secret; it has begun to throw around its operations the high dignity and impeccability of a state religion; its agents become a separate and superior caste, with authority to bind and loose, and their thumbs in every pot. But it still remains, as it was in the beginning, the common enemy of all well-disposed, industrious and decent men.

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Babbitt as Philosopher

TODAY AND TOMORROW, by Henry Ford. $3.50. 9¾ x 6¼; 281 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Page & Company*.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CAPITALIST, by Ernest J. P. Benn. $5. 9¼ x 6¼; 287 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

THE fact that Henry Ford, in certain fields of speculation, shows the very modest habits of thought of a cockroach (*Blatta orientalis*), is now pretty well known. In the days when his nights were made voluptuous by dreams of the White House his press-agent lured him into discussing all sorts of public questions, most of them quite beyond his comprehension, and so he made a fool of himself almost daily. He continues the same unpleasant custom, though more or less intermittently, in his nonsensical weekly paper, the Dearborn *Independent*, but its circulation among the intelligentsia, fortunately for him, is not large, and so his imbecilities are not often exposed and reviled. I am glad that this is so, for there is sense in him as well as nonsense, and the country would have lost something if he had become one of its familiar and standardized clowns, laughed at on sight. Within the limits of his knowledge, indeed, and the peculiar bounds of his reasoning faculty, he is an immensely shrewd and interesting man, and the fact is made brilliantly visible in the present book. Ford, of course, did not actually write it. He could no more compose so fat a tome of sound English than he could distinguish one end of a microscope from the other. The man who put it together was Samuel Crowther, who is employed by the publishers for just such jobs. But the ideas in it, you may be sure, are Ford's, for they flow directly out of his experience. They are the ideas of the most adept and ingenious manufacturer ever heard of, even in this land of manufacturers. They keep close to the ground, and are full of a pungent realism. Talking of what he knows, Ford is plausible, ingratiating and powerfully sensible. And not once does the discreet Crowther let him get beyond his safe reach and depth.

His political economy is very simple. It should be the primary aim of a business man, he argues, not to get the highest price the traffic will bear, but to reduce the price as much as possible. The first scheme is fundamentally unsound, and in the long run is bound to be disastrous, for it inevitably narrows the possible market. The usual remedy for that narrowing is advertising. That is to say, an effort is made to rope in buyers who really don't want what is offered, and can't afford to buy it. And if advertising is not used, then recourse is had to high-powered salesmanship. Both, says Ford, are poor devices; neither can make a genuinely healthy market. The only really safe and sure way to make it is to reduce prices, and so increase the number of willing buyers, and the only way to reduce prices, obviously, is to reduce costs. Ford's whole success, it must be plain, has been achieved by reducing costs, and hence prices. He converted the automobile, a luxury, into the flivver, a necessity. He increased at least a hundredfold the number of Americans who could afford to ride on pneumatic tires. And how did he do it? That is, how did he reduce costs? In the main, by three devices. First, he converted manufacturing, as much as possible, into a purely automatic process, carried on by machinery, with a few morons to watch it. Second, he paid the morons high wages, and so made them contented and faithful. Third, he set a small group of highly skillful men to watching them.

In discussions of Ford and his doings this third element is commonly overlooked. The Liberals denounce him for turning his morons into mere parts of the machines they operate. What is forgotten is that the machines themselves are more complex, and need more polite treatment. Moreover, they must be designed, they must be made, they must be arranged so that every one will work with all the others. Here, plainly, is something that is

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beyond morons. There must be mechanics of the highest skill and ingenuity. There must be first-rate engineers. There must be managers who really know how to manage. One never hears of them when Ford is talked of, but they are all over his book. At least three-fourths of his story, in fact, is the tale of their achievements—how they completely reorganized the manufacture of plate-glass, how they labored for months to find exactly the right kind of steel for this or that small part, how they managed the appalling business of shipping 100,000 automobiles a day, how, by shaving the cost of a certain screw one-eighth of a cent, they saved him $1,000,000 a year. It is a story that seems to me to be very interesting, and very important. It is the story of a trade converted into both an art and a science, and given dignity in both directions. Ford himself, I suppose, would have been incapable of most of the feats he describes. He makes no effort to grab the credit for them. But he at least deserves the credit for finding men capable of them, and for welding those men into a cohesive and superbly efficient organization. In that organization he has created something that is new in the world, and worthy of admiration. Has he turned human beings into machines? Bosh! They were machines before they came to him. He has simply added them, as small but useful parts, to better machines, and so found a valuable use for them. He has taught $2 men how to make $6 a day.

The point is that Ford, when he discusses his own business, is tremendously interesting and instructive. Nor is his business merely making and selling. He also has ideas about finance—and they are very unfriendly to that ancient art and mystery, as its ordained professors practise it. He regards bankers as mainly thieves: their central aim is to keep industry in debt, and thereby milk it. The cost of credit is a wasteful burden; a business competently managed should be able to finance itself. He also has notions that may be described as sociological. He believes that factories have grown too large—that they ought to be broken into smaller units, and scattered. The concentration of too many workmen in one spot not only raises insoluble problems of transportation; it also exposes them to exploitation. Of late he has been starting small factories all over Michigan, and drawing the labor for them from the adjacent farms. They make small parts and are commonly run by waterpower. When seeding or harvesting is to be done on the farms, they close down and the yokels are turned loose. When that outdoor work is over they start up again, and the yokels, male and female, come back to work at $6 a day, and are thus made prosperous, and dissuaded from Bolshevism and evangelical religion. Such a Ford factory is worth more to a run-down countryside than a hundred Haugen bills. Ford proposes to put up many more of them, and so take his slaves out of the big towns, where all their money goes to the bootleggers, realtors and movie magnates. I specially recommend his chapter on this subject. It is one of the shrewdest and most entertaining chapters in an extraordinarily interesting book.

Benn is an Englishman, and talks on a much smaller scale. He is a publisher of trade journals, and is apparently a man of mark in England because he makes $50,000 a year. But only half of it goes into his own pocket; the rest is gobbled, on one pretext or another, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Benn devotes most of his book to proving what the majority of Americans regard as axiomatic: that the capitalistic system, whatever its defects, yet works better than any other system so far devised by man. The rest of his space he gives over to proofs that government is inevitably extravagant and wasteful—that nothing it does is ever done as cheaply and efficiently as the same thing might be done by private enterprise. I see nothing to object to here. Even the most precious functions of government—

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say collecting taxes or hanging men—would be better done if the doing of them were farmed out to Ford. The normal public job-holder, even at his best, is a man who has failed in the free competition of the world; he would not hang on to his job if he could find anything better. In private enterprises, to be sure, men of the same sort are numerous, but the mass of them is at least leavened by a few of higher ability and enterprise, and those few exert a steady pressure on the rest. But in public offices, as Benn shows, that pressure is lacking, and in consequence they tend to attract timorous and ninth-rate men. These ninth-rate men are our actual governors, not the political adventurers who come and go. We are all slaves to a bureaucracy of incompetents, and have to support them on penalty of going to jail. Benn proposes grandly that the number of them be reduced—that all government offices not absolutely necessary to the security of the state be abolished. He will see this accomplished on that bright day when bishops arise on their thrones and confess publicly that they have been getting money by false pretenses. And on the day following the fleas of the world will leap unanimously and forever from the dogs.

Three Novels

NIGGER HEAVEN, by Carl Van Vechten. $2.50. 5 x 7½; 286 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

SHOW BOAT, by Edna Ferber. $2. 7½ x 4⅞; 398 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Page & Company.*

TWO OR THREE GRACES, by Aldous Huxley. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 301 pp. New York: *The George H. Doran Company.*

All these stories, it seems to me, fail below the high marks of their authors; nevertheless, every one of them shows sound work and every one is interesting. Mr. Van Vechten's is the tragedy of a Negro intellectual in Harlem. His danger, as a Nordic blond of purest ray serene, was that he would make his hero simply another Nordic blond, perhaps somewhat sunburned; he has evaded that danger with great dexterity. The scenes of revelry in the book, to borrow a Confederatism, are genuinely niggerish. And the people, in the main, are very real. Mr. Huxley's story is extremely slight: a rococo anecdote of a man who is always losing his best girl to other men—nay, acting as procurer for them. But all his sure and delicate skill gets into the telling of it. It is rich with searching and frolicsome humors. It is a capital piece of writing.

Miss Ferber's "Show Boat" lacks the solid and sober merit of "The Girls," but it is nevertheless very artfully contrived. In brief, the chronicle of a theatrical family: mother and father, daughter and grand-daughter. They all start, humbly enough, in a show-boat on the Mississippi and its tributaries, and only the grand-daughter ever actually escapes. She is, in truth, the least real of them all, and into her subsequent career on Broadway Miss Ferber contrives to get some touches that seem to be borrowed from Mrs. Atherton. But the older folks are done very competently, especially the ferocious and almost epical old grandmother. Here is a character sketch of the first quality, perhaps the best that Miss Ferber has ever done, and she has given it a setting of lesser sketches of scarcely less interest: the gambler Ravenel, the old steersman, Schultzy the stage manager, and half a dozen more. The background of the story was not easy to manage, either when it was the lordly Mississippi or when it was the gaudy Chicago of the 90's. But Miss Ferber has managed it. She is a writer whose virtues have been rather obscured by her popular successes. Her vast audience seems to be in her mind when she writes: if "Show Boat" does not fever it gorgeously as a movie, then I miss my guess. But there is a great deal more to her than a confectioner of best-sellers. She has a sharp eye for character, and she can evoke genuine feeling.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DUNCAN AIKMAN *is an El Paso newspaper man. His "The Home Town Mind," a collection of essays, has just been published.*

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD *was formerly professor of history at Illinois and Minnesota. He is now in France.*

SHERWOOD ANDERSON *is the author of "Winesburg, Ohio," "Many Marriages," "Dark Laughter" and other books. His latest volume, "Sherwood Anderson's Note-Book," has just been published.*

JAMES BRANCH CABELL *is the author of "Jurgen" and many other books. His latest volume is "The Silver Stallion."*

MARQUIS W. CHILDS *was educated at the Universities of Wisconsin and Iowa, and is a newspaper man. He is now attached to the United Press bureau at St. Louis.*

ROYCE B. HOWES *attended the University of Minnesota, and has worked on the Minneapolis papers. For nearly two years he was a "special investigator" for a Detroit newspaper's national advertising department. He is now editor of the house organ of the Detroit Steel Products Company.*

GERALD W. JOHNSON *is an editorial writer on the Baltimore* Evening Sun. *He is a North Carolinian.*

NUNNALLY JOHNSON *was born in Georgia and is now a member of the staff of the New York* Herald-Tribune. *He formerly ran a column for the Brooklyn* Daily Eagle. *He has published many short stories.*

LOUIS LE FEVRE *was born in Forest Glen, N. Y., and still lives there. He graduated from Harvard in 1917.*

JOHN MCCLURE *is one of the editors of the* Double Dealer, *at New Orleans. He is an Oklahoman.*

WILLIAM MCFEE *is the author of "Command," "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" and other books. He was for years an engineer in the merchant marine, and has traveled very widely. He is now living at Westport, Conn.*

EDGAR LEE MASTERS *is the author of the famous Spoon River anthologies.*

LEO STEIN *is the well-known art critic. He lives in Paris and contributes frequently to the reviews.*

RUTH SUCKOW *is an Iowan. Her short stories have often appeared in* THE AMERICAN MERCURY. *Her first full-length novel, "The Odyssey of a Nice Girl," was lately published.*

HENRY TETLOW *is a Yale man, now engaged in the perfumery business in Philadelphia. His firm, founded by his grandfather in 1849, has connections all over the world.*

LEON WEXELSTEIN *was born in Odessa and came to the United States in 1916. He was educated in China, in Manchuria and at the University of Washington, where he took a B. S. in 1920. He has worked as a lumberjack, as a miner and as a salesman. Of late he has been in newspaper work in New York.*

OWEN P. WHITE *is the oldest native-born white citizen of El Paso. He has written a history of the city and a book of frontier reminiscences, and is now in New York, writing for the* Times *and* Collier's.

DANE YORKE *lives in Maine. He recently retired from business in Philadelphia.*

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Editorial NOTES

During 1926 THE AMERICAN MERCURY has devoted a great deal of its space to articles dealing with the notions and doings of the various so-called religious bodies which rage in the United States. Special attention has been devoted to the imbecilities of the Methodists and Baptists, who are engaged everywhere in attempts to enforce their ideas by law, not only upon their own communicants, but also upon all the rest of us. These articles have attracted no little attention, and, among other curious results, have provoked several efforts to suppress the magazine. In the July number the Lutherans were examined: they turned out to be relatively enlightened and decent—that is, compared to the blood-sweating Methodists and Baptists. In the next number the Episcopalians will have their turn, and afterward there will be an article or two on the Catholics, who show extremely wide divergences: they are almost down to the Methodist level in New England, but are highly civilized in, say, Maryland and Louisiana. It is possible that there may also be a treatise on the Jews, if an author competent to write it can be found.

But in 1927 this fascinating subject will have to take second place, for it is proposed to concentrate chief attention upon the recent secular history of the United States, and especially the history of the years between 1914 and 1920. It was a period of immense and memorable changes. Prohibition came in, the Bill of Rights was thrown overboard, and capitalism was lifted to the estate and dignity of a national religion. The war years saw some truly

Continued on page xxxvi

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The Telephone and the Farm

THERE was not a farmer in the world fifty years ago who could talk even to his nearest neighbor by telephone. Not one who could telephone to the doctor in case of sickness or accident. Not one who could telephone for the weather report or call the city for the latest quotations on his crops. Not one who could sell what he raised or buy what he needed by telephone. A neighborly chat over the wire was an impossibility for the farmer's wife or children.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

astounding phenomena—the rise of government propaganda, the successful effort to put down political heresy by force, the wholesale looting of the public treasury by professional patriots, the appearance of organized and malignant Babbittry, and the complete destruction of all the old American ideas of freedom. Down to 1914 the United States was a refuge for the oppressed of all lands; now they are barred out, and the government is engaged gloriously in the oppression of its own citizens.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY'S series of articles, D.V., will start, appropriately enough, with one on the part played by the American clergy in the manufacture of the war hysteria of 1917—a singular chapter in the history of Christianity. Some of the ecclesiastics who now preach peace were then hot for war to the bloody end. Their war-time pronouncements will be unearthed, and the doctrines in them analyzed. There will also be articles on the Liberty Loan orgies, the Hog Island and air-ship steals, the scandalous looting of enemy private property (now under belated investigation by a Senate committee), the part played by the newspapers in the uproar, and the patriotic heroics of the American Legion after 1918. Names will be named, and there will be a careful documentation. Many of these articles are arranged for, but there is still plenty of room for more. Suggestions from readers will be thankfully received, and the proposals of volunteer contributors will be very politely considered. Spot cash will be paid for all available contributions.

Ingenious suggestions for articles frequently come in from readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and sometimes they are executed, to the glory of the magazine and the profit of its public. The other day,

Continued on page xxxviii

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

for example, an ecclesiastical customer in Oklahoma proposed a monograph on the history of whiskers in America. It would be interesting and perhaps instructive, especially to sanitarians, and if an expert in the subject can be discovered it will be prepared and printed. Another reader proposes a study of the vocabulary of members of Congress, with special attention to their grammar. In the lower House, in particular, the American language shows a rapid and even malignant development. If an intelligent Washington correspondent can be found, he will be put to work. The following, from an esteemed client resident in New York, that Sodom, does not directly suggest an article, but perhaps there is a hint in it for a contributor now unknown:

> Can any of THE AMERICAN MERCURY's oldsters recall the song Gus Williams sang in "One of the Finest" that went something like this:
>
> I'm one of the finest, one of the grandest,
> One of the bravest police in the world.
> Always courageous, never outrageous,
> One of the finest police in the world.
>
> Or his other, and I believe more popular, song with the refrain, "Pins and needles by the dozens for your sisters and your cousins"?
>
> And what are the words of the old song (and who sung it?) from Jack Haverley's Minstrels, entitled "I Had But Fifty Cents"? The first stanza, as I recall it, ran as follows:
>
> I took my girl to a fancy ball,
> It was a social hop,
> We stayed until the lights went out
> And the music it did stop.
>
> And who remembers Ned Harrigan's favorite, "The Little Widow Dunn"? with its lovely assonant rhyme:
>
> There's a charming little widow who keeps a candy store
> Where the little children buy their chewing gum;

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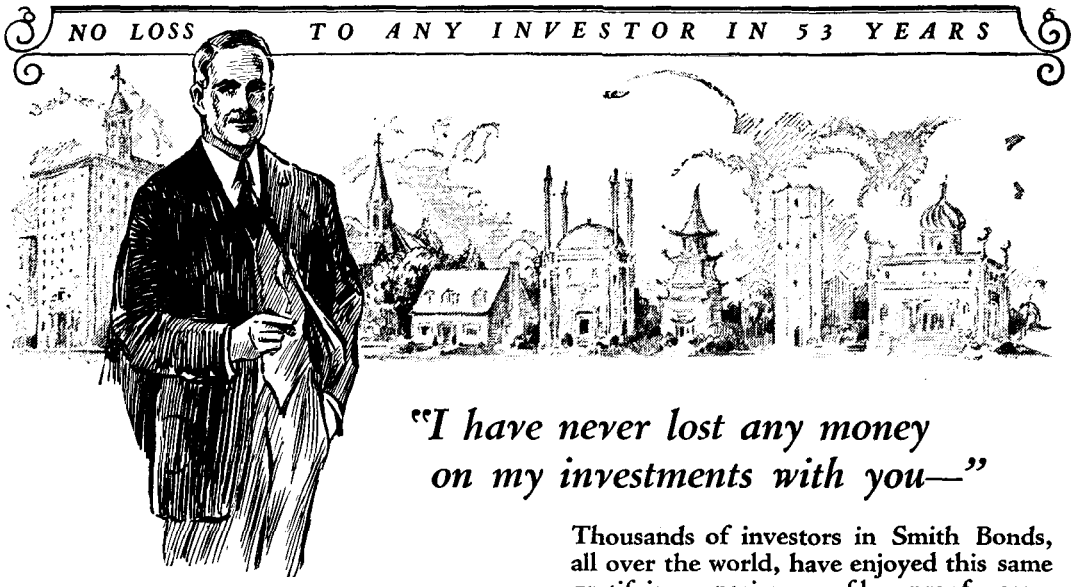

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxviii

She sells taffy for a penny, the name is on the door,
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Another song that I would like to recover was the one sung by Harry Becket, who was a member of the original Lydia Thompson's Burlesque Company of English Blondes. It went:

Now I see you and you see me,
We both see one another,
If I didn't see you and you didn't see me,
We wouldn't see one another.

Also, can any one recall some of the gags used by Dan Bryant, George Christy, Dave Reed, Nelse Seymour, Bob Hart, Eph Horn, Charley White, Dave Wambold, Charley Pettingill, Billy Emerson, Charlie Backus and Cool Burgess?

In the May issue a Chicago reader indulged himself in bitter words about Jim Tully's "The Lion Tamer," printed in the issue for October, 1925. To this letter Mr. Tully makes the following polite reply:

Like most members of the American Legion, your correspondent cannot think clearly. He lumps Jim Tully, the wobblies, Jack London, Upton Sinclair and even Eugene O'Neill in one Rotarian tirade. He has the same venom toward me that most of the American Legion once had toward Jack Dempsey because he did not happen to be a drafted hero.

He says, regarding tramp tales: "Jack London did it best and cashed in the most." London never wrote a decent tramp yarn in his life. He serialized a tawdry book called "The Road" for $30,000. I refused to change "Beggars of Life," or weaken it, when I was destitute and living on the bounty, not of critics, but of wobblies. London, no doubt, had his uses—he may have taught Albert Payson Terhune how to write about dogs. He did "cash in the most," but with that I have nothing to do. Had he not been such a magnificent prostitute he might not have crawled to oblivion at forty-one in cootied disgust with it all. I have sold out my real stuff to no man . . . and I'm able to earn as much money in a

Continued on page xlii

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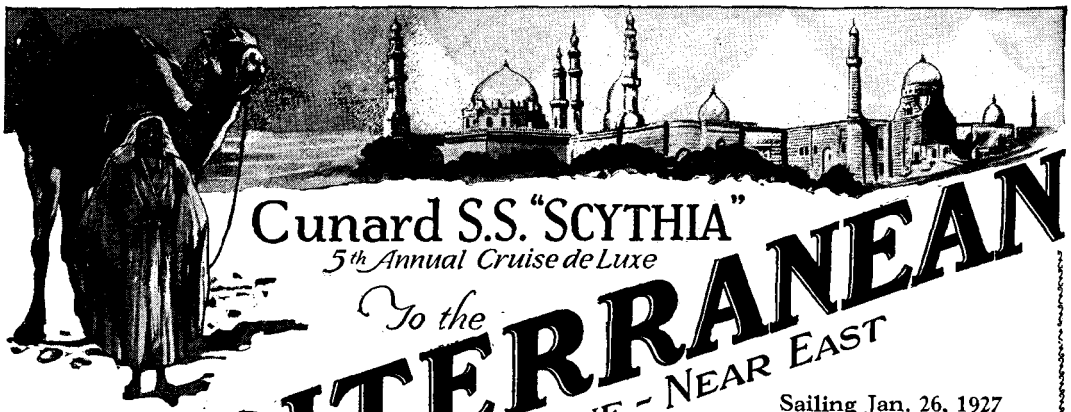

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xl

year as three Senators and a bell-hop bootlegger. I tell no "sad story of the bum." I am merely a damned fool with compassion in his heart. In "The Lion Tamer" I was not interested in cooties, but in my character's pathetic end. Your correspondent accuses the wobs and tramp writers of self-pity. Of what was he thinking when he devoted a column and a half to his troubles abroad with the cooties?

I'll admit there were many cooties in the Army. There were even some among the generals. But unless I write the history of the dollar-a-year men I am no longer interested in cooties. During my six years of tramping—ah, brother member of the Legion, "there were cooties in them days" and I once had one trained to devour a railroad detective! But I digress. And further—if your correspondent can explain what he means by "it was a good war—though it didn't seem so then," I'll take him to Farmington, Missouri, and show him the exact spot in the cemetery where poor Hatrack arose from Methodism.

As for his sentence, "How they sentimentalize about themselves and their pasts, this hard-boiled school of writers!"—of such is great literature made—Rousseau, Cellini— and Barbusse of "Under Fire."

As for the "horrible hardships of the hobo," I have no way of comparing them with the trouble in France. I saw the war coming in 1911 and did the only smart thing I have ever done in my life. I hied me from the road and got myself one of my earlier wives. Then Our Lord sent me a couple of brats and I was all ready when 1917 came along. The Germans were the only race in America that ever fed me when I was hungry, without questioning. I did not want to go over and kill any of them. I'm Irish and heavy-jowled and I have an awful temper—but I'm peaceful with a gun. Wilson did not keep me out of war—my forethought and God did that.

But if I ever did go to war I'd like to be buried by Father Duffy. I was looking for a drink in Seventh avenue in New York recently and I met a girl who told me he was a good guy.

Mr. John Ferris, of Manhattan, makes the following explanation of how the word *Gothamites* came to be applied to residents of New York:

Continued on page xliv

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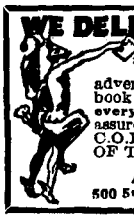

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlii

Washington Irving in his "Salmagundi" first applied the name of Gothamites to the natives of New York. Gotham was a parish in Nottinghamshire, England. The inhabitants, hearing that King John proposed making a progress through the village to buy a castle, and being averse to maintaining royalty, engaged in idiotic pursuits to turn him away. Hence the name "Wise Men of Gotham." Other versions of the story have long been current in various parts of Europe.

From Oneida, N. Y., comes this interesting comment on Law Enforcement:

When I throw a piece of poisoned meat on my lawn, knowing that it will be picked up and eaten by a dog, I become a dog poisoner, law or no law. When the United States government puts poison in alcohol knowing that one gallon in ten will be used as a beverage it becomes a poisoner, law or no law. I search in vain through ancient and modern times to find a parallel case of a government which turned poisoner of its own citizens. It is not surprising that there is a widespread contempt for law.

The latest invention of Men of Vision in this great land is Hi-Y, a sort of cross between Rotary and the Y.M.C.A., apparently designed to train young Babbitts. A reader who, after taking a course in its ideals, revolted in disgust and took to antinomianism, sends in the following account of his adventures:

The club of which I was a member met once a week in the Y building, under the guidance of a Sunday-school-Rotarian insurance agent, who was assisted by the Boys' Work secretary, a dull and flabby fellow, suspected by malicious scamps of evil practises. The leader sold the boys insurance on the side, thus proving himself a worthy Rotarian. At seven o'clock on the evening of the meeting the lads gathered at tables for the supper that preceded the orgies. The president of the club, sitting at the table of honor, between the insurance agent and the secretary of Boys' Work, asked a member to say grace. Some apprentice Christian business man would arise, and mumble a few words

Continued on page xlvi

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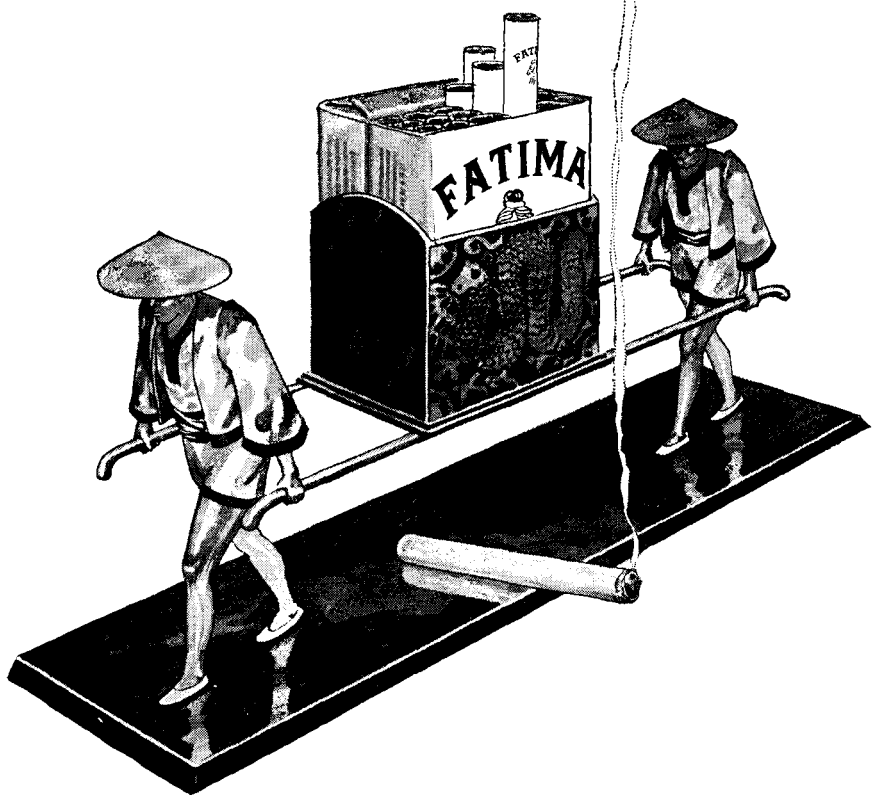

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DON'T MISS IT—ON PAGE 47

Editorial NOTES

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over the burnt beans, hash and lukewarm cocoa which made up the feast. Then the Hi-Y's set to. Pellets of bread flew about in true Kiwanis fashion, naughty wise-cracks were whispered and one or two merry-Andrews would gaily salt the cocoa or hide the bread. As the beans and hash and cocoa disappeared, chairs were scraped back and someone arose to give the Silent Boost, a genuine touch of Kiwanis. The donor of this Silent Boost held a guessing contest; he who could guess most closely the correct number of steps on the Y stairs, or the number of books in the local library, or the number of street lights in a given block was winner of the celluloid doll or baby-rattle or tin watch or whatever the Silent Booster's sense of humor impelled him to give. The prize was not to cost more than fifteen cents, but sometimes a really magnanimous liberal fellow would spend a quarter for it. The more preposterous it was, the louder the horse laughter which greeted it—horse laughter reminiscent of Men of Vision in their lighter moments.

Then to the serious business of the evening. Sometimes a local Priest of Service would regale us with tales of banking or the artificial ice business, or a Life Story in the *American Magazine* fashion was forthcoming. These tales of high endeavor were invariably accompanied by clean, wholesome witticisms. Sometimes slides were shown, initiating Hi-Y into the mysteries of carborundum manufacturing or the beauties of the Panama Canal. But more often there was a discussion, led by the insurance agent and the Boys' Work secretary, destined to improve our morals and open our eyes to Greater Things. Service was freely bandied about, and the need for more religion; our duties as citizens of the city, State and nation were expounded. And sometimes, with bated breath and solemn voice, with long face and turned-down mouth, Sex was discussed. We were told the awful effects on our future wives—clean, healthy women—if we did not lead pure lives. The Boys' Work secretary would blush and the Hi-Y's would feel uncomfortable; some would vow never to neck again—for that leads to Worse Things—and as for even talking to fancy ladies—never!

So the cant continued—Morals and Clean Mindedness and Prohibition and Civic Duty were held up and praised in endless platitudes. Hi-Y is, indeed, a wonderful thing—but not, thank you, for me.

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One Year Old at 76

The Paradox of the New HARPERS Magazine

Just one year ago, to celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary, Harpers Magazine made a rapid stride ahead.

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Each issue has stirred up tremendous discussion, ardent championship and lively attack. Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left," Bishop Fiske's "Church and the Law: a Protest," Bruce Bliven's "The Great Coolidge Mystery," "Living on the Ragged Edge," Emily Newell Blair's "Why I Sent My Children Away to School" and many others will not soon be forgotten.

The coming months will bring still more exhilarating reading. "Pleased to Meet You," an hilarious fantasy by Christopher Morley, "P. T. Barnum as Legislator," "Shall the Church Rule Marriage," "The Portrait of a Gladiator" Elmer Davis's reactions to Jack Dempsey—these titles will soon appear on the vivid cover of Harpers Magazine.

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The Contents for September

Darwin the Destroyer . . . . . *Gamaliel Bradford*
The Dogma of "Business First" . . *Stuart Chase*
On Being Choked with Cream . . . *Rebecca West*
I Prepare to Face Fifty . . . *Emily Newell Blair*
The Drift of Human Affairs *James Harvey Robinson*
A Fantasy in the First Person, a Story *Cyril Hume*
The New Decadents . . . . . *Duncan Aikman*
Upholding the Constitution *The Rev. Jeremiah Heavenward*
La Bella Gina, a Story . . . . *Eleanor M. Kelly*
Barnum as a Legislator . . . . . *Harvey W. Root*
The Breathing Space, a Story *Margaret Emerson Bailey*
Accounting for Our Prejudices . *Robert L. Duffus*

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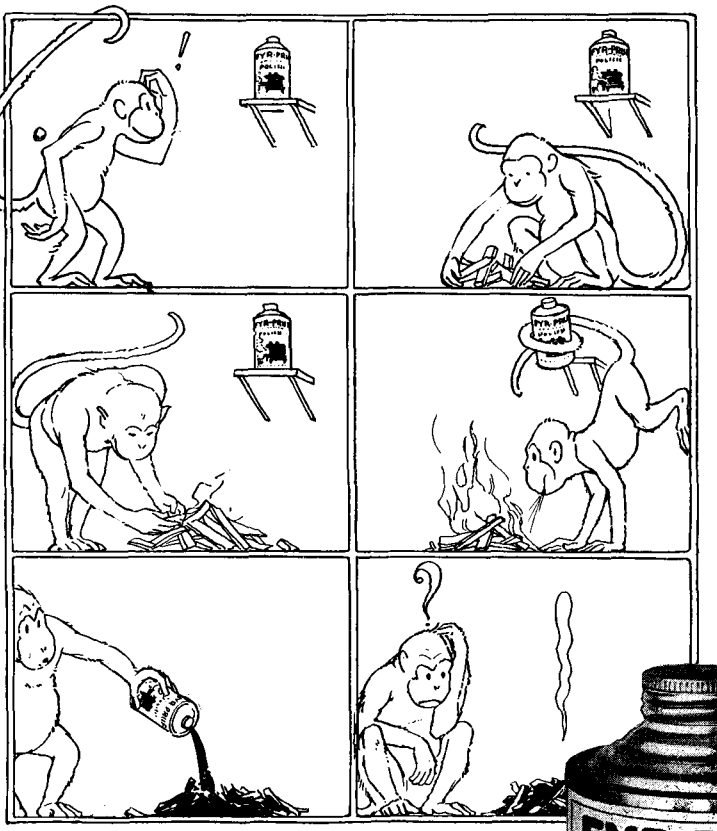

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BECAUSE IT'S

FYR-PRUF

STOVE AND NICKEL POLISH

POLISHES THE STOVE - THE NICKEL, TOO

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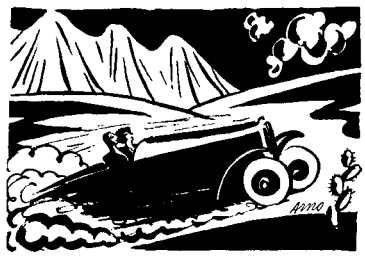

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By the author of "The Blood of the Conquerors," "Women and Wives," etc.

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New Novel

One day was very much like another for the younger citizens of a western town—but events culminated on a hot Saturday with the arrival of a young Easterner, the first eligible man of the season.

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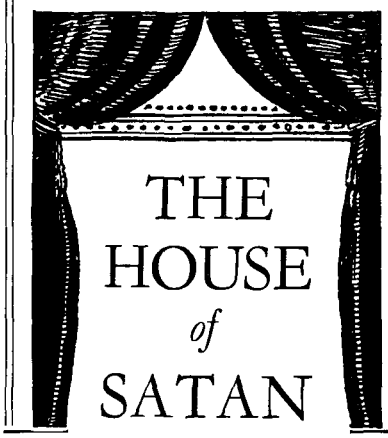

THE HOUSE *of* SATAN

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Mr. Nathan's new book, in which he continues to look at the contemporary scene in terms of the theatre, contains as perhaps its most important feature the argument that all art, and particularly the dramatic, is subversive of morality. This valuable record of wit and profundity will cause more controversy than any of Mr. Nathan's previous books.

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The BORZOI Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER, 1926 — BORZOI BOOKS — VOL. VIII. No. 3.

Tampico

"LIKE all original novelists," wrote *J. B. Priestly* in The Bookman, "*Joseph Hergesheimer* has created a world of his own, and perhaps the best approach to him is by way of an examination of that world. From the vast welter of reality the artist has disengaged, deliberately in this instance, certain things that, recomposed, fused together by the imagination, have served as material for his bright fables."

Woodcut by Bertrand Zadig

Mr. Hergesheimer's world includes that which, in America, has attained remoteness — not a remoteness primarily of place or time, but a point of view no longer current, a culture superseded. He has written, in THE THREE BLACK PENNYS and in JAVA HEAD, of eighteenth-century Pennsylvania and the Salem that was a flourishing seaport; of Cuba in THE BRIGHT SHAWL and SAN CRISTÓBAL DE LA HABANA, and of old Virginia in BALISAND. Only once, in his later novels, has he written of contemporary America; yet "Lee Randon in CYTHEREA, outwardly a quiet, middle-aged family man, but inwardly a dreaming young poet," is, as *Mr. Priestly* says, "fascinated by a doll from a confectioner's window and finally swept out to ecstatic and tragic nights in the tropics by a tide of passion."

The American, Govett Bradier, who goes to Mexico, is swept out not in the end of the story, TAMPICO, but in the beginning; and not by a tide of passion, but by the more customary motive that sends American business men to Mexico with their pockets full of quinine. There is a clash of personalities, a clash of environments, and Bradier's accomplishments are destined not to fulfill his determinations.

The sense of beauty which *Joseph Hergesheimer* communicates finds perhaps most response when it is breathed through a modern setting—to judge from the public that greeted CYTHEREA; and TAMPICO, in addition to its contemporaneity, has much between its lines regarding a subject perilously near the heart of money-making America. Govett Bradier, a prototype of many Americans, will be perhaps an object lesson to others. And for those who know *Hergesheimer*, the sense of beauty is there always.

TAMPICO. *By* JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, *author of "Balisand," "Cytherea," "Java Head," etc.*, $2.50 *net.*

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

The New History

THE first volume to be published in the Borzoi Historical Series is MODERN WORLD HISTORY by *Alexander C. Flick*, State Historian of New York. This book is concerned with the development of institutions and culture from 1776 to 1926, and is written from the point of view that will govern the entire series. "The new history," writes *Harry Elmer Barnes*, Editor of the Borzoi Historical Series, "is as wide in its interests as the entire range of human activities and achievements in the past. It deals not only with politics, dynasties and treaties, but with art, material culture, philosophy, education, medicine, literature, and manners and customs. Cultural achievements have replaced racy anecdotes, and institutional evolution has supplanted striking episodes."

"Dr. Flick's work," proceeds *Professor Barnes*, "conforms in admirable fashion to the fundamental tenets of the Series as a whole. The emphasis is chiefly upon social, economic, and cultural history. . . . This viewpoint should not only contribute to a more intelligent attitude towards the evolution of civilization, but should also serve to curb bigotry, intolerance and chauvinism in the study of history."

The new history embraces contributions not only from all parts of the planet, but also from all eras of development. Thus other histories on the Borzoi list, while not included in the Series, nevertheless are embraced in the point of view of the new history. Chief among these, and collateral with EARLY CIVILIZATION, are HOW NATIVES THINK, a work on primitive psychology by Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, and THE RACIAL BASIS OF CIVILIZATION, by *Frank H. Hankins*. The latter attacks the vast and popular array of imaginative, sensational literature on the subject of racial and national superiority, by demonstrating, among other things, that "race" and "nation" as referred to by such writers represent nothing more objective than a concept in the mind of the pseudo-anthropologist. On the basis of the distinction between race as a zoological and nation as a political term, the author discusses the development of group characteristics and group consciousness. THE RACIAL BASIS OF CIVILIZATION enters likewise into a complete examination of the more important theories regarding the rôle of race in history, thus clarifying the scientific problems involved.

HOW NATIVES THINK is a work on prelogical mentality which discovers certain laws governing primitive thinking and having perhaps more than the connection of analogy with a considerable portion of what passes for thinking to-day. The Law of Participation, Languages, Numeration, The Transition to Higher Mental Types are some of the subjects treated in this admirable book on mysticism and superstition.

Lastly, a new book in the History of Civilization Series, THE ROMAN SPIRIT: IN RELIGION, THOUGHT, AND ART, by *Albert Grenier* of the University of Strasbourg. This is a study, unprejudiced by any preconceived idea, of the character of the Roman people as manifested in works of art and literature. The long predominance of reason, the development of imagination and taste, and the progress of imperial religion are treated in turn, in a significant contribution to collective ethnology.

MODERN WORLD HISTORY. *By* ALEXANDER C. FLICK. $6.00 *net.*

HOW NATIVES THINK. *By* LUCIEN LÉVY-BRUHL. *Translated from the French by* LILIAN A. CLARE, $4.00 *net.*

THE RACIAL BASIS OF CIVILIZATION. *By* FRANK H. HANKINS, *Smith College.* $3.25 *net.*

THE ROMAN SPIRIT: IN RELIGION, THOUGHT, AND ART. *By* ALBERT GRENIER. *Translated by* M. R. DOBIE, *with a Foreword by* HENRI BERR. $6.00 *net.*

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From a Drawing by Rafael

Work and the Man

EDISON'S career as an inventor began soon after the close of the Civil War. Business enterprise and material prosperity were on the way; and both business men and the public looked to Edison, the former because he showed the way to profitable investment, the latter because he did stunts with familiar mechanical devices. His first invention to attract nation-wide attention was the transmitter for Bell's telephone. Then he furnished Morse's telegraph with a new sounder, thus delivering it from the hands of Jay Gould, who controlled the patent on the old sounder. At this point the public began to call him "the Wizard," and he retaliated by inventing the phonograph. The subdivision of the electric current followed, with the incandescent light—and the impression spread that Edison had invented electricity.

These are some of the more celebrated events which make up *George S. Bryan's* biography, EDISON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. This is a complete, authoritative account, taken from many sources, including unpublished material; and it brings the subject to date. From the contraption designed to electrocute cockroaches to the motion picture, *Mr. Bryan's* biography gives the story of all the inventions, which have affected the lives of more human beings, perhaps, than the accomplishments of any other living man.

Nor is the man behind the inventions disregarded. The experiences through which he worked up, his contacts, methods, and opinions—every aspect of Edison's personality appears, to make the book as readable to the non-mechanically minded as to those chiefly interested in the inventions. Indeed, *Mr. Bryan* seems to share with *Laurence Sterne* the notion that a man's opinions are an essential feature of his life; and his biography shows Edison's secular ideas to have been considerably misrepresented, particularly his attitude to pure science as opposed to applied science.

If America is to be referred to as a mechanized country, the greatest personality behind the mechanisms must be taken into account; and if there be any justification in the reference, this personality looms up with the highest degree of historical importance, both as a result of one order of life and as a cause of another. *George S. Bryan* has written of Edison to the full extent of the subtitle: The Man and His Work.

EDISON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. *By* GEORGE S. BRYAN. $4.00 *net.*

A History of Witchcraft

"THE sceptic notoriously refuses to believe in witchcraft, but a sanely critical examination of the evidence at the witch-trials will show that a vast amount of the modern vulgar incredulity is founded upon a complete misconception of the facts, and it may be well worth while quite briefly to review and correct some of the more common objections that are so loosely and so repeatedly maintained. There are many points which are urged as proving the fatuous absurdity and demonstrable impossibility of the whole system, and yet there is not one of these phenomena which is not capable of a satisfactory, and often a simple, elucidation."

Thus the Reverend *Montague Summers*, in his HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT, which will directly be published in The History of Civilization Series, as one of the volumes on special subjects treated from the vantage-point of modern research and modern psychology. Research displays the phenomena of witchcraft; psychology explains them—and for *Mr. Summers*, explanation does not consist of recourse to catch-words such as "auto-suggestion," "hallucination," and "hysteria."

"For the fact of demoniac possession the authority of Christ Himself is plainly pledged," continues *Mr. Summers;* "whilst witchcraft is explicitly ranked by St. Paul with murder, sedition, hatred, and heresy (Galatians v. 20–21). St. John, also, twice mentions sorcerers in a hideous catalogue of sinners.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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Mr. Lawrence's New Play

IN A review of the limited English edition of *D. H. Lawrence's* DAVID, published on September 1 by Alfred A. Knopf, the New York Sun writes:

"Lawrence has taken the Biblical narrative and extended its implications. Both Saul and David are divided souls. Saul, the warrior king, who once felt the voice of the Almighty stirring in his entrails, wanted to be absolute. When the Lord commanded him to kill Agag and destroy the spoil of the Amalekites, he saved out some cattle of Amalek and took Agag prisoner without killing him: asserting his own little human will against the dark voice that moves within man. So he lost the glisten of the immortal. Without the mystery of inner command, no one can rule. This, Saul threw away. He knew that the magic had passed from himself to David. Yet Saul's fierce will could not acquiesce in his own destruction and in the end of his lineage. So while he still loved David, he tried to destroy him. . .

"The play is composed with the subtle word magic that gives the writing of *D. H. Lawrence* intense reality. The progression of sixteen scenes unfolds musically, without any labored sense of time elapsing. The characters seem to move in space rather than in time. One wonders, reading this brilliant work, whether it does not offer an opportunity that will be found unique by some inspired theatrical producer. Only he would have to have actors as fine as the Moscow Art Theater players to interpret the profound import to our day of these characters."

DAVID. *By* D. H. LAWRENCE, *author of "The Plumed Serpent" and "St. Mawr."* $2.00 *net.*

News

IN ONE department of literature, whatever our national shortcomings otherwise, America has produced a more continuous stream of exceptionally talented individuals and memorable personalities than any other country. Journalism has, if not a tradition, a fascination that it exercises upon its cubs.

Both the cubs and the lions will be interested in a series of books on specific newspaper subjects, treated concisely—the Borzoi Handbooks of Journalism—which will have its inception on September 1st with the publication of THE COLUMN by *Hallam W. Davis*, an eminently readable discussion of one of the newest and most popular journalistic features. This will be followed on September 23rd by a book which enquires into the serious business of the newspaper—WHAT IS NEWS? by *Gerald W. Johnson.*

THE COLUMN. *By* HALLAM W. DAVIS. $2.00 *net.*

WHAT IS NEWS? *By* GERALD W. JOHNSON. $2.00 *net.*

A Dramatic Cake-Walk

"GOD'S own plenty of the wisest wit of our time! The gargantuan guffaw, the gorgeous helter-skelter—the stampede!" Thus *Rose O'Neill*, a poet of note, characterizes *Witter Bynner's* new play, CAKE. *John Howard Lawson*, author of PROCESSIONAL, thinks "this is a swell play, enormously exciting and amusing." And *Thomas H. Dickinson*, dramatic critic: "Pungent with wisdom, festooned always in verbal delights, it sets one thinking and it sets the pulses dancing." CAKE is a play in verse, set to imaginary jazz; its subject is the life of an adventurous but stupid woman, whose prototypes are numerous and widespread, and all who have come in contact with them will welcome *Mr. Bynner's* penetrating satire.

CAKE. *By* WITTER BYNNER, *author of "Grenstone Poems," "Caravan," etc.* $2.00 *net.*

The Italian Molière

CONTEMPORARY Italian drama, thanks to the popularity of *Pirandello* and *D'Annunzio*, has attained greater currency in English translation than the classic. Perhaps this is due partly to the celebrity of these authors outside the dramatic field; but *Carlo Goldoni*, best known as the author of *La Locandiera*, led a life as full of characteristic Italian vicissitudes as his modern counterpart, the hero of Fiume. *Carlo Goldoni* not only reformed the Italian drama, from the literary and practically theatrical aspects, but lived his life in another theatre—the social and political. His memoirs then, cover practically the entire eighteenth century, giving an account of public life, of Italian literature—and of human nature.

THE MEMOIRS OF CARLO GOLDONI. *Translated by* JOHN BLACK *with an introduction by* WILLIAM A. DRAKE. *In the Blue Jade Library.* $3.00 *net.*

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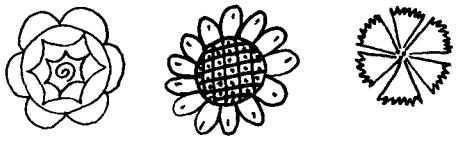
Do You Draw?

THE accompanying illustrations are made up of seven simple line-motifs, which in proper combinations are indispensable and sufficient to all drawings. The spiral, the circle, the half-circle or crescent, the S-shaped combination of two half-circles, the wavy line, the zigzag line, and the straight line—these motifs, familiar from nature and every-day objects, are fundamental to the method of design.

This is the beginning of the system which *Adolfo Best-Maugard* explains in A METHOD FOR CREATIVE DESIGN. Simplicity, completeness, and practicality give this method its value and distinction. The rules for combining the different motifs are few and comprehensible; and the author proceeds from the most obvious combinations into the more complicated, and into the field of color. The book is abundantly illustrated—the motifs are shown separately and in many of their possible combinations—and the illustrations are easily copied as well as inexhaustibly suggestive.



Of course, no book can provide its readers with a talent which they do not already possess. But to one degree or another the necessity, not to mention the desire, to make pictorial representations of objects arises for every one. For those who have facility, drawing is a pleasure; and one of the objects of A METHOD FOR CREATIVE DESIGN is to give certain simple rules of practice which will make drawing a pleasure for everybody. The method is simple enough, indeed, for children in grammar school.

A METHOD FOR CREATIVE DESIGN is not a textbook, but is a readable and fascinating explanation of how to have fun with a pencil and paper.

A METHOD FOR CREATIVE DESIGN. *By* ADOLFO BEST-MAUGARD. *Profusely illustrated by the author.* $2.50 *net.*

Coronado Wave

Just now I thought of surf
Seen twenty years ago;
The green wall of it curled
As the wind hollows snow.

I cannot go to see
How it leans on the air
Poised incredibly,
But I am sure it is there.

Superb in mere design,
Sufficient, instant, free,
Drama not clearly mine
Yet somehow involving me.

At last I am through with tears.
Definite and alone
I know after twenty years
What the wave had always known.

From FLYING FISH.

FLYING FISH. A BOOK OF SONGS AND SONNETS. *By* GRACE HAZARD CONKLING, *author of "Ship's Log."* $2.00 *net.*

Contemporary Philosophy

THE tendencies of contemporary thought are so varied, and the literature so extensive, that the intelligent reader, unprofessionally interested, cannot hope to cover the field. For him it is necessary to select the most important currents and thinkers in the philosophical world to-day. THE LIBRARY OF CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT makes this selection of the most significant currents of thought, not only in technical philosophy, but in the social sciences, psychology, and to some extent in literature.

The first two volumes to appear deal with France and Italy. *Angelo Crespi*, of London University, singles out *Croce*, *Gentile*, and *Varisco* in Italy, as well as *Papini* and *Pirandello*. In CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF FRANCE, *Dr. Isaac Benrubi*, of the University of Geneva, writes of the tendencies represented by—among many others—*Comte*, *Claude Bernard*, *Henri Poincaré*, *Janet*, *Jaurès*, and *Bergson* and their followers.

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF ITALY. *By* ANGELO CRESPI, $2.50 *net.*

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF FRANCE. *By* ISAAC BENRUBI. *Translated by* E. B. DICKES. $2.50 *net.*

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The BORZOI *Barometer*

"THE spring's novel to read, disinterested parties tell us," says "The New Yorker" of SORRELL AND SON by *Warwick Deeping*. New Yorkers are not the only readers to agree, evidently, for this courageous novel of a father and son has completed its ninth large printing.

Joseph Hergesheimer's record of his Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, "built in 1712 and finished in 1924," will shortly be republished in a popular edition at $5.00, with sixteen illustrations in halftone. FROM AN OLD HOUSE was originally published a year ago in a limited edition at $20.00.

ARCHITECTURE AND DEMOCRACY by *Claude Bragdon* has been chosen by the American Library Association for the Reading With a Purpose Series, and is being reprinted. Both the mystical and the practical sides of the author's writing find full expression in this book; the former particularly in chapters on the fourth dimension and mobile color.

Oswald Garrison Villard, who was in turn, from 1897 to 1918, managing editor, editorial writer, and President of the *New York Evening Post*, and who is at present editor of *The Nation*, was born into the newspaper world. His book, SOME NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPERMEN, which was published several years ago, has just been reissued. He lays the newspaper office bare in chapters such as Mr. Ochs and His *Times;* Mr. Hearst and His Moral Press; The World's Greatest Newspaper; and Fremont Older, a Pacific Coast Crusader.

THE MAUVE DECADE, which has for four months provided Americans with the opportunity both to see themselves as they were thirty years ago, and to see what gave them their present characteristics, is in its sixth large printing. ROUNDABOUT, *Nancy Hoyt's* sophisticated novel of Paris and Washington, is in its fifth, . . . proving that a large and increasing number of Americans like to be amused through their intellects.

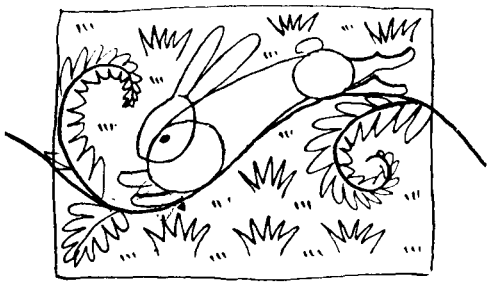
What Price Politics?

POLITICAL machinery in America is an object of intense, if sporadic, curiosity. It may progress unobserved over a number of months or even years, but such a period leads inevitably to an investigation. Nearly all of these investigations are directed upon an expenditure of money—every one recalls, in this connection, the Newberry election, the Teapot Dome affair, and the activities which were engaged in two months ago in Pennsylvania. Certain aspects of party expenditure, however, consistently puzzle the citizen and reader of newspapers. What is done with the money, and how much may be legally spent, are two questions on which many readers would like, once for all, to have the light thrown.

This has been done in *James K. Pollock's* new book, PARTY CAMPAIGN FUNDS, which clarifies many of the mysteries in which party activities are enshrouded. From consultation of party financial files, from interviews and correspondence with responsible party officials, and from the reports of testimony taken by congressional committees, the author has drawn the facts of the situation as it is today. To this situation he leads up with a historical introduction; but the bulk of the material is current: a remedy for present-day abuses must be discussed with regard to present-day conditions.

Allied to this subject is the question of senatorial campaigns and functions. "The United States, which prides itself on adherence to democratic theory, possesses a Senate which is undemocratic in its composition, and which enjoys enormous powers, for the exercise of which it cannot be held accountable," writes *Lindsay Rogers* in his book, THE AMERICAN SENATE. The discussion of this anomaly and its uses to democracy will be illuminating to every student of American phenomena.

The interaction of economies and politics is further clarified in FOREIGN TRADE AND WORLD POLITICS by *Herbert F. Fraser*—an enquiry into the



From a Method for Creative Design

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development of economic interdependence among nations and the political consequences thereof. The tariff problem; the economics of imperialism; reparations and inter-allied debts; economic interdependence and international anarchy—these are some of the problems of present-day economic and political life which the author brings to attention as demanding solution. Such problems, too often thrown into the background by the party machines, can be solved only if the intelligent voters are concerned with them.

PARTY CAMPAIGN FUNDS. *By* JAMES K. POLLOCK, JR. $3.00 *net.*

THE AMERICAN SENATE. *By* LINDSAY ROGERS. $2.50 *net.*

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A Romantic and a Pirate

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